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- ART. I.—1. *The Book of Psalms: A New Translation, with Introduction and Notes, &c.* By J. J. STEWART PEROWNE, D.D. Vol. I. London: Bell and Daldy. 1864.  
2. *Articles—Psalms, Selah, Michtam, Maschil, &c.* SMITH'S *Dictionary of the Bible.* 1864.

No book has a history so full of interest as the Book of Psalms. Its antiquity, being the earliest collection of lyric poetry, which God and man 'would not let die;' at once the first national song book, and the oldest hymn book of the Church of God; its variety of authorship; the importance of the events, and the vastness of the aspirations, which from time to time awoke the sacred psaltery and harp, each Psalm having a history of its own, and its own value as a manifestation of the mind and heart of a great people; the immense extent to which it has formed the stay and stimulus of the spiritual life in all after ages of the church; the multitude and, in many instances, the greatness of its translators, paraphrasts, commentators, and critics; and, above all, its inestimable preciousness, as a part of the revelation of God; all this gives to the Psalter an interest not surpassed by that which attaches to any other book in the whole range of literature, sacred or profane.

The main objects to which our present inquiry is directed, are—

I. The original compiling and editing of the Book of Psalms.

II. Its various authorship.

III. Its doctrinal teaching.

The first work placed at the head of this article, is the latest of the innumerable Commentaries on the Psalms. We shall not forestall the reader's judgment of it. As we are obliged, however, from the outset, to differ strongly from Mr. Perowne, both as to his method and conclusions, we may be allowed to say, in advance, that he is evidently a devout and learned man. The question of the original compiling and editing of the Psalter, naturally takes the lead of our other questions; these last being materially affected by the answers we make to their predecessor.

The probable origin of the Hebrew Psalter, in its present form, as the canonical collection of sacred songs, is a point of great interest. The question is the more complex, because the chronology of the Psalms, as separate productions, stretches throughout the whole period of ancient inspiration; connecting the age of Moses with that of Malachi, the worship of the tabernacle with that of the second temple. The 90th Psalm is 'A Prayer of Moses;' whilst some of the Psalms, towards the close of the collection, date from the time of the Captivity or the Return; and the LXX. ascribe Psalms 138, 146, and 148, to Haggai and Zechariah. In endeavouring to gather into one focus all our light on this subject, it is necessary to inquire, first, Were the inspired writers careful or negligent as to certifying the authenticity and securing the integrity of their sacred compositions?

Now, not to insist on the enormous improbability that holy men, specially selected by God, who knew that they were writing from God for all time,—that 'not unto themselves,' or their contemporaries chiefly, 'but unto us they did minister,'—could be reckless as to the authentication and preservation of these Divine documents, we conclude, from the example of Jeremiah and Isaiah, that they did, by Divine direction, record with solicitous accuracy and scrupulous formality their communications from on high. Jer. xxx. 1, 2: 'The word that came to Jeremiah from the Lord, saying, Thus speaketh the Lord God of Israel, saying, Write thee all the words that I have spoken unto thee in a book.' Jer. xxxvi. 1, &c.: 'This word came unto Jeremiah from the Lord, saying, Take thee a roll of a book,



and write therein all the words that I have spoken unto thee,' &c. Verse 4: 'Then Jeremiah called Baruch, the son of Neriah: and Baruch wrote from the mouth of Jeremiah all the words of the Lord, which he had spoken unto him, upon a roll of a book.' Isaiah viii. 1: 'Moreover, the Lord said unto me, Take thee a great roll, and write in it with a man's pen, concerning Maher-shalal-hash-baz. And I took unto me faithful witnesses to record, Urijah the priest,' &c. Whatever speciality may be supposed to attach to either of the above-cited instances, there is clearly nothing in the communications thus carefully recorded and avouched, rendering necessary the precision and permanence of a written document, which did not belong to every other product of inspiration. The speciality of these cases was this: the circumstances in which such records were made, rendered interesting and important a historical notification of the fact that they were made, and a narration of the events connected with it. The chief significance of these passages, as to our present inquiry, consists in the conclusive indication which they afford, that the Infinite Mind, under whose direction these holy men wrote for all time, did not overlook nor despise the means of guarding the integrity of those living oracles which He has vouchsafed to man.

How utterly arbitrary, rash, and unsupported, then, is such a statement as this of Mr. Perowne, in relation to the Psalms!—'Owing to a long-continued and widely-spread oral transmission, various lesser changes in the text would of necessity take place.'\* If any of the Psalms dated from before the invention of the art of writing, there might be ground, in those cases, for Mr. Perowne's assumption, that there cleaves to the canonical Psalter, the uncertainty and corruptness of 'a long-continued and widely-spread oral transmission.'

Mr. Perowne's next sentence is, 'We have an instance of the variations which would thus arise, in comparing the two versions of the 18th Psalm.' Yet, the 18th Psalm occurs in the *first* section of the Psalms, of which Mr. Perowne had written a few pages back: † 'These, I incline to think, were first collected by Solomon, who would naturally provide for the preservation and transmission of his father's poetry. The more so, as the musical services of the temple were, by his direction, conducted with the

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\* Introduction, page xl.

† Page 86.

utmost magnificence.' Did Solomon, then, copy from a long-continued oral tradition of his father's poetry? If David himself, even in the schools of the prophets, had never learned to write, would his effusions, even then, be the forlorn foundlings of 'oral transmission?' Would no one do for David what Tertius did for Paul? Or, if the pupil of Samuel could not, like the pupil of Gamaliel, append his autograph, might he not, at the worst, like any other outlaw, make his mark? If the inspired men, 'knowing that not unto themselves, but unto us they did minister,' felt no obligation to secure to us the sacred transmission of writings, in which we 'think we have eternal life,' would not the parental instincts of authorship have moved them to take measures for the preservation of their literary offspring? Are then these Divine Songs, forming 'a hymn book for all time,'\* the chance and castaway productions of improvising minstrels, who sang only for their own solace, or were, at best, content to commit their effusions to the memory of the mass? Amongst their contemporaries and successors, were there none who reflected that 'to them were committed the oracles of God?' It is true, Mr. Perowne pronounces—without giving any reason for his judgment—that the slightly varied duplicate of the 18th Psalm, in the Second Book of Samuel, is the more popular of the two; but he does not explain how it came to pass that, if the Second Book of Samuel were written *before* Solomon edited his father's hymns, any one whose history of David's reign should be accepted as the standard sacred record, should not have access to the correct copy, or, having access, should prefer the incorrect; or, if the Second Book of Samuel were written *after* the first section of the Psalms had become canonical, why the historian should wilfully reject the authentic document, and give permanence to the 'mouth to mouth' corruption. To us it seems immeasurably more probable that the version in the history is the original document, and the slight and unimportant variations in the Psalter were rendered necessary by its being set to music. And in general we are quite sure that the popular good sense and unsophisticated spiritual instincts of all earnest and open-minded Bible-readers, will present a sufficient break-water to the wavelets of a shallow and heady criticism, which has yet to prove what it so quietly assumes, that neither God nor good men

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\* Herder, quoted by Mr. Perowne.

deemed these inestimable products of inspiration worthy of even ordinary care.

Mr. Perowne cannot help seeing that 'Solomon would naturally provide for the preservation and transmission of his father's poetry.' Would not David *as naturally* provide for the preservation and transmission of his own? Was Moses without natural affection for his own mental progeny? Or, if so, would not Joshua or Eliezer take charge of so precious a composition of so great a man?

We may safely conclude, then, that Mr. Perowne dogmatizes an extravagant improbability, when he so coolly asserts, without a shadow of proof, that the Psalms were abandoned to the mercy of a 'widely-spread oral transmission;' and, with characteristic confidence, pronounces, 'It is *plain*, then, that these ancient Hebrew songs and hymns must have suffered a *variety* of changes, in the course of time. It is only in a critical age that any anxiety is manifested to ascertain the original form in which a poem appeared: considerations of a critical kind never occurred.'\* And yet this same Mr. Perowne can tell, in the interests of doubt, a directly opposite tale. In endeavouring to make out that Asaph was not the author of most of the Psalms which bear his name, and attempting an explanation of the mystery that nevertheless they are assigned to him in the Canon, he says: 'The selection, *it is evident*, must have rested on *critical grounds*.' And again: '*All tends to show that some kind of criticism was exercised in the arrangement of these Poems.*'† And so we are to believe that the great and good men, to whom the Providence of God and the confidence of the nation intrusted the collecting of the Psalms, were careless when they ought to have been critical, critical when it behoved them to be conscientious!

On the other hand, the following remark of Mr. Perowne is supported both by internal evidence, and by the likelihood of the case: 'Hymns, once intended for private use, became adapted to public worship; and expressions applicable to the original circumstances of the writer, but not applicable to the new purpose to which the hymn was to be put, were omitted or altered.'‡ This, though not very happily stated, is substantially true.

We may, then, firmly rest on this conclusion, as the first and most important stage of our inquiry—that the Psalms

\* Introduction, page xli.

† *Ibid.*, page cvii.

‡ *Ibid.*, page cix.

were sacredly guarded from corruption by the Providence of God, and the sensitive heedfulness of good men!

Our next question is, When, and by whom, was the Psalter originally compiled?

Here it is necessary to advert to the fact, that the Book of Psalms is divided into five sections, marked by a Doxology at the end of the first four sections, Psalms xli., lxxii., lxxxix., cvi. The omission of the Doxology at the close of the entire Book, is a noteworthy instance of that parsimony of penmanship, that frank reliance on the reader's good sense, and that quiet disregard of all shallow-smart interrogation, of which such discreditable advantage has been taken by the sceptical criticism of the present day. The Doxology being inserted to mark the division of the Book into sections, it was of course unnecessary at the end. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, for January, 1865, on Smith's *Dictionary of the Bible*, speaks of this five-fold division of the Psalter with the naïve wonder of recent discovery. 'Few of the laity are probably aware, and even of our clerical instructors few care to remember, that this familiar and dearly-prized part of Scripture was originally divided into five portions or books.' The fact is, any one who has read a popular Commentary, Adam Clarke or Matthew Henry, could not be unaware of it.

We know that the Psalms of David and of Asaph were stately sung in the Temple; some of David's, perhaps, in the Tabernacle, many being dedicated 'to the Chief Musician.' This stated temple-singing of the Psalms of David and Asaph, implies their collection and arrangement. 'The First Book of Psalms is Davidical throughout.' All bear his name, excepting the 1st, 2nd, 10th, and 33rd. We know that the 2nd was 'by the mouth of David.' (Acts iv. 24.) The reason why the 1st and 2nd Psalms were left untitled, seems to be the fact that they are prefatory. They form, so to speak, the frontispiece and illustrated title-page of the whole Book. The 10th and 33rd are half-Psalms, or, at least, twin-Psalms; being closely connected in tone, subject, and structure, with their respective predecessors, the 9th and 32nd. The omission of inscriptions in these cases, is another instance of that religious abstinence from superfluous script, to which we have adverted already.

There is great probability, then, in Mr. Perowne's opinion, that the 'Psalms comprised in the First Book' (i.-xli.) 'were first collected by Solomon.' For the rest, the sug-

gestion of Mr. Jebb\* is not only highly ingenious, and much more favoured by historical probability than any other, but receives some confirmation from internal evidence, which he seems to have overlooked. He says: 'There were five individuals, four of them kings, under whose auspices the temple-worship was regulated or restored; namely, David, (Solomon?) Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, Josiah, and Ezra: the latter being generally considered as the reviser of such books of the Sacred Canon, as existed up to his time. There would be little difficulty or inconsistency in assigning to each of these eminent servants of God the collection of one portion of the Psalms.' On close examination of the Psalms, it will be found that the likelihood of this supposition does not, by any means, attach merely to the coincidence of the number five. For example: the adaptation of the fourteenth Psalm, which appears in the second section as the 53rd, is the proper lyric celebration of the greatest event of Jehoshaphat's reign,—the miraculous mutual destruction of the allied Ammonites, Moabites, and Edomites, when they invaded Judah, and the effect which that catastrophe produced upon the Pagan peoples around, recorded in 2 Chron. xx. Compare the narrative to its close, (verse 29,) with the fifth verse of the Psalm: 'There were they in great fear, where no fear was: for God hath scattered the bones of him that encamped against thee: thou hast put them to shame, because the Lord hath despised them.'

In like manner, the adaptation of Heman's melancholy hymn, which occurs in the section which this theory ascribes to Hezekiah, as the 88th Psalm, accords perfectly with the sentiments of that devout monarch during his memorable sickness, and is in exact unison with his own commemorative song. The mention of Babylon, again, in the 87th Psalm, and of Ashur in the 83rd, with the pictures of invasion, devastation, and danger, in the 89th and other Psalms of this Book, are all in harmony with the supposition, that, as a considerable number of the Proverbs of Solomon were 'copied out' by order of Hezekiah, (Prov. xxv. 1,) so some of the Psalms not heretofore included in the hymn book of the Temple, were added by that great restorer of the service of God. In the brief collection which this arrangement would assign to Josiah, there is nothing at variance with the hypothesis; whilst the concluding

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\* Works, vol. ii., page 187.

verse, 'Save us, O Lord our God, and gather us from among the Heathen,' &c., is well suited to the time when, not only the ten tribes had been carried captive, but successive invasions of the territory of Judah had entailed both deportations and desertions, and had scattered among the Heathen great numbers of captives and refugees. The Psalm of Moses, not previously sung in the sanctuary, as being more adapted to the wilderness-life of God's people, is, now that the Holy Land itself has become more like the desert than the garden of the Lord, adopted by the consciousness of the church, and is placed in the forefront of the collection. The fifth book gathers up the remainder of the inspired songs not before included in the Psalter, in conjunction with the recent hymns relating to the exile and the return.

It will be asked, How comes it to pass that Psalms of David occur in all the sections? To this it may be answered: The historical occasion of some of them rendered it inexpedient that they should form part of public worship, during the lifetime of David's contemporaries. This will be felt at once, in reference to the 51st. The public scandal of David's sin might render the personal confession of his peculiar guilt less suitable for public worship; until, in the lapse of time, the sad event which filled the godly with shame and sorrow, and gave 'great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme,' had become solemn, touching, and instructive history.

Some incidental confirmation of the opinion that the first section of the Psalter was collected by Solomon, soon after his father's death, may be gathered from the fact that, in the inscriptions to Psalms xviii. and xxxvi., David is designated 'The servant of the Lord;' the title given to Moses and to Joshua '*at their death*,' as a kind of epitaph or solemn monumental testimony to the fidelity of their lives.

Another reason why Solomon should not include the whole of his father's Psalms in the first collection for the temple-service of song, may be divined from the history of modern hymn books. At first, a small selection is felt to be convenient and sufficient; afterwards, comes the desire for enlargement. So delicate and inscrutable are the peculiarities of devotional sensibility in any particular age, that it is hard even for the next generation to discover why some hymns of the same author were omitted in the earliest collection. Perhaps the Methodist hymn book is the most illustrative case. To the hymn book edited by John Wesley, Charles Wesley is by far the largest contributor;



yet, a considerable number of Charles Wesley's hymns, left out of the editions published in John Wesley's time, are found in both the supplements appended since John Wesley's death, whilst some others are still left which would certainly gain admission in the event of a future enlargement. It assuredly requires a more sensitive critical faculty than we possess, to detect, in every case, the principle of preference. It is plain, however, that the selection was not made on the ground of clearer genuineness or higher poetic merit, but of closer adaptation to the felt spiritual requirements of the time. Doubtless, a prefatory history of the gradual formation of the Psalter, and of its final recension, would have been very interesting. In fact, a circumstantial chronicle of the entire Canon of Scripture, in the manner of Wheatley's *History of the Book of Common Prayer*, would have been very gratifying to our curiosity, and might have supplied some answers to the exacting inquisitiveness of the age. But the mode in which the information which has been vouchsafed by Providence is now received by critics, the ungracious, thankless, wayward, wanton rejection of the brief but precious historical notices which are connected with some of the Psalms, yields more than sufficient evidence that ampler details would but have given further occasion to the captiousness of modern criticism; and critics have little cause to complain of the scantiness of our knowledge, when the invaluable fragments which we do possess they 'trample under their feet, and turn again and rend you.' We shall see that this is the mode in which Mr. Perowne, for one, has treated the historical inscriptions of the Psalms. We may rest assured that it was neither an oversight nor an unkindness of Providence, which preserved to us the Psalter without any superfluous historical annotation.

We may next glance at the history of Hebrew hymnology. Hengstenberg has well said: 'The foundation for the prosperity of the Psalmic poetry, was laid by Samuel in the religious revival which was brought about by him.' In like manner, the great national awakenings in Germany and England have been accompanied by an outburst of sacred song. It is, therefore, a collateral confirmation of Mr. Jebb's theory, quoted above, that the times of Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, Josiah, and Ezra, were, all of them, times of great spiritual quickening, as well as of ritual restoration. Before we consider the several authors of the Psalms, it is necessary to arrive at some decision respect-

ing the value and trustworthiness of the superscriptions to the Psalms.

With very few exceptions, Psalms xviii., xli., lv., lvi., which, either in whole or in part, are also embodied in the Sacred History, our entire knowledge of the authorship of the Psalms is derived from these Inscriptions. Are they to be regarded as authentic and valuable historical notices, appended to these Divine compositions, either as original autographs, or by the hand of well-informed, competent, and trustworthy editors? Or, are they in the main conjectural, the work of clumsy and officious transcribers? Hengstenberg, Mr. Thrupp, and Mr. Jebb, amongst recent critics, join the great host of Christian and Jewish commentators, in maintaining the authenticity and canonicity of the Inscriptions. Delitzsch, too, perhaps the most æsthetic of all expositors of the Psalms, is, in the main, strongly on the side of the Inscriptions. Mr. Thrupp and Mr. Jebb, however, (the former much more frequently and more gravely than the latter,) in cases of supposed difficulty, nullify the authority of the Inscriptions, by giving them a non-natural sense. Mr. Perowne joins the Neological school, in stout denial of the genuineness of the Inscriptions. He pronounces, 'They are not of any necessary authority, and their value must be weighed and tested by the usual critical process.\*' To what sort of critical process he subjects them, we shall see presently.

There is certainly much force in Hengstenberg's expostulation, that it is 'unreasonable to withhold from the superscriptions of the Psalms, that regard which is willingly accorded to the superscriptions of the prophets.' Assuredly those who, like Mr. Perowne, make light of the headings of the Psalms, are bound to show by what critical equity they accept the historical notices at the opening of the prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, &c., as integral portions of the inspired document. This obligation of critical fairness Mr. Perowne, for one, has completely ignored. Nay, Mr. Perowne's inconsistency is the more egregious, inasmuch as he admits that 'they are sometimes genuine, and really represent the most ancient tradition;' whereas he knows full well, that as to the real evidence of their genuineness, they are all precisely on a par; and he ought to see that, in sparing some which he happens to affect, and destroying all which have not the good fortune to suit him, and that

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\* Introduction, p. lxi.



with the coolest disregard of 'ancient tradition,' he is entangled in the gross besetment of Neological criticism, the making his own personal subjectiveness the *ultima ratio* of historical criticism. All the headings of the Psalms alike have, in common with the introductory verses to the prophecies, and to the several portions of the Book of Proverbs, and indeed with the whole of Scripture, the universal testimony in their favour of Jewish and early Christian tradition. If this do not establish their canonicity, what constitutes canonicity? And, if canonicity be not at least a guarantee for genuineness, of what is it a guarantee? We know that at the time of the LXX. Translation of the Old Testament, these headings of the Psalms had not only an existence and an authority, but also a venerable antiquity.\* We know, further, that the LXX. Translation of the Psalms was in circulation before the writing of the Books of Maccabees, for it is there quoted as acknowledged Scripture. The examples of Hezekiah, (Isaiah xxxviii. 9, 20,) of Habakkuk, (iii. 1,) of David, (2 Sam. xxiv. 1, &c.,) are all in favour of the conclusion, in itself so probable, that the sacred singers were wont to affix their autographs to their compositions. Less care would scarcely be taken to record the oracles of Inspiration, than to preserve the effusions of natural genius, such as David's Elegies on Abner, and on Jonathan and Saul.

Mr. Perowne says, 'In short, the Inscriptions of the Psalms are like the subscriptions to the Epistles.' Truly, this observation is '*in short*.' It is as rash as it is uncritical, unlearned, and unfair. Attention to the following disregarded considerations would have made his remarks a little longer:—1. Why classify the superscriptions of the *Psalms* with the subscriptions of the *Epistles*, and not rather retain them in the same category with the superscriptions to the other productions of *Old Testament* inspiration? 2. If a theoretical inconvenience forbade the headings of the Psalms to remain side by side with the headings of the Proverbs and the Prophecies, and it became necessary to seek for a New Testament classification, why put together the *superscriptions* of the Psalms and the *subscriptions* of the Epistles? Why not compare the heading, 'A Psalm of David,' with the heading, 'The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans?' The truth is, the case of the *superscriptions* to the Psalms is not only diverse from, but in contrast

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\* Smith's *Biblical Dictionary*; art., 'Book of Psalms.'

with, that of the subscriptions to the Epistles. The very principles which compel the rejection of the Epistolary subscriptions demand the retention of the superscriptions to the Psalms.—1. The testimony of all the ancient MSS. and Versions is *in favour* of the superscriptions to the Psalms; it is *against* the subscriptions to the Epistles. The latter are wanting, in whole or in part, in the most ancient MSS.; whilst in the Versions and later MSS. they are various, discordant, and contradictory. 2. The Epistolary subscriptions are *superfluous*. The authorship of the Epistles and even their proximate date and historical connexion, may be gathered from their own contents as compared with the Acts of the Apostles. But the headings of the Psalter are so precious that to efface them is to all but annihilate our whole information as to the authorship and occasion of the Psalms. Most interesting lives of David have been written by men of genius,\* who thankfully accepted all the information which the Scriptures give us of his life and writings: but reject the Inscriptions, and the record of his inner life is lost. That these brief historical notices are far too valuable to be lightly thrown away is shown by the chaos of conjecture into which those critics plunge who regard their own impressions as more to be relied on than the highest historical testimony which the tooth of time has spared, or, indeed, of which the matter is capable, unless the Hebrew Psalter had been overloaded with ‘notes and illustrations;’ or successive generations had endorsed the Inscriptions like paper currency in a panic. It were just as reasonable to demand a photograph of David, and a lithograph of the original Hebrew 23rd Psalm, as to require other luxuries of editing which the art of printing and subsequent inventions have rendered mental necessities of the nineteenth century. If but the barest preponderating probability were conceded to the Inscriptions, even that would be worth something, as serving but to turn the scale when the equally plausible hypotheses of equally positive commentators hold the student’s judgment in suspense. Who will say that it is not worth knowing from whose heart the 51st Psalm gushed forth, and what events struck out that stream of hallowed grief? Yet one critic stoutly maintains that it belongs to the age of Jeremiah; another is as confident from internal evidence that no one but David could have written it, and that only at the time to which the Inscription assigns it;

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\* Drs. Daubeney, Chandler, &c.

whilst Mr. Perowne, like another Solomon, divides the living Psalm in two with one stroke of his critical sword, and, awarding one part to David, assigns the other to some phantom-poet of 'a date subsequent to the exile.' How a post-exilic production obtained admission to the second section of the Psalter, which Mr. Perowne ascribes to the time of Hezekiah, he does not stop to explain. If an Inscription could protect a Psalm from this sort of superficial and prosaic re-editing, this ruthless vivisection, it would be well worth keeping intact. It is, however, interesting to note, as showing how the exegesis of a noble heart may, as to the poetical books at least, be shrewder than that of a learning-lumbered head, and how a great man's better instincts are sometimes too many for his critical proclivities, that Dr. Adam Clarke, who anticipates Mr. Perowne in this dismemberment of the 51st Psalm, yet, in the practical and devotional reflections, treats the Psalm as if it had all flowed in one continuous stream from the broken heart of David. And, indeed, Mr. Perowne's introduction and conclusion to the Psalm would seem to have been written at two different times and in two opposite moods. In the former he says, 'I see, then, no ground for departing from the constant and reasonable belief of the Church, that the Psalm was written by David under the circumstances indicated in the title;' and then proceeds to give the outline of the Psalm, not as that of two Psalms separated by an interval of six centuries, at least, but as one and indivisible. No one reading that paragraph alone would for a moment suspect that 'the constant and reasonable belief of the Church' was worthy of respect only as far as to the end of the 17th verse.

It seems to us both the fairest and the safest course to place the notices of authorship and of historical occasion with which the Psalter is enriched, on the same level as to authenticity with the musical directions, by which so many of them are accompanied. With these, indeed, many critics have lost patience, as untranslateable into the choral technicalities of the present day; but they have never been attributed to the meddling self-sufficiency of an empirical collector. What Mr. Perowne means when he says that the Inscriptions 'must be weighed and tested by the *usual critical processes*,' we confess ourselves at a loss to discover, unless he means that every one claiming to be a critic is at liberty to deal with them according to his own mental habits and predilections, or, speaking more accurately,

according to the mood he happens to be in, when he comes to the consideration of any particular Psalm. Any one wishing to arrive at the truth of the matter by consulting the various impugnors of the inscriptions will reach no conclusion so certain as this,—that not only are they, as a school, without any settled canons of criticism, but that, individually, they commence and pursue their investigations without any self-recognised rules of judgment. Mr. Perowne is a signal instance of this critical lawlessness. At one time, he seems to act on the implicit canon that the inscriptions are to be rejected in all cases in which it is not impossible to doubt them. He throws on these brief and modest notices the whole labour of proof. He assumes that his own opinion is in possession, and that this ancient document must show most conclusive cause why it should be preferred to the private impression of a scholar of the nineteenth century. Thus on the Inscription to the 52nd Psalm\* he writes, ‘Whilst, therefore, the faith and courage which breathe in this Psalm are such as to incline me to think that it was written by David, and whilst there may even be an allusion in verse 8 to the sanctuary at Nob, *I see no reason for maintaining the accuracy of the Inscription.* Like most of the titles of the Psalms, it is the work of a *comparatively modern and not very ingenious transcriber*, and does not even represent an ancient or constant tradition.† What private sources of information on this subject Mr. Perowne possesses, we cannot tell, since he deigns no authority for this draconic dictum: or with what faculty of aftersight he is endowed which might embolden him to assume this style of oracular egotism, he does not say. Nor does he inform us how he became so familiar with the age and mental characteristics of this particular ‘transcriber.’ ‘*Comparatively modern.*’ Modern compared with whom? With the critic who so authoritatively sets him aside? Mr. Perowne gives us the probable date of the collection of that part of the Psalter in which this occurs as, ‘the time of Hezekiah.’‡ ‘*Not very ingenious.*’ Yet, on Mr. Perowne’s own hypothesis, that this is an invented inscription, the ‘transcriber’ and himself were on a level as to critical ingenuity, though not as to critical hauteur; for the contents of the Psalm were ‘such as to incline’ both ‘to think that it was written by David.’ But this superlatively modern scholar

\* To the chief musician, Maschil, a psalm of David, when Doeg the Edomite came and told Saul, and said unto him, David is come to the house of Abimelech.

† Page 265.

‡ Introduction, p. lxxxvii.

pronounces that it, 'like *most* of the titles of the Psalms, does not even represent an ancient or constant tradition.' Yet Mr. Perowne knows that the tradition was ancient and fixed centuries before the birth of Christ, at the time of the formation of the Canon. But this is only a specimen of the arrogance of incredulity.

At other times, Mr. Perowne takes the view which simple-minded persons would think to be the fair one, that the Inscriptions are in possession, and that the labour of disproof belongs to their impugnors. Thus, in the very next Psalm, he opposes to Bishop Colenso's theory that it is an earlier composition than the 14th, 'the tradition as old as the formation of the Canon : ' yet he does not see that the heading of the preceding Psalm which he so brusquely thrusts aside as 'comparatively modern,' 'not very ancient or constant,' is equally a 'tradition as ancient as the formation of the Canon.' If the very arrangement of the Psalms in the Canon be so decisive, how comes it to pass that the titles of the Psalms in the Canon are to be reckoned at less than nothing?

Again, on the Inscription to Psalm xxviii. Mr. Perowne replies to some speculations of Hitzig and Ewald, not a whit more arbitrary than some of his own, 'But these are guesses which have little to recommend them, and there is no valid reason why we should reject the traditional title which gives the Psalm to David.' On reading this, and placing it side by side with Mr. Perowne's 'guesses,' one is tempted to parody the celebrated prayer of Burns, and say,

'O were it given all sons of mothers  
To see ourselves as we see others !'

At other times, Mr. Perowne quietly assumes that the title is unquestionable, and proceeds to illustrate the Psalm by the light of it, *e. g.*, Psalm xxiii., &c. We have seen how he recognises in the heading of the 51st Psalm 'the constant and reasonable tradition of the Church,' and then asserts his own right of private fancy by ascribing part of it to a date subsequent to the captivity. At other times again Mr. Perowne allows the title to pass, with an air of careless clemency, as on Psalm xvii. 'The Psalm may be as the Inscription states, a Psalm of David.'\* In other moods, 'The title (may) be suffered to stand.'† Again, in presence of a difficulty, a consideration will occur to him which ought never to have been absent from his mind. 'This may be

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\* Page 69.

† Page 324.

owing to some circumstances with which we are not acquainted.' Assuredly! But this is a reflection which would put the manufacturers of Biblical difficulties on very much less than half time. The frank admission of an aggressive critic that, after all, the being some two thousand five hundred years nearer to the event, taking irrecoverable documents, &c., into the account, was some little advantage, —would draw the ball out of the rifled canon of many a redoubtable assailant of ancient testimony.

In some of his *mollia tempora scribendi*, Mr. Perowne vouchsafes a series of reasons for pronouncing sentence on an Inscription, as Psalm xxxiv: 'No value can be attached to the inscription with its historical reference, because, 1, it is blindly borrowed from 1 Sam. xxi. 14; but, 2, with the substitution of Abimelech for Achish, which looks like a confusion with the narrative in Gen. xx., xxi.\* 'Blindly borrowed,' because it happens to contain one similar expression!

Thus the subscription is condemned. 1. Because it is like the historical record. 2. Because it is unlike it. We need not remind our readers of the fable, 'the wolf and the lamb.' Every one who has a smattering of Biblical knowledge knows that Abimelech was the name of many Philistine kings, and that it was probably a common title of all the Philistine kings, as names of the same meaning, 'Father-King,' are now of the kings of Persia, and the khans of Bokhara.

Mr. Perowne justly observes on the heading of the 56th Psalm: 'Hupfeld concludes from the absence of anything in the history corresponding to the title of the Psalm, that the title is not to be trusted. Yet, it is perhaps more likely on this very account, that it rests on some ancient tradition. A modern compiler would have endeavoured to make the title square better with the history.' This is very sensible. But Mr. Perowne does not see that the same principle applies with yet greater force to what he terms the 'glaring anachronisms' in the Psalms of Asaph. How much less likely is it that a contemporary of the events supposed by Mr. Perowne to be described in some of the Asaphic Psalms, or one familiar with those events as matters of comparatively recent history, should have affixed Asaph's name to a piece of historical word-painting of scenes, which, on this hypothesis, he must have known to be enacted hundreds of

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\* Page 153.









years after Asaph's death. Nor is this the gravest part of the difficulty. He must have succeeded in foisting his bare-faced blunder upon his church and nation, for thus only could he have secured its perpetuation in the Canon. Even could we admit that some Jewish Macpherson or Chatterton might pass off his own composition under the time-honoured name of a great poet, yet to procure its admission into the Canon, such men as Hezekiah and Isaiah, in fact the religious intelligence of the age, must have been a prey or a party to the fraud. For our part we would rather leave the modern critical school to meet its self-generated difficulties, and prop up its fanciful theories as best it may, than resort to such a conclusion as this.

But perhaps the richest specimen of Mr. Perowne's correction of the Canon is that in which he denies to David the authorship of the 22nd Psalm, and affiliates it on some anonymous Jew of the Captivity. He naïvely asks, 'Why may not some Jew in exile have really suffered such things, and so have prefigured in history the sufferings of Christ?''\* And so to appease the inexorable theories of conjectural criticism, which here plays the part of the yet unhumiliated Nebuchadnezzar, some unfortunate Hebrew exile is doomed to the most appalling agony of body and of mind, without even the sad solace of the slightest commemoration of his sufferings either in history or tradition. It is true, Mr. Perowne says, 'and so have prefigured in history the sufferings of Christ.' But, unfortunately, he does not figure in history at all. Yet we must admit he has little cause for complaint on that head, since his martyrdom, like his critical canonization, is purely anonymous, impersonal, imaginary, and hypothetical. If this touching apocryphal incident be admitted into any future history, it must be placed after the Persian occupation of Babylon, and thus have been, like the casting of Daniel to the lions, a very exceptional case, since we have no evidence that crucifixion was a Chaldean punishment. Indeed, it must have happened on the same day, since no one, after the fate of Daniel's accusers, and the decree of Darius, enforcing the fear of 'the God of Daniel,' would have ventured on such an outrage. It is also a little remarkable that a '*Jew*,' either born in Babylon, or carried away from the land of Judah in very early life, should borrow his imagery from the territory of the ten tribes, and compare his persecutors to the '*bulls of Bashan*.'† It is strange, also, that not only does

\* Page 103.

† Psalm xxii. 12.

Daniel omit any allusion to such terrible sufferings and to so wonderful a deliverance; but the Epistle to the Hebrews, in enumerating the various forms of torture over which the Old-Testament faith had triumphed, after the words, 'They were stoned, they were sawn asunder,'\* did not add, 'they were crucified,' since that mode of martyrdom would have been the very last to escape the notice of an early Christian. Mr. Perowne indulges in these fancies just to humour his notion, that there ought not to be any such thing as pure prediction in the Book of Psalms; but that the Psalmist must have typified in his person before he could have pictured in his poetry any passage in the life of Christ. How he would explain the fifty-third of Isaiah, or answer the Ethiopian's question, 'Of whom speaketh the prophet this? Of himself, or of some other man?' we cannot tell. Mr. Perowne writes, 'Unnatural as I cannot help thinking that interpretation is which assumes that the Psalmist himself never felt the sorrows,' &c.† But we do not 'assume' anything, we simply accept the record that David was the author of the Psalm. The assumption is in those who regard their helpless subjectivity ('cannot help thinking') as of greater authority than the Canon.

But Mr. Twistleton's treatment of the Superscription to the 18th Psalm‡ will, for dash and daring, compete with any thing we have yet seen. He concludes a series of stale and superficial objections thus: 'These assertions, if made by David himself, would form a striking contrast to the tender humility and self-mistrust in connexion with the same subject of a great living genius of spotless character. (See "Christian Year," 6th Sunday after Trinity, *ad finem*.)' With what shuddering self-abasement must the devout and modest Keble find that his humble lyrics are held up as the standard by which the Psalter must be tried! But Mr. Keble has no cause for self-reproach on account of any divergence from the true sentiment of the Psalm.

But enough of this: we will not weary our readers and ourselves with the endless guess-work of Ewald, Gesenius, Hupfeld, Colenso, and others; for Mr. Perowne's criticisms are not a whit more unscientific than those of the school with which he has, in this case, fraternized. All tends to show that what Mr. Perowne admits as to the 69th Psalm, applies equally to the whole matter. 'We have no very

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\* Heb. xi. 37. † Page 106. ‡ Smith's *Bib. Dict.*, Art., 'Book of Samuel.'

certain clue to guide us, unless indeed we are disposed to accept the authority of the Inscription.' Yet, even in this sentence, Mr. Perowne betrays the secret of his weakness: '*Disposed to accept!*' intimating that with him the question has been less a matter of criticism, than of *disposition*. Far be it from us to object to any fair, modest, and consistent criticism. If, after a holding of at least two thousand two hundred years, the headings of the Psalms cannot make good their tenure, let them be served with a fair process of ejection; but to the arbitrary and capricious eviction which Mr. Perowne, for one, would inflict upon most of them, (though his eye spares a few which he affects,) to this we do very seriously demur. We demur to this dogmatism of doubt. We demur to the bringing together, as Mr. Perowne does, on page lv. of his Introduction, a congeries of entirely subjective and theoretical difficulties, and then pronouncing, '*Such facts prove, convincingly, that all the Inscriptions are not trustworthy.*' For, whilst we should be sorry to hold him to the strict meaning of his words, and freely admit that he must only intend to affirm that they are not all trustworthy, yet it is plain that he does base on these purely personal hypothetic difficulties a charge against the Inscriptions as a whole. In truth, if the Inscriptions owe all their authenticity to the clemency of some modern critic, there is scarcely one which would not survive; for almost every one finds a patron in the inscrutable idiosyncrasy of some destroyer of the rest. But when we remember that as to all fair claim of authenticity they are all upon a level, we shall see that to patronize some and to proscribe others, as preference or prejudice may determine, is not scholarship, but subjectiveness, not criticism, but egotism. We do therefore complain that Mr. Perowne, in common with the other impugnors of historic records, which have for so many ages been attached to Holy Writ, should not only have started without any canons of criticism, should not even have imagined that he was under the slightest obligation to lay down any such rules. The result was inevitable. We learn nothing from the discussion, but the mental habits and proclivities of the individual critic. We have fanciful solutions of imaginary difficulties, one 'phantom of the cave' conjured up to put down another. In fine, we protest against any hypothesis which would imply that wisdom was born within the last hundred years. We are not attempting, as Mr. Perowne not over-courteously accuses Hengstenberg, Keil, and others, 'to maintain, at

all hazards, the correctness of the Inscriptions ;'\* but we are resolved to maintain, at all hazards, common sense, consistency, and fair play ; to protect venerable and invaluable historical notices, which have for two-and-twenty centuries or more rested beneath the shadow of the Canon, from capricious and uncritical attacks. Nor is this a matter of slight importance. Those who make the Inscriptions the targets of their critical practice, are not always careful or skilful enough to avoid hitting the Psalms themselves. Thus, as we have seen, when Mr. Perowne is testing the Inscription to the 51st Psalm, though his bullet glances off the Title, it strikes the Psalm, and sends part of it into the centre of a distant century. We are not ashamed to confess, even in such times as these, that we cannot coolly stand by and witness this inexpert hardihood, without at least politely asking the critic whether he would mind trying his rifle a little further away from sacred precincts, where he would not disturb the devotions of good Christian people, nor jar the melody of church music, nor begrime the inspired Prayer Book of the whole Christian world. Seriously, we hold that this wantonness and waywardness of criticism is altogether out of place, in a grave Commentary on the Book of Psalms. On the very lowest ground, the enormous blessing which the Psalter has conferred upon the human race, constitutes a claim, that even its brief and modest notices should be treated, not with recklessness, but with reverence. And their brevity and modesty is a strong evidence of their truth. The fact that so many of the Psalms are anonymous, proves that the editors and arrangers of the Psalter were no meddling and self-confident guessers, wise in their own conceits ; else the critical vice of officious conjecture would not have known where to stop. What reason could there be for attaching the name to one Psalm, and omitting it from another, but that in the one instance the author was known, in the other unknown ? Rudely and haughtily as the writers of these Inscriptions have been treated by modern critics, they clearly possessed certain precious qualities, not shared by their depreciators. Their modesty, their silence when they could not safely speak, their sensitive reverence for the Divine documents which they humbly illustrated, might be profitably studied by some who reckon them of little worth.

Yet critical canons adapted to this inquiry, sharing

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\* Introduction, page lv.

almost the force of axioms for all minds not committed to a foregone conclusion, might be easily gathered from the incidental admissions of the happier moods of Mr. Perowne himself; only they would not suit any one who has taken an antipathy to the Inscriptions.

1. It is 'the constant and reasonable belief of the church, that the Psalm was written under the circumstances indicated in the Title.' 'The tradition as old as the formation of the Canon, (it must have been *older* to be a "tradition" at the formation of the Canon,) which by assigning to Psalms its place in the first Book, manifestly regarded it as the original work.'\*

2. The alleged difficulties 'may be owing to some circumstance with which we are not acquainted;'† and, therefore, it is not safe to reject a Title for want of confirmatory data.

3. Where the title and the contents of a Psalm seem not to be perfectly and obviously in harmony, it is the more likely, on this very account, that the Title rests on some ancient tradition. A modern compiler would (like a modern critic) have endeavoured to make the Title square better with the history. This is in spirit identical with the well known canon, for deciding between two various readings: '*The less likely in appearance is the more likely in reality.*' '*Præstat ardua lectio procliviori:*' 'The uphill reading is safer than the downhill.'

4. Nevertheless, it would be unreasonable to reject an Inscription, merely because internal evidence is greatly in its favour. On this implicit Canon, the assailants of the Inscriptions generally act, by sparing those Inscriptions which seem to them to harmonize with the contents of the Psalm. If these four simple Canons were observed, much critical confusion and conflict would be saved, but the Inscriptions would hold their ground.

This inquiry is not only interesting as involving our whole stock of knowledge as to the authorship and the historical occasions of the Psalms, but it derives an additional importance in relation to the much-mooted question of a new translation of the Bible; (the inexpediency of which, in the present crude state of biblical science, is apparent even from the want of any common and recognised canons of criticism amongst the various authors of *Smith's Dictionary of the Bible*.) For, if the Titles of the Psalms were con-

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\* Page 254.

† Page 269.

jectural and misleading, they ought not to be left any longer to offend scholars and to mislead the unlearned.

In fine, the authenticity of the headings of the Psalms is not only undisproved, but their case is, we believe, much stronger than the putting of their stoutest defenders. Certainly, nothing more clearly betrays the want of the true critical faculty, than the attempt of their assailants to meet difficulties not of obvious explanation, by violent hypotheses, which fling the question into chaos and absurdity.

The first writer who attacked the Inscriptions, was Theodore of Mopsuestia, in the sixth century of our era. His views were condemned by the Fifth General Council, A.D. 553. As to the origin of the modern attack on the Inscriptions, Hengstenberg truly states: 'The origin of the opposition to the superscriptions, belongs to a period when Rationalism blindly fought against all that was settled, without carefully inquiring whether Rationalism really required such a conflict to be maintained.' 'The rejection of the superscriptions belongs to a period when little respect generally was had to the text of the Old Testament.'

The superscriptions being trustworthy, we can dwell on the *authorship* of the Psalms with interest and satisfaction. Nearly half the entire collection is expressly ascribed to David; whilst many of the anonymous Psalms, from marked similarity of style, and immediate juxtaposition to those which bear his name, have with great probability been also attributed to him. The main characteristics of David's poetry, as of his personality, are reality, tenderness, intensity, and breadth; for David's poetry, like that of all other great bards, is the manifestation of his personality. It was these four qualities of his great nature, consecrated to the service of God and man, which made him the David, 'the beloved' of both. He was the man after God's own heart, inasmuch as he '*served* his own generation by the will of God.' Perhaps the best portrait of David as a hero and military chief is undesignedly sketched by Wordsworth, in his ideal *Character of a Happy Hero* :—

'Who is the happy warrior? Who is he  
Whom every man in arms should wish to be?.....  
Who, doom'd to go in company with pain,  
And fear and bloodshed, (miserable train!)  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain,  
In face of these doth exercise a power,  
Which is our human nature's highest dower:



Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives.....  
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
Keeps faithful, with a singleness of aim.....  
Whom state must follow, on whose head must fall  
Like showers of manna, if it come at all.....  
But who, if he be called upon to face  
Some awful moment, to which heaven has join'd  
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,  
Is happy as a lover; and attired  
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired.....  
Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
From well to better, daily self-surpass'd.'

Of the great crime which blots the history of David, it is enough to say that it was no part of his settled character, but was recognised by the reproving prophetic Spirit, as a grievous departure from the paths of purity and right.

The intense individuality of David's Songs, (so far removed from that diseased self-consciousness, and petulant egotism, which mars the productions of some modern poets,) constitutes one of its strongest charms. His compositions are never so much heard as '*overheard*.' Though afterwards dedicated, in common with all his treasures, to the service of the Temple, they were poured forth at first in that sacred solitude, which is '*the felt presence of the Deity*.' Happily, the superscriptions to several of the Psalms, connect them with their historical occasions. In these cases, the hymn and the history interpret each other. In some few Psalms, which have not this invaluable annotation, contemporaneous events seem dimly and waveringly reflected in the imagery, sentiment, and expression. Every true critic, however, will be slow to supplement the autographs of their authors, or the testimony of their ancient and trustworthy editors. The wild conjectures of modern commentators are a warning against all such presumptuous meddling. Even Mr. Thrupp, in his generally very healthy, sensible, and well considered article,\* does not escape from an unwarrantable and hazardous self-confidence of annotation. One would have thought that if any part of Scripture could be spared by the headiness and hardness of modern criticism, it would be that awful Psalm which the Redeemer appropriated on His cross. Yet even of this Mr. Thrupp is not afraid to say, '*The most thoroughly idealised*

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\* Smith's *Biblical Dictionary*, Art. '*Psalms*.'

picture of David's outlaw-life, is that presented to us by David in Psalm xxii.' What precise idea Mr. Thrupp attaches to his word 'idealisation,' we cannot say; but we are certain that in any ordinary meaning of the term, the 'idealisation' is not David's, but his own. We should be curious to see what part of David's outlaw-life, as recorded in sacred history, could be idealised into this minute fore-picturing of the most awful scene in the history of man. 'They pierced My hands and My feet.' 'They parted My garments among them, and cast lots upon My vesture.' As Mr. Perowne justly comments: 'The last act of indignity before He is put to death. We know of no circumstance in his (David's) life to which it can possibly be referred.' Yet, as we have seen, Mr. Perowne himself plunges straight-way into the bog of conjectural criticism.

More harmless and more humble is Mr. Thrupp's little piece of editing: 'Nabal, of Carmel, was probably "the fool" of Psalm liii.; though, in this case, the closing verse of that Psalm must have been added, when it was further altered by David himself into Psalm xiv.' The occurrence of the word 'fool,' at the beginning of the Psalm, is the only discoverable basis for a hypothesis, which makes this grand doctrinal oracle 'the picture of the general corruption of the ungodly world,' as Mr. Thrupp elsewhere terms it, to be evoked by the churlishness of a rich glutton; a hypothesis, moreover, which would represent David as, for once, writing à la Byron, revenging his private wrongs, by condemning the entire species.

Mr. Thrupp puts forth a strange theory that the Psalms bearing David's name in the 3rd, 4th, and 5th Sections, were written by Hezekiah, by Josiah, by Zerubbabel, or others of David's posterity. He thinks them entitled to take this liberty with the name of their great ancestor, inasmuch as they were not merely his descendants, 'but also the representatives for the time being, and so in some sort the pledges, of the perpetual royalty of his lineage.' How their being the representatives of his royalty could constitute a claim to affix his name to their own compositions does not very clearly appear. Moreover, why did not Solomon use this privilege instead of appending his own signature to his own Psalm? How is it that there are no traces in the history of this unparalleled transmission of the poetic faculty along with the royal dignity? How did it come to pass that in the only one of these illustrious names of whom we know that, whilst wielding David's sceptre, he, once at



least, woke up David's lyre, Hezekiah affixes his own autograph to his own hymn,\* when he affixes any name at all. Possibly some of the anonymous Psalms may be Hezekiah's, as he says, 'We will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of our life, *in the house of the Lord.*' Mr. Thrupp attributes one of Solomon's Psalms to Nehemiah. How did the conscientious Nehemiah acquire the right to Solomon's name? Was he a descendant of Solomon? Assuredly, had such a temptation been presented to him, he would have said, 'So did not I, because of the fear of the Lord.' Mr. Thrupp disposes in a foot-note of the 'very strong feeling,' as he terms it, that our Saviour's quotation of the 60th Psalm as a direct utterance of David is unfavourable to his hypothesis, thus: 'To the writer of this article it appears that as our Saviour's argument remains the same, from whichever of His ancestors the Psalm proceeded, so His words do not necessarily imply more than is intended in the superscription of the Psalm.' Exactly! Our Saviour states the same fact which the Inscription records, to wit, that the 60th Psalm is 'a Psalm of David.' Our blessed Lord quotes both the Inscription and the Text,—the Inscription as authentic and unquestionable, the Text as doctrinally decisive. The question between Him and His adversaries was not, in the first place, a question of '*argument*,' but of '*authority*.' Could they have in any wise cavilled at the *authority*, they were not the men to be so readily and so utterly silenced. The '*feeling*' of the accuracy of our Lord's statement is 'very' much too 'strong' to be overborne by a theory so fanciful, so baseless, and so ungainly, a theory which makes honoured men deceivers by Divine right, and literary liars 'by the grace of God.'

The poet who holds the next rank to David, as the largest contributor to the Book of Psalms, is Asaph. If, indeed, modern criticism is to be credited, he has small claim to the rank assigned him in Holy Writ. Although Scripture closely couples his name with that of David in the most honourable style, although, at the time of the great restoration of the temple-service under Hezekiah, 'the king and the princes commanded the Levites to sing praise unto the Lord, with the words of David and of Asaph the Seer;' yet critics will scarcely concede to him the authorship of one of the twelve Psalms ascribed to him by his contemporaries or his compatriots. Mr. Thrupp does not allow him one. Yet he does

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\* Isaiah xxxviii. 9, 20.

not explain how his poetic reputation was attained. The palmy days of sacred song were for centuries looked back to with fond veneration as 'the days of David and of Asaph of old.' (Nehemiah xii. 46.) Mr. Thrupp accounts for the fact that so many Psalms which seem to him not to be Asaph's, nevertheless bear Asaph's name in the same way that he explains the like subjective difficulty in the case of David. According to him, Asaph's descendants availed themselves of the honoured name of their great ancestors; though how this Asaph, whom his theory renders mute and inglorious, achieved such greatness, he does not say. Mr. Perowne, on the other hand, justly pronounces, after Stahlin, 'This is really to make the sons of Asaph guilty of a literary imposture, in prefixing the name of their ancestor to their own productions, in order to clothe them with a fictitious splendour.' Yes, without doubt, Mr. Thrupp's theory involves the sons of Asaph, along with Hezekiah, Josiah, Zerubbabel, &c., in the guilt of that which, gild it as you may, would still be a gross literary fraud. But Mr. Perowne forthwith starts another theory which, whilst it exculpates some great and good men from the charge of literary forgery, involves others in the reproach of preternatural stolidity. He writes, 'Either the more ancient tradition ascribed some of these Psalms to Asaph, and the rest were conjecturally placed with them from their general resemblance to those which went by his name, or perhaps there may have been originally a smaller separate collection entitled "Psalms of Asaph," into which this, at a later period, may have crept.' Mr. Perowne then proceeds to notice several very marked characteristics of thought, tone, and expression, which the Psalms ascribed to Asaph have in common, by which they are distinguished from compositions bearing other names. On the whole, he concludes that 'the selection, it is evident, must have rested on critical grounds, on the similarity of style, on the coincidence of the thoughts; and yet it is not a little remarkable that no attention seems to have been paid to the historical features of these Psalms.' Not a little remarkable, indeed! According to this hypothesis, here are editors endowed with so much critical acuteness as to base their conclusions 'on critical grounds;' that is, as Mr. Perowne proceeds to show, on a subtle and sensitive perception of deep mental affinities, nice verbal mannerisms, correspondencies, in short, which only expert and thoughtful students, like Mr. Perowne, could detect, and who yet were so blind to 'the historical

features' of the poems they collected as to overlook 'manifest anachronisms' in the wondrous story of their own loved land. Now, even admitting that the human intellect has so grown in the last two thousand five hundred years, that the critics of to-day vastly overtop their predecessors of two millenniums and a half ago, even when standing on the enormous vantage-ground of nearness to the authors and events in question, yet it requires all the credulity of modern scepticism to believe that such an alteration has taken place in the very structure of the human faculties, as would be implied not only in the conjunction in the same individual of such delicate penetration with such miraculous obtuseness, but by their being able to palm off their errors upon a jealous and keen-witted people, the compatriots of Isaiah and Daniel, the contemporaries of Ezra and Nehemiah. The only stepping-stone to such a conclusion is found in the fact that a mind like Mr. Perowne's could for a moment entertain a supposition so absurd. To us it seems far more likely that Asaph was what the Sacred History pronounces him, 'Asaph the Seer;' that, like the God-beloved prince with whose poetic renown his own is indissolubly linked, 'being a prophet,' and, 'seeing this before,' he spake of events not yet enacted, but present to the mind of that Spirit who chose as the organ of His disclosures the genius of this gifted man. Had Asaph been only a poet, he could not have penned the 79th Psalm; but we know that he was also a prophet, and his delineations of future wonders are not a whit more minute than those of David, in some of his prophetic Psalms, or than many predictions of Daniel and Isaiah. The 79th Psalm is quoted as Scripture in the 1st Book of Maccabees, vii. 16, 17, the pious historian evidently finding comfort, amidst the sad circumstances which he records, in noting their exact correspondence with the fore-picturing of Holy Writ. The last-named fact affords an answer to the objection of a very able, moderate, and reverent writer, (Mr. Jebb,)—'This supposition is not consistent with the economy of miracle so visible in the Divine Dispensations.' To us this limiting the Spirit of Inspiration seems utterly arbitrary and inconsistent with itself. Mr. Jebb asserts the genuineness of Isaiah's prophecies, notwithstanding their minuteness; yet he refuses to mete with the same measure to Asaph, from regard to 'the economy of miracle.' If, then, the admission of Asaph into the goodly fellowship of the prophets would make them one too many, in all fairness, 'the economy of miracle' would

require the exclusion of some later and larger prophet, not of the older and briefer. The heartening of the godly in the times of Jehoshaphat and Judas Maccabæus justifies the wisdom of God in dictating the prophetic songs of Asaph, just as the cheering of the children of the captivity redeems from the charge of prodigality of miracle or waste of Inspiration the predictions of Isaiah and Jeremiah.

Mr. Perowne rightly remarks, 'As we have in the corresponding form of Inscription "the sons of Korah," there seems no reason why we should not have had here 'the sons of Asaph.' No reason in the world, but the fact that they were not written by the *sons* of Asaph, but by Asaph himself. Mr. Perowne has amply proved that the Psalms of Asaph bear very strong features of a common parentage. They are not, as the critics choose to call them, 'Asaphite,' but Asaphic. As truly as the Idylls of the King are all alike Tennysonian, so truly are the Psalms of Asaph Asaphic altogether. There is, throughout, the same lofty theocratic tone, the same solemnity and depth, the same grave and restrained imaginativeness. Mr. Thrupp evidently feels that, having taken from Asaph one, you must take all; that as to their Asaphic authorship, they must stand or fall together.

We are sorry that Mr. Thrupp resorts sometimes to a non-natural hypothesis, for no other end than to reconcile the superscription, the authenticity of which he thoroughly believes, to his own prepossessions. We are the more sorry for this, since his criticisms are often in refreshing contrast to those of Mr. Perowne. How sensible and sensitive is this remark, compared with Mr. Perowne's hacking treatment! 'Psalm li., compared with the dark episode which made David tremble; not only for himself, but for the city whereon he had laboured, and which he had partly named by his own name, lest God should, in displeasure, not permit the future temple to be reared on Mount Zion, nor the imperfect walls of Jerusalem to be completed.' Yes, those who cut off the last two verses of the 51st Psalm, should remember that David was both a great builder and a great projector. 'David built round about from Millo inward.\*' 'David made him houses in the city of David.' 'Hiram, king of Tyre, sent cedar trees, and carpenters, and masons to David,' &c.† But that Mr. Thrupp is right in regarding the temple as the great object of David's solicitude,

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\* 2 Sam. v. 9.

† 2 Sam. vii.

appears from the last utterance of the Psalm: 'Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt-offerings—upon Thine altar.' Mr. Perowne, losing sight of those great architectural projects of David, and not recognising the connexion between 'a broken heart,' and broken purposes, not considering how a great man's fall oft-times involves the failure of his highest and holiest undertaking; wrenches off the eighteenth and nineteenth verses from the rest of the Psalm, giving as his only authorization,\* 'I cannot think that they formed any part of the Psalm as originally written.' 'I cannot think!' At this rate, all the finer touches of poetry, all that is subtle and delicate in thought and feeling, must perish, if it do not conciliate the mental habits of an individual scholar. We cannot suppress an exclamation of pain, on witnessing this mangling of an exquisite composition, pulsing all over with the highest and tenderest life. Thus half the difficulties which haunt Biblical interpretation, are mere *idola specus*, 'derived from individual complexion of mind.' Even Bishop Colenso feels the vital connexion between these verses and the title of the Psalm. Alas for the poems of Wordsworth, and of Tennyson, could they be subjected, some two thousand five hundred years hence, to such criticism as this! Nor is the positiveness of Mr. Perowne very graceful in the face of so many able men, who cannot see the difficulty which drives him to this harshness of criticism: 'The two last verses were *obviously* added at the time of the return from the exile.'† We dwell the more upon this instance because it is one of the main points on which he fastens his general charge against the integrity of the text of the Psalter. 'It is *plain*, then, that these ancient Hebrew songs and hymns must have suffered a variety of changes in the course of time.'‡

We find, in the Psalter, one composition of 'Heman the Ezrahite.' He was next in rank to Asaph as a poet-prophet.§ The fact of the recurrence of Heman's name in the genealogy of the sons of Zerah, and of his bearing the designation Ezrahite or Zerahite, is accounted for by the very probable supposition of Mr. Hervey.¶ 'If Heman the Kohathite, or his father, had married an heiress of the house of Zerah,—and was so reckoned in the genealogy of Zerah, all the notices of Heman might point to the same person;

\* Page 263.

† Introduction, p. xli.

‡ 2 Chron. xxxv. 15.

§ Smith's *Biblical Dictionary*, art., 'Heman.'

and the musical skill of David's chief musician, and the wisdom of David's seer, and the genius of the author of the 88th Psalm, concurring in the same individual, would make him fit to be joined with those other worthies, whose wisdom was only exceeded by that of Solomon.' The like supposition would meet the like difficulty in the case of Ethan, the author of the 89th Psalm, whose name is also associated with that of Heman, both in the genealogies and in the list of the wisest men. To us Mr. Hervey's solution of the matter seems much more probable than the strange coincidence that there should be two persons named Heman and Ethan, so closely connected in two different tribes and walks of life.\* Heman, the musician, whom we thus take to be Heman the Psalmist, combining the three grand gifts of music, poetry, and prophecy, was the grandson of the prophet Samuel, the great grandson of the poet-prophetess, Hannah.

How easy, and, at the same time, how unsafe it is to set aside historical authority, in favour of supposed internal evidence, after time has destroyed all the means of disproving the hypothetical, and vindicating the historical authorship, might be shown by parodying the critical processes employed to discredit the Inscriptions. Only let the reader's fancy resolutely perform for a moment, in the one case, what time has done in the other, *i. e.*, put out of sight the materials for disproof, and one might set up quite as specious a hypothesis that Felicia Hemans, and not Heman the Ezrahite, was the real author of the 88th Psalm: thus, — 'not to insist on the all but identity' of name, and the warmest congeniality of tone between the 88th Psalm and the poetic pieces of that devout poetess, are there not 'evident' allusions to her personal history? *e. g.*, her extreme delicacy of constitution from childhood, 'I am afflicted, and ready to die from my youth up;' to her severe domestic sorrows and other heart-griefs, 'Lover and friend hast thou taken far from me.' How natural, again, to any one living all her life-time near the sea, and thus familiar from childhood with the phenomenon of the tides, to make this allusion to that phenomenon, 'They came round about me *daily* like water.'† But every schoolboy knows that there is no appreciable tide in the Mediterranean, the coast of which is the seaboard of the Holy Land, and all the Jewish ideas about the sea are those of uncommercial landmen;

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\* See Art., 'Ethan,' Smith.

† Verse 17.



besides, no other production of an inspired writer is so prostrate in its despondency as this. How unlikely that Heman, the precentor of David's choir, should have been so melancholy a man! Farther still, the writer does not even claim to be of the stronger sex, but says, 'I am *as* a man that hath no strength.'<sup>\*</sup> Is there not, also, a palpable allusion to the 6th of Romans, verse 7, 'He that is dead is freed,' in the 5th verse of this Psalm, 'Free among the dead?' We say boldly, that if supposed internal evidence alone is to outweigh external testimony, the preposterous supposition of our parody has much greater plausibility than that of Mr. Perowne, that the 22nd Psalm was not written by David, but by a Jew of the exile. The only disadvantage which our ironical hypothesis has, by the side of Mr. Perowne's grave one, is a purely relative and contingent disadvantage, —viz., that in this case it is impossible to annihilate the overwhelming materials for disproof, whereas the lapse of time and the scarcity of documents have effectually accomplished this in the other. It just shows how little critical skill is required for getting up a specious hypothesis as to mistaken authorship of an ancient composition.

This one relic of the genius of Heman, so famous in his own and after ages, is unsurpassed for simplicity, depth, and tenderness of feeling, since men learnt 'to modulate sorrow into song.' The one Psalm of Ethan, naturally placed in immediate juxtaposition with that of Heman, is well worthy to be sung by priestly voices, amidst the severe pomp of a grand national worship, to which it is sublimely adapted, whilst it is touchingly varied with 'the still, sad music of humanity:' 'Remember how short my time is: wherefore hast Thou made all men in vain?'

The Psalms of the two Ezrahites close the third section. The fourth opens with 'A Prayer of Moses,' Psalm xc.; and there is very strong internal evidence that Psalm xci. is also the production of that illustrious man. 'It is an ancient maxim of Biblical interpretation, that an uninscribed Psalm is generally to be attributed to the last preceding which had a title.'<sup>†</sup> Rabbi David Kimchi testifies that the Rabbies say that Moses was the author. The ancient Midrash Tillin states, 'This Psalm was the benediction of Moses when the tabernacle was finished.' Those commentators who do not even advert to this ancient judgment (as Hengstenberg and Bonar) inevitably trace to the Pentateuch

<sup>\*</sup> Verse 4.<sup>†</sup> Jebb, vol. ii., p. 203.

almost every allusion in the Psalms. Mr. Jebb brings out very forcibly the all but conclusive internal evidence of the authorship of Moses, the imagery of the desert, 'and other emblems characteristic of the Mosaical songs.' To this we may add, the two hymns bear such marked features of resemblance as to indicate a common parentage. The latter is responsive to the former. The one is the Complaint; the other the Consolation. They are *The Two Voices* of despondency and hope. They are twin Psalms. The opening of the 91st, 'He that dwelleth in the secret places, &c.,' answers to, 'Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place.' In like manner the close, 'With long life will I satisfy him, &c.,' is the reply to that lament over the shortness and unsatisfactoriness of life which forms the burden of the 90th Psalm. It is not uninteresting to note that if the 91st Psalm be the production of Moses, then all the passages of Scripture quoted during our Lord's temptation in the wilderness date from the desert-life of God's ancient people.

The headings assign two of the Psalms to Solomon, lxxii., and cxxvii. Even Mr. Perowne, in happier mood, spares the former. He writes, 'Nor do I see any reason for rejecting the tradition thus conveyed to us.\*' In this he follows Delitzsch, who 'contends that we find here the marks both of Solomon's style and of Solomon's time; that the expressions are arranged for the most part in distichs, like the Proverbs; that the character of the poetry is reflective, is rich in images borrowed from nature. Besides this, the allusion to Sheba and Tarshish, and even the extent of dominion, which it is hoped will be given to the king, all harmonize with the reign of Solomon.' But the 127th Psalm receives very different treatment at the hands of Mr. Perowne. On this he simply delivers an oracular judgment, without troubling himself to assign the shadow of a reason for the positiveness of his denial. 'The 127th Psalm *most certainly was not* written by him,' (Solomon.) Beyond this he bases on his own bare dictum in this instance, a conclusion to the general disadvantage of the Inscriptions. 'Not only is it *evident*, as in the Inscription to Psalm 127, where a misunderstanding of the words, "Except the Lord build the house," which were supposed to allude to the building of the temple, led the Psalm to be inscribed to Solomon; that the *Inscriptions must* sometimes have been due to the guess of a later collector.'† This blunt dogmatism is as little respectful to

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\* Introduction, p. 25.

† *Ibid.*, p. 55







Mr. Perowne's predecessors in criticism as to the venerable historical document which he so authoritatively sets aside. Mr. Perowne is either forgetful or heedless of the fact that a large number of commentators and critics of widely different schools, and in times far apart, from the Chaldee Paraphrast and Rabbi David Kimchi to Hengstenberg and Mr. Bonar, regard the internal structure of the Psalms as strikingly harmonizing with the external record. Although Mr. Perowne throws aside Hengstenberg's Commentary with a contempt which is alike unseemly and unjust, dismissing it with, 'The laborious dulness of Hengstenberg renders it a tedious task to read his Commentary;' yet, in this instance, as in many others, 'the laborious dulness of Hengstenberg' wins the race against the self-confiding smartness of his depreciator. Hengstenberg writes, 'The Superscription attributes the Psalm to Solomon, and internal reasons confirm its correctness. This is characteristically distinguished from the nameless Psalms of Degrees, so as to mark its connexion with an earlier time; it exhibits no trace of the mournful depression by which they are pervaded; the language is more vigorous; and whilst *they* throughout refer to the *whole* of the community, the *individual* is here directed. The theme of the Psalm suits Solomon, who chiefly occupied the domestic and civic territory, as Calvin justly remarks. We recognise in verse 2 an allusion to Solomon "the beloved of the Lord, Jedidiah."\* The Psalm is primarily intended for those who think too highly of human efforts, a fault particularly apt to betray itself in the prosperous. Hence, Tilling remarks that the Psalm presupposes the Jewish commonwealth to be in a prosperous condition.' Kimchi also points out the allusion to Solomon's name, Jedidiah.

Twelve Psalms are attributed by the titles to 'the sons of Korah.' That the Psalms to which this title is prefixed were composed before the Babylonish captivity, is evident from the fact, that on the return from Babylon the choir of Korah no longer existed. The sons of Korah were descendants of the great rebel leader, whose fate is described, Numbers xvi. Their Psalms exhibit a marked variety of style, indicating a corresponding variety of authorship. Psalms xli. to xliii. remind one strongly of the style of David, and accord with some situations in his changeful history. This favours Hengstenberg's idea, that the author was David's

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\* 2 Sam. xii. 25.

contemporary, and a loyal follower of his fortunes. Five Korahites joined David at Ziklag, and formed part of the redoubtable band 'whose faces were like the faces of lions, and who were as swift as the roes upon the mountains.'\* Some of these grim ambidexters, who 'could use both the right hand and the left in hurling stones, &c.,'† could skill to sweep the harp-strings as well as twang the bow, and were David's associates in the tabernacle choir, as in the outlaw's cave. Theirs was a like marvellous combination of military and musical endowments, and blending of the heroic and the devotional spirit. It may well have been that one of these, finding himself once more the companion of his liege's flight, should pour forth, 'as from the soul of David,' this pure strain of yearning and impassioned piety. But still there is nothing in the style or the topography of the Psalm to forbid the idea that it may be the composition of a later Korahite. Many of these Psalms are markedly theocratic. They breathe a mournful or an exultant patriotism. Their themes are the fortunes of the covenant people, the exciting alternations of Hebrew history, and their relations with surrounding heathendom. Psalm lxxiv. points to their hereditary office.‡

As to those parts of the Superscriptions which do not record authorship or occasion, it seems to us that, after the investigations of recent writers, (Messrs. Jebb, Perowne, Thrupp, and others,) the point may be regarded as substantially settled that the greater number are musical directions, touching either the instruments or the air. As confirmatory of the idea that a few of the headings are fragments of some well-known song, to the tune of which the Psalm was to be sung, we would venture to suggest that 'Muthlabben,' at the head of Psalm ix., which Grotius and Hengstenberg translate, 'On the dying of the fool,' supposing the not unprecedented transposition of the initial and final letters, may possibly refer to the air to which David's elegy on Abner was wont to be sung, the grave and solemn tone of the Psalm being well adapted to the melody of a dirge.

'As died the foolish man did Abner die!

Thy hands not bound,

Neither in fetters were thy feet made fast.

As a man falls before the sons of sin,

So fellest thou!

In like manner, in the Superscription to Psalm lvi., may

\* 1 Chron. xii.

† *Ibid.*, verse 2.

‡ 1 Chron. xxvi. 1-19.

not the words 'Math-elem-rechokim,' 'The silent dove in far-off fields,' be the commencement or catchwords of some popular version of that exquisite stanza in the foregoing Psalm? 'O that I had wings like a dove! then would I flee away and be *at rest*. Lo, then would I wander *far off*.' Certainly, a plaintive melody would well suit the sentiment of Psalm lvi. There are two words, not musical directions, but editorial notices, on which we may also hazard a suggestion; viz., Maschil and Michtam. The former is found in the Superscriptions of thirteen Psalms, six of which belong to David. The latter is prefixed to only six Psalms, all David's. The unsatisfactory result of the criticism of these two words is, that the significations pronounced to be most probable express nothing distinctive of the Psalms, to which either of the words is attached. For example: Mr. Perowne, after Ewald, translates Maschil, 'a finely, skilfully constructed ode;' \* Michtam, 'perhaps a golden poem,' or, 'a mystery;' 'a song of deep import.'† Mr. Jebb conjectures that Maschil defines 'the moral object;' Michtam, 'the authorship.' Hengstenberg translates Maschil, 'a didactic poem;' Michtam, 'a secret.' But, in comparing the Psalms bearing these titles with those which are without them, we find no such difference as these interpretations indicate. The Maschil Psalms are not all distinctively didactic, or 'in a more skilful strain' than others with which they might readily be compared; nor are the Michtam Psalms more 'golden,' or of deeper import; whilst Mr. Jebb's interpretation makes Michtam either superfluous, or just the full expression of the ordinary statement, 'a Psalm of David.' After all, may we not find a clue to the real meaning of these words? Thus: There are in the Psalter two Psalms substantially identical, yet remarkably varied; Psalm xiv. and Psalm liii., both 'of David.' The latter bears the note, 'Maschil:' the former does not. What is the difference between the two? The latter is neither more didactic, nor 'in a more skilful strain' than the former. The only appreciable difference in the latter is that it is a recension or adaptation of the former. May not this be the very meaning of the word Maschil? Let us look at the etymology of it, and of that which the LXX. gives as its Greek equivalent, *συνέσεως*, or *εἰς σύνεσιν*.

The word Maschil comes from a Hebrew root, of which the LXX. have accurately indicated the Greek equivalent,

\* Introduction, page xlv.

† *Ibid.*

as above; the nearest English rendering, perhaps, being the obsolete verb to '*skill*,' as 1 Kings v. 6: 'Any that can *skill* to hew timber;' 2 Chron. ii. 7: 'A man that can *skill* to grave;' 2 Chron. xxxiv. 12: 'All that could *skill* of instruments.' From this verb comes our substantive '*skill*;' which may be defined as expressing the faculty of straight, swift, successful adaptation of means to an end. This seems to be, as nearly as possible, the idea conveyed by the Hebrew word Maschil; as will appear from a glance at a few of the passages in which the term occurs. In Gen. xlviii. 14, it is rendered, in Pihel, '*guiding* (his hands) *wittingly*;' when Jacob, in blessing his two grandchildren, adapted the position of his hands to their respective destinies. In 1 Sam. xviii. 30, in Kal, it is translated, '(David) *behaved* (himself more) *wisely*;' i. e., 'adapted his conduct to his circumstances.' In Hiphil, it signifies 'to give skill.' Dan. ix. 22: 'I am now come forth *to give thee skill*.' From this it sometimes passes to closely related meanings; but that this is its radical signification, cannot be denied. As an example of a secondary sense, we may take Psalm lxiv. 9: 'They shall *wisely consider* of His doings.' It is not unworthy of remark, as showing how essentially a creative faculty it is which the Hebrew word denotes, as involving the notion of *change to meet change*, that it is not once applied to the Divine wisdom, is never used of the Deity, excepting in Hiphil, to 'give skill.' 'I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go.' (Psalm xxxii. 8.) 'Thou, by Thy commandments, hast *made me wiser* than my enemies.' (Psalm cxix. 98.) 'Thou gavest also Thy good Spirit *to instruct* them.' (Nehemiah xii. 20.) 'All this the Lord *made me understand*.' (1 Chron. xxviii. 19.)

In like manner, the radical idea of *σύνεσις* is that of adaptation, as in *συνίημι*, 'to send or put together.' To say the least, then, the etymology of the word 'Maschil' (and of that which the LXX. regarded as its Greek equivalent) is favourable to the sense which, on other grounds, we should be disposed to attribute to this much controverted word. The variation in the fifth verse of Psalm liii., on the corresponding stanza of the 14th, is clearly not a mere *pentimento*, or after-touch, but has the appearance of an adaptation to some, perhaps recent, event. '*God hath scattered the bones of him that encamped against thee*.' Mr. Perowne feels this. He says: 'There seems to have been an intentional alteration, with a view of *adapting* the Psalm to different circumstances.' The fact that 'whilst there is a material differ-

ence in the *sense* of the two passages, very many of the same or similar *letters* occur in both ;' which some critics account for, on the profound supposition that 'the one text may have been copied from a partially defaced or illegible MS. of the other,' is, we think, much more likely to be an indication that the employment of certain letters constituted one of the laws of this style of composition. This is, at any rate, a less barren, harsh, and unlikely suggestion than the other.

The word Michtam is rendered by the LXX., *στηλογραφία*, 'an inscription on,' or, 'as on a tablet.'\* Why, then, may not Michtam be an original autograph, distinguished from an adaptation? Maschil and Michtam would thus be correlative terms. The occurrence of either in the Title of a Psalm would indicate that, in this instance, there were extant duplicates, more or less varied; Michtam stating that the Psalm is given in its first form, Maschil that the adaptation is preferred. If it be asked, why then does not the 14th Psalm bear the title Michtam, as the 53rd bears the title Maschil; the answer is obvious. The Michtam would be superfluous, at the time when the meaning of both words was well known. Given the two copies of a duplicate Psalm; the statement that the latter was the Maschil was a sufficient intimation to all sensible and candid persons that the former was the Michtam. And it is necessary to remember that, before the time when the invention of printing rendered the multiplication of notes and illustrations an easy matter, writers were accustomed to spare themselves and transcribers all unnecessary labour of the pen, by trusting to the good sense and candour of their readers, to an extent which, in the present day, might be deemed inexpedient. The variations in Psalm xviii., from the corresponding song in 2 Sam. xxii., are clearly not *adaptations* to altered circumstances, being not changes of the sense at all, but only of the expression, with slight omissions; rendered necessary, doubtless, by its being set to music. If the meaning of 'Maschil,' suggested above, be accepted, it might afford some relief to those who, with Mr. Jebb, feel as if Asaph ought not to be regarded as sharing with David the prophetic as well as the poetic gift, since it would remove the anachronisms which the denial of that gift to Asaph introduces into the 74th Psalm.

On the much debated word, 'Selah,' we may just say that

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\* Liddell and Scott.



all the confusion and conflict which have gathered around it, have arisen from the simple fact that critics have not been content to accept the clear, consistent meaning given by the LXX. ; *διάψαλμα*, 'a symphony;' *lit.* 'a cross-time, an interlude;' a meaning which is, as Mr. Wright admits,\* etymologically the likeliest; which, moreover, gives a good sense wherever it occurs. Even when it breaks a verse, any one with the slightest feeling of music must perceive how effective and impressive a well adapted symphony would be: 'O God, when Thou wentest forth before Thy people, when Thou didst march through the wilderness; *Selah*: The earth shook.' (Psalm lxxviii. 7, 8.) Any one who has heard the symphony in Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, after, 'And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters,' can well imagine the solemn and overawing effect which, in the hush of human voices, some grand march-like measure would produce, following the words, 'Thou didst march through the wilderness;' and followed by, 'The earth shook.' Mr. Wright † insists on the obscurity of signification of the word used by the LXX. It is true that *διάψαλμα* does not occur in classical Greek; but very many words of a precisely similar structure do occur, so that there is no difficulty at all in ascertaining its meaning. For example: we have the surgical terms *διάκομμα*, 'a cross-cut, a gash;' and *διακοπή*, 'a cross-break or cleft,' 'a fracture.' We have again *διακώλυμα*, 'an obstacle laid across a path;' *διάλειμμα*, 'an interval, or break in time.' On the same principle of formation, *ψάλμα*, 'a tune played;' *διάψαλμα*, 'an interlude, or symphony.' Mr. Perowne admits this to be the least improbable interpretation. We can see no improbability whatever in an interpretation which accords with etymology, with the most ancient traditions, and with consistency of exposition; which, moreover, satisfied the fastidious and exacting acuteness of Ewald, the honest accuracy of Kennicott, and the expert scholarship of Hermann and Schleusner. Yet Mr. Wright treats the subject in a tone of impatient, almost petulant despondency; heaping together discordant opinions with little or no attempt at weighing their respective merits; and dismisses it, at last, as a 'hopeless subject.' Of course, if critics will demand mathematical certainty, on matters which are only capable of philological and historical likelihood, they doom themselves to weariness and disappointment. For our part, so far from sharing in Mr.

\* Smith's *Biblical Dictionary*, Art., 'Selah.'

† *Ibid.*

Wright's despondency, we regard the ancient rendering of the word 'Selah,' as reposing on the most satisfactory evidence which reasonable thinkers can require.

Herder calls attention to the fact, that Selah occurs only in impassioned lyrics, not being found in the doctrinal or didactic Psalms.\* This certainly agrees with the most ancient rendering of the word; since, in the latter class of hymns, such bursts of music would be out of place.

We must now touch upon a very interesting fact, which, if carefully and candidly investigated, may throw some light upon the history of doctrine and of devotion amongst the Jews. Mr. Perowne states it thus: 'The distinct use of the Divine names lends a characteristic feature to some of the books. Thus, in the 1st Book, Jehovah occurs two hundred and seventy-two, and Elohim but fifteen, times. The next two books are chiefly Elohistic, at least as far as Psalm lxxxiv. From Psalm lxxxv. to the end of the Psalter, the name Jehovah again becomes prevalent, and to such an extent that in Books iv. and v. it occurs three hundred and thirty-nine times, and Elohim, of the true God, but once.' To this he adds, in a note, 'No probable explanation of this phenomenon has yet been given.' But possibly an exact statement of the phenomenon, compared with what we have just now supposed to be the origin of the Psalter, might guide us to a probable explanation. The fact is this, in the 1st Book of Psalms the name 'Jehovah' (Lord) vastly outnumbers in frequency of occurrence the name 'Elohim' (God) as a title of the Godhead. But in the 2nd and 3rd Books the proportion is reversed. Now, if the 2nd and 3rd Sections of the Psalter were collected respectively under the auspices of Jehoshaphat and Hezekiah, they would be contemporaneous with the two great epochs of struggle with and triumph over idolatry. Jehoshaphat was the contemporary of Ahab and Elijah. He was reigning in Jerusalem at the time of the great contest on Carmel between Elijah and the priests of Baal, the result of which was announced in the popular exclamation, 'The Lord He is the God! the Lord He is the God!' Hezekiah was a great image-breaker.† The great contemporary prophet, Isaiah, abounds in magnificent denunciations of idolatry. Throughout this period the tendency to regard Jehovah as but the national Deity of the Jews, the greatest of the gods, was very strong. The wish on the part of many of the kings and people to con-

\* *De Genio Poes. Hebr.*, ii., 376.

† 2 Chron. xxxi.

ciliate the tutelary gods of the great neighbouring heathen powers is very apparent from the history. At such a time it was of the highest importance to place and keep prominently before the minds of God's people the simple, clear, positive idea of the exclusive Godhead, to make, in fact, the very language of devotion a perpetual protest and preservative against an insidious and encroaching idolatry. This is, at least, quite sufficient to account for the more frequent employment of the word Elohim (God) than of the word Jehovah (Lord) at such crises in the history of God's Church. On the complete triumph over idolatry by Josiah, it was natural to return to the ancient usage. But Mr. Perowne's theories would render 'the explanation of the phenomenon' utterly hopeless. He thinks the idea 'that the two names are always used with reference to their distinct meaning, Jehovah as the covenant God of the Jews, Elohim as God, the Creator and Governor of the world,' to be 'unsatisfactory.' With his too frequent haste and positiveness, he pronounces, '*One fact entirely overthrows it, viz., that the same Psalm appears both in a Jehovistic and an Elohist recension.*' But this is not a 'fact.' It is true that an *adaptation* of the 14th Psalm occurs in the 2nd Section as the 53rd; but with remarkable variations, one of which is that the word 'Elohim' (God) is four times in this very short composition substituted for the word 'Jehovah,' (Lord,) and in each instance the alteration gives the exact turn to the thought which Mr. Perowne denies. In truth, the admission that 'the two names' have a 'distinct meaning,' coupled with the assertion that this distinctness of meaning is disregarded by the writers and collectors of the Psalms, need not disconcert believers in Inspiration, since it only betrays the want of critical sensitiveness and subtlety on the part of those who can connect such an admission with such an assertion, and base the latter on so flimsy and fallacious a ground. Bengel, with his exquisite insight, has shown that in no case throughout the Epistles is the employment of the name Jesus, or Christ, or of the two names at once, or even the order in which they are placed, as Christ Jesus, or Jesus Christ, arbitrary or accidental, but is in every case instructive and expressive. It only requires the like keenness of perception to discover the like minute and infallible accuracy in the Psalms. Of course critics like Professor Jowett are compelled to question this nice felicity of apostolic Greek, on *a priori* grounds, those of assumed unlikelihood, &c., because this would lend con-

firmation to the Divinity of the documents. There are many passages in the Psalms in which the most obtuse and unwilling cannot but see that it is this distinction of meaning which constitutes the significance of the sentence, as Psalm xviii. 30,—‘Who is God (Elohim) save the Lord (Jehovah)?’ And, throughout, since the recognition of this distinction of meaning brings out the force and beauty of the utterance, why, as a mere matter of literary fairness, should not a great poet like David have the credit for exactness in the sacred employment of his mother-tongue? No one honestly holding to the paraded principle, ‘Scripture interpreted like any other book,’ would blur the beauties and spoil the significance of an inspired writer for no discernible reason except that he claims to be inspired.

We are now at liberty to touch upon a higher point—the Theology of the Psalms. Mr. Perowne’s introductory chapter, with this heading, contains a good deal which is not only rich and sterling, but also forcefully and felicitously put; at the same time, it is neither so full, nor, in the main, so satisfactory, as the supplementary chapter, on the same subject, of his predecessor, Hengstenberg, whom he treats with an unbecoming superciliousness. We shall indulge ourselves by dwelling first on those points in which Mr. Perowne has cast light on the doctrinal matter of the Psalms, without wasting or troubling the pure streams which Christian theology has already drawn from that holy fount. First of all, Mr. Perowne dismisses with just indifference ‘modern rationalistic views’ of the absence of any ‘Messianic’ element in the Psalms. He expounds, with great moderation and sagacity, the Typology of the Psalms, thus correcting the exaggerated views and unskilful exegesis of Horsley, Houbigant, and others. He says well, ‘The Psalms, to a large extent, foreshadow Christ, because the writers of the Psalms are types of Christ. And it is of the very nature of a type to be imperfect. It foretells in some particulars, but not in all, that of which it is the type. Were it complete in itself, it would not point further; through its very incompleteness it becomes a prophecy. Now, the Psalms are typical; they are the words of holy men of old—of one especially whose life was fashioned in many of its prominent features to be a type of Christ. But just as David’s *whole* life was not typical of Christ, so neither were all his words. The sorrow, the suffering, the aspiration, the joy, the triumph,—all but the sin,—never found all their fulness of meaning save in the life and on the lips of

the Perfect Man.' Much follows which is maturely conceived and beautifully expressed, and which, but for our limits, we should rejoice to quote; for it is a noteworthy fact, that Mr. Perowne always improves in style as he improves in substance.

But, unfortunately, Mr. Perowne is deluded into doctrinal confusion and mistake by his admiration of a brilliant passage which he quotes at length from one of his favourite German authorities, Delitzsch.\* The simple doctrine of this passage, stripped of all its superb imaginativeness, is that throughout the Old Testament the Messiah is never regarded as a *Divine* person. The quotation from Delitzsch is certainly an exquisite specimen of fine writing;—the writer's conception, as Mr. Perowne says, 'is beautifully stated.'

'What pity, in rearing so beauteous a system,  
One trifling particular—*Truth*—should have miss'd him!'

How utterly misleading this theory is, may be seen at once from the fact that Mr. Perowne, on the strength of it, can make such a statement as this: 'The Messiah is, for a time at least, associated with the present, and *only* with the present.' And yet Mr. Perowne, in commenting on the 2nd Psalm, cannot but see that the Messiah is the Divine Son of God. He does not, however, seem to see how contradictory this is to the 'beautiful' statement of Delitzsch. But when he comes to the 45th Psalm, and his accurate Hebrew scholarship fairly brings him up, and he is face to face with the life-or-death choice between scholarly honesty or German ideality, he frankly translates an address to Messiah, 'Thy throne, O God! is for *ever* and *ever*!' But then, alas! he sets to work to pick up and piece together again the shattered fragments of his 'beautiful' hypothesis, and, after pitiful patching, he launches it thus: 'I conclude, therefore, that in the use of such language the Psalmist was carried beyond himself, and that he was led to employ it by a twofold conviction in his mind,—the conviction that God was the King of Israel, combined with the conviction that the Messiah, the true King, who was to be in reality what others were but in figure, was the Son of David.' That is to say, the Psalmist 'was so carried beyond himself by a twofold conviction in his mind' that he addressed the Messiah, 'O God!' 'because God was the King of Israel,' and 'the Son of David' 'was the true King.' Assuredly

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\* Page 394.

the 'twofold conviction,' of which Mr. Perowne speaks, if reduced to logical form, would involve this syllogism,—

'The King of Israel is God :  
But Messiah is the King of Israel :  
Therefore Messiah is God.'

But that this is the very conclusion which Mr. Perowne wishes to escape, is plain from the two preceding sentences : 'It is impossible to suppose that the mystery of the Incarnation was distinctly revealed and clearly understood, under the Old Testament dispensation. God does not thus make haste with men.' But the business of a commentator on Scripture is not 'to *suppose*' anything, but, in all simple-mindedness and godliness, to bring out the exact meaning of the words ; still less is it his function to lay down laws for God and limit the Holy One of Israel. Besides, how is Mr. Perowne or any one else to know what the Old Testament dispensation was, save by what is written in the Old Testament, especially when read by the light of the New ? Now, the Psalmist addresses the Messiah, 'O God !' and the Epistle to the Hebrews puts that forth as a proof of the Divinity of the Messiah. But Mr. Perowne has evidently some higher source of information as to the character of the Old Testament dispensation than that which is supplied by either the Old Testament or the New ; yet, until he condescends to communicate this to his readers, we must be content with 'the things which are revealed,' which 'belong to us and to our children for ever.' No one can read Mr. Perowne's comment on this grand address to Messiah, which he honestly translates, 'Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever,' without seeing that he is brought into pitiable embarrassment between his scholarship and his subjectiveness, the former inexorably requiring a meaning which the latter refuses to accept. And so he is driven to take refuge in a vague and improvised theory of the psychology of inspiration. 'In the use of such language, the Psalmist was carried beyond himself, and he was led to employ it by a twofold conviction in his mind.' To add to the confusion, he subjoins two quotations from Calvin, which state the simple doctrine of the Psalm in a straightforward and conclusive manner. Of the first he says : 'In this sense, I subscribe to Calvin's statement, "Therefore it is not doubtful but that the *Divine* Majesty of Christ is here signified."'\*

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\* 'Itaque non dubium est quin Divina Christi Majestas hic notetur.'



'In this sense.' But the words are only capable of *one* sense, and that a sense utterly irreconcilable with the Perowne-Delitzsch theory, that the Divinity of Messiah is unknown to the Old Testament. The second quotation from Calvin he thus introduces: 'Again he beautifully observes, "But, now, it is worth while to notice that the discourse is here held concerning Christ, inasmuch as He is God manifested in the flesh," &c.' Does Mr. Perowne 'subscribe to' this specimen of the *beauties* of Calvin? He will have great difficulty in finding for it a '*sense*,' which will reconcile it with the beauties of Delitzsch on the same subject.

On his next point, the 'relation of the Psalmists to the Law,' Mr. Perowne is not always clear and consistent. He says,\* 'The sacrifices did not confer or convey remission of sins;' and in the next sentence but one speaks of 'the forgiveness which they procured.' Of *what* they procured the forgiveness, if not of sins, he does not state. Nor does he give us any clue to the precise function or virtue which he assigns to the sacrifices, when he forbids them to 'confer or convey remission of sins,' but allows them to 'procure forgiveness.' If they *procured forgiveness*, that was enough; for certainly in such a connexion '*procure*' is a stronger word than either 'confer' or 'convey,' since one of its classical meanings is 'to expiate by sacrifice.'† Nor do we see that 'forgiveness' is a weaker word than only 'remission.' Had Mr. Perowne, denying 'remission,' conceded 'prætermission' of sin, he would, at least, have been intelligible. We should have seen then that Mr. Perowne takes the side of Cocceius, in the great controversy on this subject, at the close of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, on which Archbishop Trench has so skilfully arbitrated.‡ The fact is, this is only another instance of the confusion in which Mr. Perowne involves himself, when he deserts the true theology for the new. Contrast these two statements from the same writer in the same book. 'He (the spiritually-enlightened Jew) evidently did not regard those sacrifices, as so many Christian writers have regarded them, as having, in the case of those who offered them in penitence and faith, a spiritual efficacy.' Psalm li. 7: 'Thou shalt purge me with hyssop that I may be clean.' 'The hyssop being dipped in the blood of the bird which had been killed, and so used to sprinkle the person who was to be cleansed. This is certainly a remark-

\* Introduction, p. lxix.

† Smith's Latin Dictionary.

‡ 'Synonyms of New Testament,' First Series, p. 134.



able instance of the manner in which the symbolism of the Mosaic Law was understood by a pious Jew. David evidently sees that the outward lustration is the sign of a better cleansing; another proof of that profound spiritual insight which throughout the Psalm is so striking.\* There is a strong tendency in the new school to reduce to a minimum the evangelical element in the Old Testament; and though it is not clear what Mr. Perowne's precise views are, it is clear that he ever and again deflects from his true orbit in obedience to the attraction of the critical comets of the hour. That when he clears that influence he is, in the main, right, is seen from the following beautiful passage, with which he sums up the 'nature of the difference between the Old Testament and the New.' 'They who belonged to the former, were like men living in a valley, above whose heads rolled a sea of vapour, hiding from them the mountain peaks which rose near, and the light resting on their summits. Now and then, through a sudden rift in the vapour, there stole a ray of light, and lingered for a moment on some favoured spot in the valley beneath. Now and then, some one dwelling in that favoured spot, and endowed with a keener insight than the rest, followed that ray of light till his eye rested on the mountain summit. It was but for a moment that he was permitted to see such things, yet it was long enough to make him rejoice in hope; long enough to make him a preacher to others, of what he had himself been privileged to see. We, on the other hand, stand on the mountain-top, on which the sun has risen; on which the full light now shineth. The vapours which once hid the valley are rolled away. To us the whole landscape is disclosed. We see, therefore, not the mountain only, but the valley.—We see both mountain and valley radiant with a Divine glory, bright with the everlasting sunshine of God.' This is, on the whole, a very happy and helpful illustration, and it does us good to quote it as a specimen of style. It is impossible not to note that when Mr. Perowne holds to 'the mountain-top on which the sun has risen,' he writes in a clear, bright, forceful style; but when he wanders down, not into the Old Testament twilight, 'frosty, but kindly,' but the opposite chasm, where welters the bewildering and ungenial fog of nineteenth century theology, the chill miasma inevitably infects his style, and casts a clammy November upon his flowery May. Not that the fast and

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\* Pages 259, 260.

egotistic school of criticism cannot write picturesque romance and splendid sophistry; but then they do not, like Mr. Perowne, linger within sight of 'sun,' but

'Leave the warm precincts of the genial day,  
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind.'

The truth is, if Mr. Perowne means to be a great writer, he must, like every one else, choose his side. We do not wonder that the *Edinburgh Review* should welcome such a man into the rationalist camp, in a tone of surprise bordering on satire; not altogether unlike Absalom's greeting of Hushai, on his arrival at the head-quarters of the rebel host: 'Is this thy kindness to thy friend? Why wentest thou not with thy friend?''\*

'The argument of the Epistle to the Hebrews,' to which Mr. Perowne appeals in support of 'the studied depreciation of sacrifices,'† is much more happily summed up in Dr. Pusey's commentary on Daniel ix. 24. 'Hitherto there had been many atonements for man's several sins. God here speaks of one act, atoning not for particular sins, but for *sin*,—an atoning for all iniquity, *i. e.*, for all of it, past, present, and to come.' However, if we may accept Mr. Perowne's very clear similitude as the explanation of his rather confused statement, he does concede the main point, that the difference between the doctrines of grace, as embodied respectively in the Old Testament and in the New, is not *absolute*, but only *in degree*. Nevertheless, we think that his really fine figure does but partial justice to the privileges of Old Testament saintship. The 'light' upon their souls was not only 'for a moment,' and now and then; for many a spiritual Jew 'followed that ray of light,' not only with 'his eye,' but with his whole soul, until he reached and lived in a region where the veiling vapour was thin, and where, like his father Abraham, he rejoiced to see Christ's day, and was glad.

On 'the hope of a future life,' Mr. Perowne nobly writes: 'At no time could they who trusted in God and loved Him, dream that their trust and love were only for this world.'‡ In fact, on this subject, the book contains much that is admirable, full of light, and full of soul. A reference to the paragraph of the 'Introduction' with the above-quoted heading, will well repay the reader, as also to the com-

\* 2 Sam xvi. 17.

† Introduction, p. lxix.

‡ Page lxxv.

mentary on Psalm xvi. 9-11. Only, we cannot assent to the decision, that the text, 'Moreover my flesh also shall rest in hope,' which St Peter quotes, as referring to the body of Christ, 'cannot be regarded' as spoken of Christ's body, on the ground that '*flesh*' never means the corpse.' Bengel has shown (on Mark vi. 39; Matt. xxvi. 28) that the body of our Lord, the dead Christ, is never called 'a corpse,' as that of John the Baptist was. But, not to insist on this, how does Mr. Perowne reconcile this statement with his own rendering of Psalm l. 13? 'Should I eat the *flesh* of bulls?' Surely he would not introduce the idea of a feast upon the living herd. How will he render Psalm lxxix. 2, where 'flesh' is the synonym for 'dead bodies?' 'The dead bodies of Thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the heavens, the *flesh* of Thy saints unto the beasts of the earth!' How would he translate Goliath's threat to David? 'I will give thy *flesh* unto the fowls.' How would he render the direction to Aaron? 'The *flesh* of the bullock shalt thou burn with fire without the camp: it is a sin offering.\*' In all these instances the translators of the English Bible have consistently translated it *flesh*. It is to be regretted that a book which contains so much, not only accurate, but delicate and dexterous Hebrew criticism as Mr. Perowne's does, should also comprise statements so hasty and so hazardous as this.

Mr. Perowne's expositions of the imprecations in the Psalms, are the clearest, most concise, and most judicious we have ever seen. He decides that they are not prophecies, but prayers; being not futures, but optatives. He thus justifies the invariable rendering of the English version, 'Let!' He shows with great ability, manliness, and caution, their consistency with the genius of the Old Testament, and their transfiguration by the glory of the New. He seems to us to have settled the question, both as to its grammar and its theology.†

Mr. Perowne's practical, experimental, and doctrinal comments are wonderfully unequal. In amount of typography, the good exceeds the questionable at least threefold. Any one marking the exceptionable passages with black ink, and the valuable with red, would find the latter greatly predominate. Still there is not much of a very high order. If, indeed, the whole were equal to the Exposition of Psalm xxxvi., this would be, in many precious points,—in depth of

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\* Exod. xxix. 14.

† Introduction, page lxxii.

feeling, elevation of sentiment, *inwardness*, elegant compression of style, and force and felicity of language,—the finest Commentary on the Psalter which has yet appeared. One wonders how a man, capable of writing in the manner of this section of his work, could content himself with so much that is flat, inconsiderate, and venturesome. One of the worst faults of the book is the curt positiveness with which it substitutes for the grand, catholic interpretation of a text, some hasty modern comment, without deigning to notice the former, even as the historico-dogmatic sense. Thus, on Psalm ii. 7, we find, ‘This day I have begotten Thee,’ *can only mean*, ‘This day I have declared and manifested Thee to be My Son.’ But a great Hebrew scholar, like the Vice-Principal of St. David’s, should show us how it *can* mean this at all. So, again, in his prefatory remarks to Psalm xlv., he tries to escape the testimony to the Divinity of Messiah, by this vague subterfuge: ‘It was because of this wonderfully close and real relation between God and man, a relation which the true king would visibly symbolize, that the Psalmist could address him as God.’ How the true king’s symbolizing a *relation between* God and man, could entitle the king to the address, ‘Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever,’ he does not explain.\*

To what school of theology Mr. Perowne belongs may, perhaps, be most safely gathered from the fact that the late Mr. Robertson, of Brighton,—that eloquent eclectic, who patronized so many great verities of revelation, and who dogmatized or invoked the spirit of the age in so many instances, when he thought he was teaching Christ,—is his favourite divine. Mr. Perowne is not fortunate in his quotations from Robertson. Who would have thought that Mr. Perowne could pick out of the writings of his oracle a passage so mawkish, so adjusted to the meridian of a fashionable watering-place, as the one in which Robertson turns the Psalter into an apology for that habit of suppressing religious feeling, which smothers the life of so many modern Churches! “‘The value of the public reading of the Psalms,” says the late F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, “is, that they express for us, indirectly, those deeper feelings, which there would be a sense of indelicacy in expressing directly. There are feelings of which we do not speak to each other; they are too sacred, and too *delicate*. Such are *most of our feelings* to God. If we do speak of them, they lose their fra-

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\* Note on Psalm xxxv.

grance, become coarse; nay, there is even a sense of *indelicacy* and exposure.' O David, thou rude outlaw! Well might Saul's daughter despise thee for thy demonstrative devotion. But thou hast thy consolation! The delicate feeling of the nineteenth Christian century can shield itself behind thy indelicacy; and its refinement can avail itself, for the highest and holiest purposes, of thy 'coarseness!'

In fine, if Mr. Perowne will let his scholarship and his sound devotional feeling have fair play, he may do good service to the cause of biblical interpretation, and will win a high and enduring reputation; but if he will connect himself with the superficial and subjective school of criticism, he must share the inevitable and speedy oblivion, which awaits the best works of that sect.

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- ART. II.—1. *La Fontaine et ses Fables.* Par H. Taine. 1861. Paris: Hachette. 12mo.  
2. *La Fontaine et ses Devanciers: Histoire de l'Apologue.* 1860. Paris: Durand. 8vo.

LE BON LA FONTAINE! Notorious for his immorality,\* his indelicacy, the looseness of his principles, and the licentiousness of some of his works, this man received from his contemporaries the qualification of *good*; and posterity—French posterity, we mean—has ratified the dictum. We immediately think of other writers, or public characters, who at various times have been classed in the same category: Henry of Navarre, Mathurin Régnier, Michel de Montaigne: the list is a long one, beginning with *le bon roi Dagobert*. We run through the whole catalogue and we come to the conclusion that, amongst our neighbours, a certain joviality of disposition, good nature and kindness, mixed up with a certain amount of sensibility, personal courage, and wit, have always formed a cloak more than ample enough to conceal wickedness of the deepest dye. '*La bonne loi naturelle*' is the motto of these popular heroes: and what is the law of nature, but that of unregenerate man? We must, however, particularise our remarks; and, in doing so, we have selected for the subject of the present article, one of the stars of French literature during the

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\* 'Sans rien perdre au fond du côté de l'esprit, il exposa aux regards de tous une vieillesse cynique et dissolue mal déguisée sous les roses d'Anacréon.'—Sainte-Beuve.

seventeenth century; the one who, with Madame de Sévigné and Molière, has ever been considered as the most original writer of that epoch.

Jean de La Fontaine was born in 1621, at Château-Thierry, in Champagne. His education was very much neglected, and he gave when quite young evident proofs of the *laissez-aller* which distinguished him through life, and of that susceptibility which made him continually yield, without an effort, to the impressions of the moment. A canon of Soissons having lent him a few works of a religious character, he read them eagerly, fancied himself called to embrace the clerical profession, and entered a theological school. But his vocation did not last long: he left the church as easily as he had joined it, and, at his family's suggestion, contracted a matrimonial engagement: for this, however, as his subsequent conduct unfortunately proved, he was as little qualified, as for the duties of the sanctuary. A small but honourable office, transmitted to him by his father, would have enabled him to maintain in society a position in accordance with his birth and fortune. All these advantages he threw away most recklessly, and 'accustomed himself,' to quote a modern critic, 'to live as if he had neither wife nor office.'\* He had not yet exhibited any signs of his talent for poetry, and it was a trivial circumstance which led him to cultivate literature. An officer, who was spending his winter-quarters at Château-Thierry, read aloud to him one day the famous ode of Malherbe, beginning with the following line,—

'Que direz vous, races futures,' .....

and composed on the occasion of the attempt made to assassinate Henry IV. (December 19th, 1605.) The perusal of a book of edification had inspired La Fontaine with a few days' piety; on hearing a production of the favourite poet of the time impressively declaimed, he thought himself called by Heaven to emulate Pindar, and wrote off a few lyrics, which do not seem to have been particularly striking. One of his relatives, Pintrel, and his schoolfellow, Maucroix, dissuaded him from yielding to his new-fledged enthusiasm, and advised him to study the ancients, with a view to the improvement of his taste. He followed the recommendations of his friends; but, together with Virgil, Horace, and

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\* Sainte-Beuve.

Ovid, he perused the more popular and attractive compositions of Rabelais, Marot, and the other writers of the sixteenth century. In the year 1654, he published a translation, in verse, of Terence's *Eunuchus*. Finally, Jannart, who was related to Madame de La Fontaine, and who enjoyed the friendship of the celebrated Fouquet, took the young poet to Paris, and introduced him to the *Surintendant*.

This proved the turning-point in La Fontaine's career. He inscribed to Fouquet the poem of *Adonis*, which he had just finished, (1658,) and which afforded promise of much real talent.\* The next year the minister granted to his new *protégé* an annual pension of one thousand francs, on condition that each quarter's payment would be acknowledged by the poet with an original piece of his own composition. La Fontaine accepted at once the engagement; and, in an epistle which he addressed to Pellisson, expressed himself enthusiastically, and, no doubt, sincerely, as to his intention of discharging scrupulously his part of the contract:—

'Son souvenir qui me comble de joie,  
Sera payé tout en belle monnoie  
De madrigaux, d'ouvrages ayant cours.  
(Cela s'entend, sans manquer de deux jours  
Aux termes pris, ainsi que je l'espère.)'

The first instalment was due in July, 1659; it was paid punctually and liberally. A ballad, dedicated to Madame Fouquet, formed the handsome requital of her husband's munificence; and Pellisson, in his turn, acknowledged La Fontaine's effusion by a rhymed receipt, which strikes us as very much tainted with the affectation and mannerism which constituted what was called *le style précieux*. If Fouquet had known La Fontaine's disposition more accurately, he would have felt convinced that perseverance was not one of the poet's qualities. As October came on, a second 'set of lyrics' must be prepared. But, passionately fond as he was of idleness and sleep, La Fontaine had not the strength of mind necessary to make him sacrifice his ease to even the claims of gratitude. He composed only when the *afflatus* came upon him; he liked to select his own subjects, and could not write to order. The October ballad betrays therefore the weariness of a man who has nothing

\* It is in the *Adonis* that we find the exquisite line:—

'Et la grâce plus belle encore que la beauté.'



to say; it is witty here and there, but you can see that the poetry does not flow naturally, and that the author is anxious to have done. It was absolutely necessary that some extraordinary event should come to the relief of the unfortunate La Fontaine, otherwise the sources of his inspiration would be quite dried up before the first year of his laureateship was over. Very luckily, the Peace of the Pyrenees was signed on the 7th of November, and it supplied the materials for the third ballad. To this La Fontaine added a madrigal, in honour of the queen; and, on the whole, we must say that he earned his pension very honourably. But, the end of this troublesome bondage was approaching. To sleep, to muse, to borrow from Boccaccio, Ariosto, or Machiavelli, some tale which he might begin, leave off, and finish exactly as his fancy suggested,—such was the only occupation that would suit La Fontaine. He became irregular in his accounts; the ballads dwindled away by degrees into the smallest possible epigrams, and these were always forwarded long after the appointed time. It is amusing to see how Pellisson endeavours to extenuate his friend's shortcomings, and to magnify his most trifling contributions into first-rate poems. If it had not been that the excessive love of *farniente* was really the cause of La Fontaine's want of punctuality towards Fouquet, we might have praised his spirit of independence, and compared his scorn for riches with the greediness of the half-starved poetasters, who, for the sake of a mere pittance, would have spun out epic poems unremittingly, from one year's end to the other. After allowing, however, as much as possible for La Fontaine's innate laziness, we must say that he possessed more of the true spirit of freedom, than would at first sight be imagined. On one occasion, he had gone to Saint Mandé, near Paris, for the purpose of having an audience of Fouquet. After waiting a long time in the *Surintendant's* library, he became impatient, got thoroughly out of temper, and left abruptly. The result of this visit was an epistle, in which the poet complains strongly of his patron's want of politeness.

Fouquet, we should say, could sympathize very cordially with La Fontaine's defects. Whilst the world, whilst La Fontaine himself gave the minister credit for his unremitting attention to business, and for an amount of industry which was relieved by very little pleasure, he spent his time in reality amidst all the fascinations of beauty: and the people who crowded his ante-chambers, in order to obtain

help or justice, little suspected that the minister was giving to debauchery the time he owed to the public.\* Fouquet, we repeat, soon understood the character of the poet; he released him from his obligations, whilst continuing to pay him the stipulated annuity; and the energy with which La Fontaine pleaded his patron's cause, when the days of adversity had come for the *Surintendant*, amply atoned for whatever neglect he had previously been guilty of. The well known elegy, inscribed to the *Nymphes de Vaux*, is admirable, because it is the outburst of genuine affection, mixed with indignation at the wickedness of those who persecuted Fouquet, and who concealed their private animosity under the specious pretence of anxiety for the public good. La Fontaine's efforts on behalf of his friend, repeated with unflagging energy, met, of course, with no success; and it is even supposed that his departure from Paris, during the year 1663, was really the result of a sentence of banishment, pronounced by Louis XIV.†

If Fouquet was the first person who brought out La Fontaine's qualities as a poet, the second was the Duchess de Bouillon, Marie-Anne Mancini. The duke, her husband, had gone (1665) to serve under Montecuculi against the Turks; during his absence she left Paris, and kept a kind of court at Château-Thierry, which formed part of the estates of the Bouillon family. But only imagine how dull a little country town must be for a lady of high rank, accustomed to Paris and fashionable society. The change would have been intolerable, but for the unexpected appearance of La Fontaine; who, disheartened by the catastrophe of his protector, had, as we have said, abandoned Paris, and returned to his native place. Although he was then forty-four, his reputation was far from being established; he had only published a small volume, containing *Joconde*, *La Matrone d'Ephèse*, and a few short poems; some of his Fables had also received a kind of quasi-publicity. 'The introduction of La Fontaine to Madame de Bouillon proved advantageous for himself, whilst it brought out all his genius.'‡ His new friend encouraged him to compose his Fables, pointed out

\* 'Il se chargeait de tout, et prétendait être premier ministre sans perdre un instant de ses plaisirs. Il faisait semblant de travailler seul dans son cabinet de Saint-Mandé; et pendant que toute la cour, prévenue de sa future grandeur, était dans son antichambre, louant à haute voix la travail infatigable de ce grand homme, il descendait par un escalier dérobé dans un petit jardin où ses nymphes.....venaient lui tenir compagnie.'—Choisy, *Mémoires*.

† Cf. Cheruel, *Mémoires sur Fouquet*, vol. ii., p. 400.

‡ Am. René, *Les Nièces de Mazarin*, p. 369.

to him the road which best suited his talent, and often suggested even the various topics he should treat. Cardinal Mazarin had, it is said, turned his palace into a veritable ménagerie, where both he and his nieces lived in company with all sorts of animals; so that La Fontaine found within his immediate reach ample subjects for observation. It was Madame de Bouillon who nicknamed him her *fablier*; she had found out the true nature of his intellectual superiority, and such was her influence that the *nonchalant* author published, two years after his first acquaintance with the duchess, the first six books of his Fables. If Marie-Anne Mancini had done nothing else in the way of suggestion, we could have no fault to find with her; but truth compels us to state that the objectionable tales, borrowed by La Fontaine from the *Decamerone*, and other Italian sources, were likewise written at the positive request of Madame de Bouillon, in order to enliven the dulness of the court of Château-Thierry.

When the Duke de Bouillon returned from the war against the Turks, he took his wife back to Paris, and with her went La Fontaine, who by this means was introduced to the other members of the Mazarin family, Madame de Soissons,\* Madame de Mazarin,† the Duke de Nevers,‡ the Duke d'Albret, besides the illustrious persons whom interest, friendship, or community of tastes brought within the sphere of attraction of the Hotel Bouillon. Through the protection of Marie-Anne, our poet obtained a place as *gentilhomme de la chambre* to the Duchess of Orleans.

Molière, Corneille, Turenne, Grammont, the most celebrated generals, courtiers, and wits of the day, used to meet regularly at the Hotel Bouillon, which became one of the centres of fashion and taste. But what shall we say of the morality of those who could listen with pleasure to the brilliant descriptions of vice which were applauded there, and who could admire those famous paintings, which, elegant though they may have been, and irreproachable as masterpieces of style, only portrayed the corruption of our nature? Explain as we may the immorality of the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, we cannot justify it; and the conversions of Madame de Longueville, Madame de la Vallière, and Maucroix, to name merely these three, serve to show the depths of iniquity which made such instances of moral revolution and complete newness of life, matters of almost daily occurrence.§

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\* Olympe Mancini.

† Hortense Mancini.

‡ Philippe Mancini.

§ Am. Renée, *Les Nièces de Mazarin*, pp. 374, 375.

La Fontaine's peculiar vices found, we are sorry to say, every encouragement at the Hotel Bouillon, and the record of his actions during that epoch is such that we must leave it entirely unnoticed. Let us only remark, that with his well-known hatred of court life and of attendance upon the great, our poet spent a considerable part of his time in chateaux and palaces. We have seen him with Fouquet at Saint-Mandé; he is now the favoured denizen of the Hotel Bouillon and of the Temple. And yet let us open his *Fables*, and see how strongly he denounces the restraints of grandeur, falsely so called.

' Je définis la cour un pays où les gens,  
Tristes, gais, prêts à tout, à tout indifférents,  
Sont ce qu'il plaît au prince, ou, s'ils ne peuvent l'être,  
Tâchent au moins de le paraître;  
Peuple caméléon, peuple singe du maître:  
On dirait qu'un esprit anime mille corps;  
C'est bien là que les gens sont de simples ressorts !' \*

To account for this apparent contradiction, we must remember a fact which explains the character of French society at the time about which we are now discoursing. At Versailles etiquette prevailed. Every hour in the day had its allotted occupation, and every thing was to be done 'decently and in order.' Religion then was part and parcel of the official programme, and, as such, its forms were scrupulously adhered to. Periwigs and knee-breeches, swords and gold lace, reduced to the same level all those who moved within that atmosphere, destroyed their originality, and transformed them into so many machines. But the greater the restraint at Versailles, the more complete the freedom elsewhere. Noblemen like the Prince de Condé and the Duc de Vendôme, shook off with violence the golden fetters which kept them captive, and retired to their own chateaux, where, in company with a few familiars, they rushed wildly into all sorts of indulgences. Decorum had been imposed upon them in Mansart's gorgeous drawing-rooms; they took their revenge by casting off even modesty elsewhere. Religion, or rather the externals of religion, had been scrupulously required from them; they made up for weary hours of state devotion by blasphemous orgies and open profaneness. Amongst such scenes La Fontaine was to be found. He did not object to lords and ladies, provided they

\* *Fables*, book viii., 14. The last line is an allusion to the system of Descartes on animals.

allowed him what the French call 'ses coudées franches;' and they liked him for his wit, his eccentricities, his *bon-homme*, his vices. The tales he composed, the madrigals in which he celebrated Mazarin's niece or Madame de Sévigné, imparted a kind of intellectual character to corruption and wickedness.

The death of the Duchess of Orleans deprived La Fontaine of an income which was absolutely necessary for his maintenance; he had long since squandered away the fortune he had inherited from his father, and would have been reduced to absolute penury, if a distinguished lady, Madame de la Sablière, had not most generously offered him in her own house a refuge, and the means of forgetting that there is such a thing in this world as the *res angusta domi*. He felt strongly so unexpected an act of kindness; and the respectful friendship which he henceforward entertained for Madame de la Sablière,—friendship which death alone terminated,—suggested the happiest efforts of his muse. His generous hostess had not, herself, always led a blameless life, and her attachment to the Marquis de la Fare is well known; but serious thoughts had at last taken possession of her mind; she was brought to deplore the scandal she had caused by her example, and, like many of her contemporaries, she turned towards religion with a sincerity and an ardour, which excited the admiration even of those who had not the courage to take the same step. So excellent a guide ought to have influenced La Fontaine, and shamed him out of his degraded habits. We find, in fact, that as early as 1684 he felt some anxiety about the state of his soul, and that he manifested slight symptoms of repentance.\* But this first impression was not of long duration. Whilst Madame de la Sablière went about visiting the sick and relieving the poor, he sought distraction in the company of the Prince de Conti and of the Vendômes, whose gross licentiousness would have ruined our poet, had he not been already incapable of becoming worse than he was. Molière, Racine, and his other true friends mourned over a moral degradation which was without excuse; Boileau had discontinued seeing him. Saint-Evremond tried to induce him to come over to England, where he would have been received by the Duchess de Mazarin; he wrote to Ninon de Lenclos on the subject, and got the following answer: 'I know that you want La Fontaine in

\* See the admirable *discours en vers* which he composed for his reception at the *Académie Française*.

England; we do not enjoy much of his company here at Paris; his head has become very weak. Such is the destiny of poets: Tasso and Lucretius have experienced it.' Ninon was wrong in supposing that the poet's head was weak; but excessive indulgences had rendered him completely unfit for society, and the pecuniary relief which the Abbé de Chauvieu kindly placed at his disposal only served to gratify his passions.

At last, the death of Madame de la Sablière and a severe illness brought about the change which La Fontaine's friends had long ceased to expect. On losing her who had proved to him so constant and faithful a guide, the poet found himself once more without a home. Fortunately, M. d'Hervart, councillor in the Parliament of Paris, who had known him for some years, came to his assistance. He met him one day in the street, and asked him to take up his abode in his own house. 'I was going there,' answered the poet. So noble a trust in the generosity of his friends reflects, we think, the greatest credit both upon them and upon the poet himself. The moral revolution which took place in La Fontaine's views had been long delayed, but it was sincere and permanent. He subjected himself to the severest acts of mortification,\* and, giving up all secular works, spent the last years of his life in translating and paraphrasing the hymns of the Paris breviary. We shall quote here a letter addressed by La Fontaine to Maucroix:—

'You are certainly mistaken, my dear friend, if, as M. de Soissons has informed me, you think that I am more diseased in mind than in body. M. de Soissons told me so in order to give me courage, but that is not what I want. I assure you that the best of your friends cannot reckon upon more than a fortnight's stay in this world. I have not been out for the last two months, except at the Académie, for the sake of recreation. Yesterday, as I was returning, I felt so weak in the Rue du Chantre, that I thought I must have died. O my dear friend! to die is nothing: but do you know that I must appear before God? You are aware how I have lived. Ere you receive this note, the gates of eternity will, perhaps, have opened for me.'

We give now Maucroix's answer:—

'My dear friend, the pain which your last letter causes me is such as you may imagine. But at the same time, I must tell you, that I feel much comforted by the Christian disposition I see you in. My very dear friend, even the best men need the mercy of God.

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\* 'Et l'auteur de *Joconde* est armé d'un cilice.'



Rely, therefore, upon it with entire confidence, and remember that He calls Himself the Father of mercies, and the God of all consolation. Wait upon Him with all your heart.....If you are too weak to write to me, ask M. Racine to do me that office of charity, the greatest in his power. Adieu, my good, my old, my true friend. May God, in His very great kindness, watch over the health both of your body and of your soul.'

La Fontaine died on the 13th of April, 1695, in his seventy-fourth year.

Most great men have their peculiar legend, founded upon a defect or foible which characterized them, and which issued in some curious fact duly recorded and often amplified by biographers. The dreamy habits of our poet have already been alluded to; they led him to commit occasionally the drollest blunders, and his absence of mind fully equalled that of the well-known Marquis de Brancas, celebrated by La Bruyère. 'His sincerity is perfectly naïve,' remarks a critic; 'he thinks aloud, and when people weary him he tells them so point blank. He is credulous to the last, and, according to his own statement, he remains for ever the same "grey-bearded child, who was duped by everybody, and will always be so." He knows neither how to guide himself nor how to behave himself; like nature, he brooks no constraint. During his younger days he had been trusted by his father with a message, on which depended the success of a lawsuit. He goes out, meets some friends, repairs with them to the play, and only on the morrow remembers both the lawsuit and the message.....As soon as M. de Harlay provided for his son, he took no notice of him...One day he even lifted his hat to the young man without knowing who he was; and some one appearing astonished, "Well," answered La Fontaine, "I believe I have met the lad somewhere before." We need scarcely say that he understood nothing about business.\* In a letter written to Madame de la Fontaine, he relates a fit of absence which happened to him whilst at Orléans. He walked out of the inn where he was staying, for the

\* Taine, *La Fontaine et ses Fables*. We give here the epitaph which La Fontaine composed for himself. It is quite curious as a piece of autobiography:—

'Jean s'en alla comme il était venu,  
Mangeant son fonds avec son revenu,  
Croyant trésor chose peu nécessaire.  
Quant à son temps, bien sut le dispenser;  
Deux parts en fit, dont il souloit passer  
L'une à dormir, et l'autre à ne rien faire.'



purpose of seeing the city. On his return, he mistook another hotel for his own, and, entering, went into the garden, where he sat down and began reading a volume of Livy. The waiter came up to him and told him his mistake; he immediately rushed out, ran to the right place, and 'arrived,' he said, 'just in time to pay the bill.' On another occasion he was at Antony with some friends who had taken him to spend a few days in the country. One day, at dinner-time, La Fontaine could not be discovered. They call, the bell is rung, inquiries are made: no La Fontaine. At last, after dinner was over, he appeared. 'Where do you come from?' He answered that he had been attending the funeral of an ant; he had followed the procession in the garden, and had accompanied the family back to the ant-hill.\*

With La Fontaine's easy disposition, it was not likely that he should ever have enemies. Lulli is the only man with whom he quarrelled. The famous musician had prevailed upon him to write the *libretto* of an opera. *Daphne* was accordingly composed; but Lulli declined it after it was finished, and gave the preference to Quinault's *Proserpine*. Annoyed by this want of courtesy, La Fontaine wrote against Lulli a satire entitled *Le Florentin*, which has been published with his other works. His resentment, however, soon came to an end, and a reconciliation took place between the poet and the musician.

La Fontaine's election as member of the *Académie Française* was also attended with some difficulty, on account of the objectionable character of his *Contes*, but chiefly because he had been preferred to Boileau, whom Louis XIV. was extremely fond of. On the occasion of his first candidature he had obtained sixteen votes out of twenty-three; and would have therefore been elected if the king had not signified his decided displeasure. The death of Bazin de Bezons, twelve months afterwards, necessitated another appointment; Boileau was then chosen, 'and a deputation from the academy having informed his majesty of the fact, the king answered that the election of M. Despréaux (Boileau) was very agreeable to him, and would be generally approved. "You may," added he, "now receive La Fontaine; he has promised to behave himself better."'†

After having thus given a short biographical account of

\* Mathieu Marais, *Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de La Fontaine*.

† Cf. Pellisson and D'Olivet's *Histoire de l'Académie Française*, vol. ii., pp. 24-26, M. C. L. Livet's edition.

the poet, we must come to the consideration of his works; and in doing so we shall endeavour to ascertain briefly, first, how far he was indebted to his predecessors for the subjects he treated; and secondly, what light his compositions throw upon French society during the seventeenth century. When we glance at the numerous *recueils* of fables and apologues for which Indian literature is so justly celebrated, we are struck at once by the presence of certain stories which occur likewise in the collection of the French fabulist. No less than twenty of his fables may be traced back to the Pantcha-Tantra, or the Hitopadesa; and the question naturally suggests itself, Did La Fontaine borrow immediately the subjects of these apologues from the Hindus, and if so, what versions had he at his disposal? for his ignorance of the oriental languages is beyond a doubt.\*

In the sixth century of the Christian era, the Persian poet Barzuyet translated the Pantcha-Tantra from the Sanscrit into the Pelhoi dialect under the title of *Calila and Dimna*. His work in its turn was made to assume an Arab dress two centuries later under the hand of one Abdallah; and from the Arabic a Hebrew version was afterwards prepared by the Rabbi Joel. It was Joel's translation which served as a guide for the converted Jew, John of Capua, who during the thirteenth century composed in Latin a collection of apologues, entitled *Directorium humane Vitæ*; and it is probable that from this last-named work were borrowed most of the stories which at the time of the Renaissance were so popular in Western Europe. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, we find a Spanish translation of the *Directorium*;† and a little later Agnolo Firenzuola adapted this into a work entitled *Discorsi degli Animali*, which was translated almost immediately into French by Gabriel Cottier. (*Discours des Animaux*, 1566.) At the same time the Italian Doni drew from the *Directorium* the matter for a treatise on ethics, illustrated by examples borrowed from ancient writers.‡ The works of Firenzuola and of Doni, translated and combined by the Champenois, Pierre de Larivey, (*Deux Livres de Philosophie fableuse*,) appeared in 1599.§ Now, although it cannot be positively affirmed that La Fontaine was acquainted with either Larivey or his

\* P. Soullié, *La Fontaine et ses Devanciers*.

† *Eremplario contra los Engaños y Peligros del Mundo*. Burgos, 1498, folio.

‡ *La moral Filosofia tratta dagli antichi Scrittori*. Venezia, 1552, quarto.

§ On all these particulars cf. Brunet's *Manuel du Libraire*, s. v. *Bidpai*; and the *Notices et Extraits des MSS. de la Bibliothèque du Roi*, vols. ix., x.

Italian originals, yet it is not unlikely that he had access to them. At all events we are in a position to affirm that there are two other oriental collections of fables which the French poet had under his eyes, and which he directly imitated.

The book of *Calila and Dimna* had been translated from Pelhoi into Persian by Abu 'Conaali Nasrallah during the twelfth century, and recast during the fifteenth by Hocein-Vaiz, under the title *Anvari Sohaili* ('Lights of Canopus'). In 1644, says M. Loiseleur-Deslongchamps, appeared for the first time a French version of Indian apologues. This book, composed by David Sahid, was really the translation of the first four books of the *Anvari*; and it suggested to La Fontaine some of his best fables. It was reprinted in 1698, with a few slight alterations, under the title: *Fables de Pilpay, Philosophe Indien, ou la Conduite des Rois*. Let us also notice that towards the close of the eleventh century the *Calila and Dimna* had been translated into Greek by Simeon Sett; and in 1666 a learned Jesuit, Father Poussine, published an elegant version of Sett's Greek rendering, under the title, *Specimen Sapientiae Indorum veterum*. Huet, who was tutor to the Dauphin, may have lent to La Fontaine Poussine's *Specimen*; at any rate it is quite certain that the fabulist was acquainted with it.

In order to show what La Fontaine made of the Eastern apologues, we shall select the fable entitled *The Tortoise and the Two Ducks*; it is one of the poet's best, and, besides, it has been treated not only by the author of the *Pantcha-Tantra*, but by Hocein-Vaiz, Babrius, and Æsop, or rather Planudes. Our first excerpt is from *Calila and Dimna*:—

'On a certain occasion, the hen-bird of a species of sea-fowl, called Titani, said to the cock, "I wish we could find a secure place to hatch our young; for I am afraid that the genius of the sea will discover them, and take them away." The cock desired her to remain where she was, as there was plenty of food; upon which she reproached him with his inconsiderateness, but received the same answer, with some observations on the unreasonableness of her alarm. The hen still persisted in urging her apprehensions, and cautioned the cock not to treat so lightly what she said, reminding him of what happened to the tortoise and the two geese, who, being in the same pond with him, and living on terms of intimacy and friendship, were unwilling to go away, when the too great decrease of the water made their departure necessary, without taking leave of him. The tortoise observed to them, that the diminution of the water was more a reason for his departure, as he was almost as helpless on dry land as a ship, than for theirs, and begged

that they would take him with them; to which they agreed, and for that purpose desired him to suspend himself from the middle of a long piece of wood, one end of which each of them would take hold of, and in this manner fly away with him, strictly forbidding him to utter a sound. They had not flown far, when some persons below, seeing what was passing over their heads, and crying out from astonishment, the tortoise, alarmed at the discovery, and forgetting the injunction which he had received, expressed aloud his wish that their eyes might be plucked out; and, losing his hold upon opening his mouth, fell to the ground and was killed.\*

The same story occurs in the *Hitopadesa* with a few variations:—

'In Magrada-desa there is a pool called Thullotpala. In it for a long time dwelt two geese, by name Sankata and Vikata. A friend of theirs, a turtle, called Kambri-Griva, ("shell-neck,") lived near. Once on a time, some fishermen having come there said, "We will lodge here now, and in the morning we will kill fish, tortoises, and the like." The turtle, overhearing that, said to the geese, "My friends, you have heard the conversation of the fishermen: what must I do now?" The geese replied, "First of all, let us be assured of it; afterwards, that must be done which is proper:.....could another lake be reached, thy safety would be secured: but what means hast thou of going on dry land?" The turtle replied, "Let means be contrived so that I may go along with you through the air." "But how," said the geese, "is the expedient practicable?" "Why," observed the turtle, "with my mouth I can hang on to a staff, held in the beak by both of you; and thus by the strength of your wings I may go with ease." "This contrivance is feasible," said the geese; "let it be so; but, something is sure to be said by the people, when they see thee borne along by us; on hearing which, if thou givest a reply, thy death will ensue: therefore, on every account, remain here." "Am I then an idiot?" said the turtle, "not a syllable shall be uttered by me." The plan being accordingly put in execution, all the herdsmen, when they saw the turtle being borne along in the air, ran after, exclaiming, "Hallo! a most marvellous thing!—a turtle is carried by two birds!" Then said one, "If this turtle falls, he shall be cooked and eaten on the very spot." "He shall be taken to the house," said another. "He must be cooked and eaten near the pool," said another. On hearing this unkind language, he cried out in a passion, forgetting his engagement, "You shall eat ashes!" Whilst he was speaking, he fell from the staff, and was killed by the herdsmen.' †

Now, in an apologue we always look for a practical moral lesson; and this is what the Eastern tale does not

\* *Calila and Dimna, or the Fables of Bidpai: translated from the Asiatic, by the Rev. W. Knatchbull. Oxford, 1819. 8vo.*

† *Hitopadesa*, Professor Johnson's Translation.

supply. The Hindu tortoise is perfectly excusable: if he leaves his native place, it is only from necessity, and for the sake of following his friends. He has for a long time put up with the jokes of the passers-by, and certainly in his place everybody would have been provoked to let the stick go. Where, then, is the morality, or rather what moral lesson can be derived from the adventure? The poet should have represented the tortoise as an imprudent animal, inquisitive, and fond of talking, and thus prepared the answer which from his lofty position he made to the astonished observers.\* La Fontaine may have borrowed from the *Lights of Canopus*, or from the *Hitopadesa*, the leading incidents of his fable; but it is to Æsop that he was indebted for the true character of the tortoise and the moral conclusion of the anecdote:—

‘*The Turtle and the Eagle*.—A turtle was beseeching an eagle to teach him to fly. As the bird represented to the petitioner that such a gift was not in accordance with the laws of his nature, the turtle insisted. The eagle, having then taken him up in his claws, carried him away into the air and dropped him. The turtle, falling upon some stones, was dashed to pieces. This fable shows that many people, in discussions, have ruined themselves by refusing to attend to the advice of wiser men.’

Æsop, we see, is as short, concise, and dry as the Hindu fabulist is prolix. La Fontaine could not have access to the text of Babrius, which we shall now quote, and which is an elegant development of the idea of the other Greek moralist:—

‘Once to the divers, gulls, and wild sea-mews,  
A sluggish tortoise thus expressed her views :  
“Would that I, too, had had the luck to fly!”  
An eagle chanced to hear, and made reply :  
“Tortoise, how much shall be the eagle’s prize,  
If to the air he makes thee lightly rise?”  
“Thou shalt have all and each of ocean’s gifts!”  
“Agreed!” the eagle cries, and lightly lifts  
The other to the clouds upon her back,  
Then lets her fall, and on the hill-side crack  
Her brittle coat of shell. He heard her cry,  
At the last gasp, “I well deserve to die!  
Where was to me of clouds and wings the need.  
Who on my mother earth could make no speed?”’†

\* H. Taine, *La Fontaine et ses Fables*.

† *The Fables of Babrius*, translated by the Rev. James Davies. 1860. 8vo.

We now see how La Fontaine has turned to account in his fable the narratives both of Hindu and of Greek origin. With him, as with the *Hitopadesa*, two ducks convey the tortoise through the air by means of a stick which he holds in his mouth. The clamours of the passers-by excite the tortoise to speak, make him lose his hold of the stick, and precipitate him on the ground. But, on the other hand, far from being compelled to travel, La Fontaine's tortoise, like that of Æsop, is moved by a fit of stupid vanity, and that vanity, making him speak, leads to his death. He is described as 'light-headed,'—a comical expression, which pourtrays the animal perfectly, and forms an amusing contrast with the heaviness of its steps. The ducks are two adventurers who care for nothing, and are ready to undertake any job for 'a handsome consideration.' The proposal they make to the tortoise 'to carry him over to America, in order that, like Ulysses, he may see many nations,' is a laughable piece of exaggeration. La Fontaine describes very accurately the means of conveyance, and he leaves the tortoise without excuse for his mishap. The *ὁ μῦθος δηλοῖ* is also admirably deduced, and strikes the reader forcibly by its shrewd common sense.

If we turn now from Greece to Rome, we meet with Phædrus as the natural parallel to La Fontaine. The Latin writer, however, despite his elegance and the purity of his style, has something about him too stiff and formal; 'he understands the art of carrying out a dialogue, but he never excites the imagination, nor appeals to the feelings. He states his subject, and rushes on to the conclusion without giving way to a smile, or showing the slightest emotion: the *dramatis personæ* he introduces are principally not animals, but stiff and pompous Roman citizens, sometimes pedagogues and lecturers. We should add that he possesses the practical common sense of the old *Quirites*; and if he does not succeed in pleasing as much, he inculcates sound maxims under the garb of harmonious language, and no fault can be found with his morality. He has the qualities of a philosopher, not those of a poet .... His fables are of unequal merit; out of ninety, fifteen only are really beautiful, and even those have been surpassed both by Babrius and La Fontaine.\* Horace, too, must be mentioned in our brief retrospect of the principal apologue-writers of antiquity. Some of the popular fables treated by La Fontaine have been

\* Soullié, *La Fontaine et ses Devanciers*.



versified both by him and by Phædrus; and it is curious to see how differently the same subject can be handled according to the respective intellectual habits of the authors. The well-known history of the frog wishing to emulate the ox has suggested to Phædrus one of his most remarkable fables; but still the Latin poem is extremely tame and colourless, as compared with the sprightly dialogue and the *naïveté* of the French author. Horace has a great deal more simplicity than Phædrus; he is neither stilted nor pedantic; but, at the same time, he lacks that *abandon* and that inimitable humour which are so characteristic of La Fontaine's fables, even the worst.

It would be useless to review here all the collections of tales and apologues composed by mediæval writers. Romulus, Avienus, Vincent of Beauvais, in his *Speculum Historiale*, the famous romance of *Reynard the Fox*, even the sermons of Jean Gerson, and other divines, might afford themes for a parallel; but want of space obliges us to be brief; and, in connexion with this part of our subject, we shall only name one author, Abstemius. Perhaps the best instance which can be adduced of La Fontaine's perfect skill in improving upon his predecessors, is to be found in the fable entitled, *Le Vieillard et les trois Jeunes Hommes*. Cicero (*De Senectute*) had already pointed out the folly of old men labouring and toiling for results which they are never to see; and Abstemius, putting the same idea in the shape of a fable, had, so to speak, given the skeleton of what might have been an entertaining story. Now La Fontaine appears; he takes up the lifeless corpse and animates it; he interests us in the actors of the drama, instead of merely making them utter in a formal manner a few ethical maxims; he enlivens a commonplace precept by delineations of character, by a sprightly dialogue, and by admirable touches of pathos; finally, he has so completely the talent of expressing the thoughts which are accessible to the average class of readers, that he leaves all other fabulists in the shade.

The French *conteurs* of the Renaissance period are those whom La Fontaine studied most, and to whom he was particularly indebted. 'Amyot, who was so thoroughly master of all the delicacies of the French language, and who imparted so much ease to the elaborate style of Plutarch, was one of La Fontaine's favourite authors; he furnished him with the subject of more than twenty fables; and, what is still more important, he gave him the model of that style, at once simple and sensible, which is the great characteristic



of French literature.\* Rabelais, however, amongst the authors of the sixteenth century, is the one whom La Fontaine most relished, and whose influence he most felt. 'He was, beyond question, the most original writer of his age, the greatest laughèr, perhaps, that ever existed, and one of the shrewdest observers of any age and country. Inferior to Molière for truth and composition, and to Aristophanes in point of elegance of style, he is superior to both by his inexhaustible comic humour. Unfortunately he is repulsively coarse, and often wearisome on account of his prolixity. He attacks Christianity in the name of nature; but that sensual disposition, the want of elevation in the ideas, and the every-day common sense which kills enthusiasm and leaves no room for heroism,—all these qualities were somewhat those of La Fontaine.† The fabulist borrowed from Rabelais the subject of some of his best fables, and improved them considerably. Thus the thirty-third chapter of the first book of *Pantagruel* supplied most of the allusions contained in the fable of *The Milkmaid*. *The Woman and the Secret*, *The Wishes*, *The Wood-cutter and Mercury*, *The Boy and the Schoolmaster*, can all be traced to Rabelais. Bonaventure Desperiers, and Noel du Fail, Seigneur de la Hérisseye, are two authors who belonged to the same period, and who deserve to be named amongst the precursors of La Fontaine.

It seems extraordinary that Clement Marot, whose talent was so similar to that of our fabulist, should have left only one specimen of this style of composition. Gilles Corrozet, one of his contemporaries, published, in 1542, a collection of one hundred fables, some of which are dull; whilst the others, the great majority we should say, are characterized by a *naïveté* which is quite remarkable. La Fontaine himself could not surpass Corrozet's elegance in his story of *The Wolf and the Goat*; and a comparison of the two fables brings out all the merits of the older poet. When we have named Guillaume Guérault, Baif, Le Noble, and Régnier, we shall have completed the list of *littérateurs*, whom our fabulist may be supposed to have studied. It now remains for us to see how La Fontaine applied his genius as a painter of the society amidst which he lived, and how his sketches of character deserve to be ranked on the same line as Saint Simon's admirable portraits.

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\* Soullié, *La Fontaine et ses Devanciers*.

† *Ibid*.

An ingenious author has lately written the history of France, merely with the help of the productions of dramatic literature; he has sought in the pages of comedy for the originals of well known characters, and has taken the popular *vaudevilles* of the day as trustworthy representations of the public mind. So it might be; so indeed it has been with our fabulist. M. Taine, in his ingenious Essay, entitled *La Fontaine et ses Fables*, shows us the court of Versailles, the magistracy, the clergy, the *tiers-état*, supplying the poet with innumerable models; and the *recueil* of his Fables thus becomes a kind of accessory evidence to Saint-Simon's Memoirs, La Bruyère's *Caractères*, and the tedious but suggestive journal of Dangeau. Let us consult this amusing historical commentary, and borrow from M. Taine a few remarks, which may enable us the better to appreciate La Fontaine's Fables.

Treated as it is by *le bonhomme*, the apologue assumes almost the proportions of an *Iliad*. Here is the king; let him pass first; then we shall have the tiger, the bear, and the other 'powers that be;' then the gentlemen of the long robe, the church, the physicians, the government agents, and, finally, the rabble, 'the beasts of low degree,' which have neither pomp nor circumstance. It would be no doubt a mistake to suppose that La Fontaine has intentionally endeavoured to give us the full-length of Louis XIV., under the features of 'His leonine Majesty;' but just in the same way as the Greeks and Romans of Racine's tragedies are unconsciously elegant viscounts and noble marchionesses, so La Fontaine could scarcely help portraying the characters he had met with, and drawing upon his own recollections.

'If the king,' says M. Taine, 'stoops down to speak to a courtier, it is with proud condescension; and even then he commits himself only "when he has well dined." Nevertheless, after breaking through the laws of etiquette, one must needs seek a kind of self-justification. Jupiter's example is claimed as a precedent. If Jupiter is sometimes *ennuyé*, one can assuredly be *ennuyé* likewise; consequently, let us try to get rid of *ennui*, by summoning around us buffoons and sycophants, laughing at their expense, allowing ourselves to be flattered, and even sometimes consenting to gratify them with an august smile. But if the toady is awkward; if, for instance, he proposes himself too openly as a spy and a menial; how quickly the monarch assumes his haughty expression of contempt! He dismisses the wretches. He does not want vain babblers at his

court. He quietly crushes them down, under their true title. Offensive nick-names, comical jokes, open insults,—the king finds at once an ample provision of bitter expressions; accustomed to despise, he is an adept in the art of offending, and does the one as naturally as the other.—Page 76.

M. Taine borrows from *La Fontaine* every feature which serves to make up the portrait of a despot, such as Louis XIV. was. When a king has for many years heard himself compared to the sun, to a god, to Providence, he must be really beyond all praise, if he is not brought to believe that both men and things were created expressly and exclusively for his service. In 1710, the doctors of Sorbonne decided that subjects belong to their rulers; and, according to these divines, the king bestows as a gift upon his people every thing which he does not think proper to deprive them of. The nation, we should say, had finally come to endorse so monstrous a doctrine. 'We rent the clouds,' says Madame de Sévigné, 'with the shouts of *Vive le Roi!* We kindled bonfires, and sang a *Te Deum*, because His Majesty was kind enough to accept our money!' See the fable entitled *The Animals sick of the Plague*.<sup>\*</sup> What a deplorable picture of selfishness and of cruelty! Calamity obliges the king to consult his advisers; he makes a beautiful speech on the public good, and all the time thinks of nothing else but his own interest. The plague has arrived: it is necessary that one animal should devote himself for the rest. His subjects are now 'his dear friends;' he makes a general confession of his sins; he will not have any thing to do with flattery. He looks over his conscience, which is somewhat burdened: murders, innocent sheep devoured, even the shepherd: 'I shall therefore offer my life as a sacrifice, *if it is necessary!*' What abnegation! What generosity! But there must be limits to virtue; and the lion's proposal is subjected to certain restrictions. His Majesty stops in time, looks round, invites his courtiers to select a victim, and the poor defenceless donkey is pointed out. The lion is a consummate politician; always a tyrant, he has now become a hypocrite. *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare.*<sup>†</sup>

We need not go further than this admirable apologue,<sup>‡</sup> to find the finished portrait of courtiers, such as those who crowded the galleries of Versailles. 'Every one was a

<sup>\*</sup> *La Fontaine, Fables*, vii., 1.

<sup>†</sup> Taine, pp. 81, 82.

<sup>‡</sup> 'C'est le plus beau des apologues de *La Fontaine* et de tous les apologues..... C'est presque l'histoire de toute société humaine.'—Charles Nodier.

courtier during the seventeenth century,' M. Taine remarks. 'From mere affection, the Duke de La Rochefoucauld never slept out of the palace once for twenty years, without asking his master's leave. People consulted every morning Bloin, the *valet de chambre*, in order to know what temper the king was in, and what countenance they should assume.'\* How naturally the impudence and servility of the French aristocracy are depicted by La Fontaine!—

'To praise is nothing; you must persuade despots that they deserve that praise. Every thing is lost, if they once believe that they have been flattered. The courtier must impress the monarch with the idea that his eulogy is sincere, and that His Majesty is really virtuous. He should get into a passion, be carried away by his zeal; if necessary, he should appear to blame the king, and, for the sake of truth, to overstep the bounds of propriety. "The king is too good, his scruples give proof of too much tenderness of conscience." The orator pleads on His Majesty's behalf against "that rabble, that parcel of idiots." A villain is a cultivating machine; just as sheep are cutlet-stores, nothing else. You honour them when you put them to some use. But the flatterer has better still to say; after the aristocratic argument, comes the philosophic one; the panegyrist extemporizes a theory of right, and a refutation of slavery. He attacks eloquently the shepherd who arrogates to himself a groundless empire over the animals. He speaks in the name of the crown. In like manner, Frederick the Great used to say to his nephew: "Whenever you want to claim a province, get around you plenty of troops. Your orators will find arguments enough to establish your rights."—Pp. 93, 94.

La Fontaine has described with extraordinary accuracy the different varieties of the genus nobleman. The country squire who lives on his estates, far from the court, too independent to assume the golden fetters of Versailles, is the bear. If one day he ventures out of his hole, his clumsy manners betray him. He enters a drawing-room with thick shoes and soiled garments; he wishes to pay a compliment, and breaks down in the middle; he is a misanthropist, and as such builds up odd theories on all sorts of subjects. But his sterling qualities, his fidelity and scrupulous honesty, make people forget his uncouthness; and as he is distinguished for his modesty, he is appointed to subaltern posts which no one else would condescend to accept, and which he fills most admirably.

Next comes the fly, that is to say, the busy-body, thoroughly convinced of his own importance, proud of an

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\* Taine, p. 85.

empty title, and mistaking impudence for dignity. His quarters are ante-chambers, drawing-rooms, boudoirs. He talks glibly, deals in nonsense, and pleases by his very emptiness. Acastes in Molière's play reminds us of the fly in La Fontaine's fables. He is rich, of a good family, on excellent terms with the ladies, and especially with himself. He makes a point of being present at the *petit coucher*, and the king would miss him. In like manner the fly frequents the palace, and sits down at the master's table. He fancies he urges on the coach-horses and stimulates the driver, like the marquis who was present at the siege of Arras, and who helped to storm an advanced work. The *gentil-homme* with his chatter, and the fly with his buzzing, have the same levity, the same emptiness, the same brilliancy, and the same end. Acastes is one of those men whose sole merit is in their sword: after having visited palaces and taken his seat at the king's board, he spends the winter on his own estates, famishing with hunger. In like manner the poor insect may levy its tithes on Jupiter's banquets, but the early autumnal frosts will carry it off.

Then the Church.—La Fontaine spares neither the secular nor the regular clergy; and some of his most amusing fables are bitter but true descriptions of the vices which unfortunately characterized the priests and monks in France during the seventeenth century. Besides, as M. Taine remarks, 'the clergy has never been on the other side of the Channel a favourite with the public. They are considered merely as a body of public functionaries, the prefects and sub-prefects of doctrine and of morality. We, the French, having nothing to do with their appointment, we receive them from above, just as we receive dogmas; and this is why, notwithstanding all our docility, we are so little impressed by what they say to us.' Our critic goes on to assert that the French nation is radically irreligious, and not liable to be alarmed by the voice of conscience. He describes it as essentially sceptical, given to raillery, quick in reducing to one common level all privileged individuals, in seeking for the man under the costume of the public dignitary, and believing that for every one, as well as for Frenchmen, the great business of life is dissipation or pleasure. France, he says, has always been of Voltaire's religion. Now, with due deference to M. Taine's unquestionable talent, we object both to the principle which he puts forth, and also to its particular application. The theory, so popular at the present time, which represents

nations as necessarily distinguished by such or such moral qualities and defects, in virtue of their geographical position, seems to us equally dangerous and false. It is dangerous, because it strikes a fatal blow at the root of man's responsibility; and it is false, because the examples quoted prove just the reverse of what they are supposed to illustrate. As a case in point, we would mention M. Renan's well-known theory of the monotheism which, he says, has distinguished in all times the people belonging to the Semitic race. Now, it is proved to a certainty that, with the exception of the Jews, *not one of the Semitic tribes* held the tenets of monotheism; and it was the interposition of Providence alone, that preserved among the children of Israel the principles of true religion for the education of the human race. We insult France when we describe it as an irreligious nation; persecution, government interference, and the sway of the Church of Rome, have combined in that country with the natural corruptions of the human heart, to suppress the truth; but whenever the Gospel has been faithfully preached, multitudes have flocked round the banner of the cross. The struggles carried on by the Huguenots and the Jansenists are facts strong enough to upset M. Taine's fanciful idea.

At the same time we are quite ready to acknowledge that La Fontaine's Jean Chouart was a faithful portrait of the average parish priest in France during the seventeenth century. But even he had an advantage over the monk. The member of the secular clergy is, we have said, viewed in the light of a public functionary; therefore, although he may not be a favourite, yet he is to some extent respected, because he has a species of work to do, and he is paid by the state for doing it. With the monk it is quite the reverse. A monk is an idler; and if he has renounced the world, it is only that he may devote his attention more exclusively to himself. Under the reign of *etiquette*, hypocrisy must always be the crying sin; and against this sin La Fontaine, as well as Molière and La Bruyère, uses the strongest language. Whenever the king attended mass, the chapel was crowded with courtiers; one day he came when he was not expected, and seemed greatly astonished at finding all the seats empty. La Fontaine, therefore, in denouncing hypocrisy, only exposed a prevailing sin. The cat, which he selects as the impersonation of monkdom, is like Tartuffe, 'fat and plump,' with a pious demeanour and



reverend aspect. When in difficulties, he calls the rat his 'dear friend:' he has always distinguished him from the other animals of the same family; he loves him like 'his own eyes,' and, whilst addressing him, his words distil honey and sugar. Tartuffe breaks off in the middle of a disagreeable conversation by saying that 'it is half-past three, and that a certain pious duty calls him away:' Pussy in similar manner alludes to the prayers he makes in the morning, as is the custom with all pious cats.\*

But let us leave the monk to his beads, and the parish priest to his breviary; here comes the *bourgeois*, the 'cit,' as we should say, with his absurdities and his foibles. We cannot translate the French substantive by its English equivalent *burgess*, because this term immediately recalls to our mind an individual who takes a certain part in the government of his country, who acts as chairman in public meetings, is vestryman, churchwarden, president of a board of health,—in short, who contributes to administrative measures, either local or general. La Fontaine's *bourgeois*, far from suggesting sentiments of respect, merely inspires ridicule, and very justly so. Let us hear M. Taine:—

'Government has relieved him from political business; the Church has obviated on his part the necessity of meddling with ecclesiastical topics. The metropolis assumes the monopoly of taste, the courtiers that of elegance. Administration, thanks to its regularity, spares him the anxieties of want, and defends him against every danger. He thus lives, in a certain fashion, degraded, but quiet. Compared with him, an Athenian shoemaker, who sat as judge, voted, and went to war, was a nobleman, although his furniture might consist of a bed and two broken pitchers. The German *bourgeois* find a vent for their activity in science, religion, or music. A small *rentier* (annuitant) in Calabria, with his threadbare coat, dances, and enjoys the fine arts.....As for our Frenchman, more particularly at the present day, without either curiosity or desires, incapable of enterprise or invention, limited by trifling profits or by a paltry income, he saves his money, enjoys himself stupidly, picks up cast-off ideas and second-hand furniture; his idle ambition is to try the comparative merits of mahogany and rosewood.....Our *bourgeois* is no Cincinnatus. Pride generally produces disinterestedness. A Swiss or Roman rustic, who sometimes might be called to the command of an army, and settle the destinies of his valley or his city,—such a man could have noble sentiments. Leaving to others the passion for gain, he could live on bread and onions, satisfied with the pleasure of governing. His condition made a

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\* Taine, pp. 122, 123.



nobleman of him. How would you have those ideas springing up amidst our modern habits? An honest *bourgeois* does not steal his neighbour's property; but he does nothing more. It would be stupid in him to devote himself for the place he lives in. When municipal charges are only exercised under the *intendant's* good will and pleasure, they are not worth an act of self-sacrifice. Whether he is an alderman or a mayor, he is merely a servant of the king; and as his superiors turn him to the most profitable account they can, he is sorely tempted to do exactly the same thing with those who are below him. Noble pride and generosity are the wholesome plants springing on the soil of power or independence; everywhere else selfishness and littlemindedness thrive like thistles.\*

If this sad picture represents to us the French *bourgeoisie* of the nineteenth century, it is equally applicable to La Fontaine's contemporaries. His rats, fed upon cheese, and elated by prosperity, become impertinent. The cat is absent; they plot against him, and are determined to throw off the yoke they have so long and so patiently borne. You fancy you see a company of asthmatic conspirators gathered together; they are equipped, they have taken particular care to provide themselves with victuals, their commissariat is in excellent order. All of a sudden the cat appears, a general dispersion takes place, and the trembling revolutionists are too happy if they can reach safely their respective domiciles. In another fable it is the vanity of the *bourgeois*, not their quarrelsome, invidious temper, that is pourtrayed; and here the ass sits for his likeness. Even the defects of a nobleman are sometimes charming; at all events they have some style about them: on the contrary, the very merits of plain *monsieur* are spoiled by want of taste. When the ass wants to sing, he brays; if he wishes to caress his master, he forgets that instead of a cat's paw he has nothing but a clumsy, dirty hoof. During the eighteenth century, the *bourgeois* who wanted to become a man of consequence joined the band of the *philosophers*; under Louis XIV., he purchased a sinecure office, had a genealogical tree made for him by D'Hozier, and turned *gentilhomme* like M. Jourdain.

It would be curious thus to study in La Fontaine's fables the whole of that epoch which has been so falsely called *le grand siècle*, but we must forbear. Let us, however, before bringing this article to a conclusion, say a word of our author's melancholy. He was fond of laughing, no doubt; at the same time we should remember that gaiety

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\* Taine, pp. 123, 124.

is often closely connected with sadness, and that smiles and tears generally keep company. The society of the time of Louis XIV. had many ridiculous themes of study for the thinker; it had also a terrible one, and that was the *people*, in the literal acceptation of the word. Cast aside the tinsel, the velvet, the silk, which strike our view at first; and look at the woodcutter, the peasant in his mud hovel, clothed with rags, weighed down by misery and want. La Fontaine's apologue on the subject is like a picture by Rembrandt, hung up in the midst of a collection of Teniers. Read as a commentary on it the graphic pages of De Tocqueville, or the details given by contemporary memoirs. 'No bread sometimes,' says the fabulist; and history tells us that in 1700 Madame de Maintenon herself was reduced to the coarsest food. On the eve of the Revolution, whilst peace was reigning throughout Europe, the peasant's wages were ninepence halfpenny a day, and yet bread was as dear as it is now. Not only had he his wife and children to provide for, but he must out of his scanty earnings pay the king's taxes, the tithes to the Church, the feudal dues to the lord of the manor. Is this living? No! What pleasure, what treat has he had since he was born? His wedding dinner, perhaps; and every now and then a glass of bad wine.\*

Accuracy, we thus see, is one of the leading characteristics of La Fontaine's talent; he is life-like and domestic. If we compare his fables with La Motte's stilted compositions, or with Florian's *mannerism à la Greuze*, what a difference! The great merit of Fouquet's friend is that his writings afford endless pleasure both to children and to philosophers. The former are attracted by the story, which is simply told, and by the *dramatis personæ*, who act before us naively and to the point; the latter admire his knowledge of the human heart, his quiet but telling satire, and the boldness with which he described his contemporaries. As we wander through that entertaining gallery, where truth is only made the more piquant by the addition of a transparent veil, we can see the whole of the seventeenth century like a vast panorama unfolded before our view; and we feel that we have been spending our time in the society of one of the most faithful historians of men and manners that the annals of French literature can boast of.

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\* Taine, pp. 156, 157.

- ART. III.—1. *A Description of the Ancient and Royal Forest of Dartmoor.* By SAMUEL ROWE, M.A., Vicar of Crediton, Devon. New Edition, 12mo., with Additions and Plates. London: Simpkins. 1856.
2. *A Description of the Part of Devonshire bordering on the Tamar and the Tavy: its Natural History, Customs, Superstitions, Scenery, Antiquities; Biography of Eminent Persons, &c.: in a Series of Letters to Robert Southey, Esq.* By MRS. BRAY. Three Vols. 8vo. London: Murray. 1836.
3. *The Primeval Antiquities of Denmark.* By J. J. A. WORSAAE, a Foreign Member of the Society of Antiquaries of London, &c., and a Royal Commissioner for the Preservation of the National Monuments of Denmark. Translated and applied to the Illustration of similar Remains in England. By WILLIAM J. THOMS. London and Oxford: J. H. Parker. 1849.

DARTMOOR is the most striking feature of the southwestern peninsula of England. It occupies the central portion of Devon, leaving a narrow strip of cultivated ground to the west between its own territory and the county border. So straight is this strip, that a West Devon is a thing unknown. North, East, and South Devon, lie respectively north, east, and south of Dartmoor. There is a Dartmoor proper; but numerous outlying tracts of waste present the same physical features. Including these, Dartmoor is about twenty miles from east to west, and about twenty-two miles from north to south; and contains more than one hundred and thirty thousand acres of ground. It is in the parish of Lydford; (the largest, therefore, in the county;) is an appanage of the duchy of Cornwall; and, when there is no heir apparent, reverts to the custody of the Crown.

The name Dartmoor is derived from the river Dart, which rises on the moor. The region itself is a lofty, uneven table-land, mounted conspicuously above the surrounding district, and adding much to the famous beauty of the county, by the grey background which its hills give to the landscape. The descriptions of Dartmoor which we sometimes meet with, are sufficiently fanciful. 'To a person standing on some lofty point of the moor, it wears the appearance of an irregular broken waste, which may be compared to the long rolling waves of a tempestuous ocean, fixed into solidity by some instantaneous and power-

ful impulse.' 'Dartmoor spreads like the ocean after a storm, heaving in large swells.' But Sir Charles Lyell's picture of the general aspect of granite, and its decomposition into spherical masses, may almost stand, in close accuracy, for a photograph of the hills and tors of Dartmoor. 'Granite often preserves a very uniform character throughout a wide range of territory, forming hills of a peculiar rounded form, usually clad with a scanty vegetation. The surface of the rock is for the most part in a crumbling state, and the hills are often surmounted by piles of stones like the remains of a stratified mass, as in the annexed figure,' (sketch of mass of granite near the Sharp Tor, Cornwall,) 'and sometimes like heaps of boulders, for which they have been mistaken. The exterior of these stones, originally quadrangular, acquires a rounded form by the action of air and water; for the edges and angles waste away more rapidly than the sides. A similar spherical structure has already been described as characteristic of basalt and other volcanic formations; and it must be referred to analogous causes, as yet but imperfectly understood.'\* The elevation of Dartmoor is one of the many huge masses of granite rock which, in the south-west of England, have risen through the stratified rocks, constituting the geological surface of Devon and Cornwall. Of these stratified rocks, the upper series, occupying principally the centre and north of Devon, belong to the carboniferous system; while the lower group, extending through nearly the whole of South Devon and Cornwall, is equivalent to the old red sandstone, and is now commonly known among geologists as the Devonian system of rocks. This Devonian extends from the southern edge of Dartmoor to the sea. Rocks of a similar character also form the lower series on the north coast of Devon. Between this region and the granite on the northern edge of Dartmoor there is the carboniferous system, which occupies a vast trough of country, and dips away on both sides from the rocks with which it is in contact. All these beds are much contracted, the flexures being considered by geologists, generally, to have been caused by the protrusion of the granite masses. The southern boundary of the carboniferous system runs along the edge of Dartmoor, from Tavistock to Holne Chase, a distance of forty-six miles; and throughout this length the granite appears to have thrown up the edges of the beds, so as in some places to make

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\* *Manual of Elementary Geology*, Fifth Edition, p. 566.

them nearly vertical. At the same time it may be questioned whether this cause alone is sufficient to account for the numerous contortions of the pre-existing rocks. These are traversed by greenstones and other trap rocks. Brentor, on the north-western edge of Dartmoor, is a mass of conglomerated cinders. Smear Ridge, White Tor, and Cock's Tor, all elevations on the western part of Dartmoor, consist of large masses of trap. These, and other trap-bands skirting the moor, seem as if thrust out of their original position by the protrusion of the granite, which must, therefore, be of later formation than the trap. Dartmoor granite is composed of quartz, felspar, and mica. In addition to the crystals composing the general mass of the rock, there are sometimes, indiscriminately mingled through it, larger and independent crystals of felspar, as at King's Tor, and other places on the south-west of the moor. The granite is then porphyritic. It frequently presents an appearance of stratification. The quotation from Sir Charles Lyell mentions the action of the weather on masses of granite. It should be further observed, that this action is very unequal, according to the composition of the different parts of the rock. This unequal effect of frost and rain, heat and wind, accounts for the numerous logan stones found in all granitic districts; and also, partially, for the basin-shaped hollows frequently seen on the upper surfaces of granite masses. We say 'partially' accounts for these, because we believe it to be an error to attribute them wholly either to nature or art.

Dartmoor, then, is an elevated plateau, the mass being mainly granitic. The plateau is broken by vast protuberances, though not of the magnitude of mountains. These often rise precipitously, their sides clothed with turf and heath; while rush and moss at their base indicate subjacent bog. Vixen Tor springs, in three great rock masses, sheer out of the side of a hill, so low upon the side as to appear, from some points of view, like a sphinx lying upon the floor of the valley. On the summit of every hill stand piles of rock, washed by the tempests of ages. They look insignificant as you approach; for size and distance on the moor, as on the sea, are deceitful: but they are of imposing majesty when once you stand within their shadow. Immense blocks, with worn edges and angles, are laid upon each other, not always lying parallel to the horizon, but a little inclined. This stratified appearance is also to be seen

in the quarries, where the granite lies in beds, the dip being different in different parts of the moor.

The highest hills are on the border of Dartmoor, where some are near two thousand feet above the level of the sea. These stand out like a belt of fortresses, guarding the precincts of the moor. Not much imagination is required to turn the valleys which gird the base of the plateau into a succession of involved moats, additional defences against intrusion and assault.

Dartmoor is a great watershed. The rivers which pour from it in every direction are unsurpassed in beauty. They rise in the remotest and most inaccessible parts of the wilderness. Glance where you may, their home exhibits the same slightly undulating, but unvarying surface of heath, common, and morass. Scarcely even a granite block on the plain, or a tor on the higher ground, breaks the solemn monotony of the scene. You feel yourself in the domains of primæval nature. The few sounds which at long intervals disturb the silence, the plaintive cry of the curlew, the whirr of the heath-fowl roused by the foot-tread of the explorer, the feeble voice of the baby stream, only add to the impressiveness of a spectacle which is all the more striking because this central morass of Dartmoor is the parent of some of the richest, most populous, and loveliest spots of fair and fertile Devon. At or near the 'Urn of Cranmere,' rise the Dart, the Teign, the Taw, the Okement, and the Tavy. Near the sources of these rivers the loveliness is indescribable. The water is brilliantly clear, all the richer for the merest dash in it of warm burnt-sienna colour, derived from the soil. When the sky is open, flashes of azure mingle with the rich tones of the water. The streams traverse naked beds of granite, now sparkling white, now as brightly bluish grey or iron red. Blocks of many tons' weight impede their courses. Waterfalls are endless, and (estimating not so much by magnitude as by beauty of form and colour) hardly to be rivalled. Close to the streams an unspeakable richness and variety of green show in the vegetation. If mastery over green is needed for a colourist, this is the place for him. Nothing could be more delightful than to trace, by moor, and meadow, and wood, such rivers as the Dart, from their cradle to the ocean.

The greatest interest of Dartmoor lies in its monumental remains. Of these, none are more conspicuous than the *Sacred Circles*. The area of monuments of this class was



enclosed, as is well known, by a series of upright, unwrought, columnar masses of stone, taken from the neighbouring tors. The number of stones varies. The height ranges from seven feet and a half to eighteen inches. In the latter case, they are almost certainly mutilated. The circumference runs from thirty-six feet to three hundred and sixty. The Sacred Circle can never be mistaken for the foundations of aboriginal dwellings, so numerous on the moor, by any one who has seen remains of both descriptions. The stones of the Circle are in all cases set up at intervals, with tolerable regularity. Those of hut buildings are as close together as their rugged and unhewn forms will allow. The Dartmoor Circles are inferior to Stonehenge in two respects. Stonehenge is of more magnificent proportions, and has, in addition to such a ring of stones as might be found on Dartmoor, a grand peristyle of trilithons, with mortised imposts. Cæsar says: '*Britanniæ pars interior ab iis incolitur, quos natos in insula ipsa memoria proditum dicunt: maritima pars ab iis, qui prædæ ac belli inferendi causa ex Belgis transierant; et, bello illato, ibi remanserunt, atque agros colere cœperunt.*' Sir R. C. Hoare thinks the inner circle at Stonehenge was the rude primitive temple of the aborigines here referred to, but that the peristyle was added by these conquering Belgæ. He has also pronounced on the objects for which the Sacred Circles were erected. 'That they were erected for the double purposes of religious and civil assemblies, may be admitted without controversy.' Often they are found in connexion with other monumental relics; having a Cairn or Kistvaen within the enclosure; touching very nearly a second circle; or, as in one instance, enclosing two concentric circles; or, yet again, related to stone avenues leading to the neighbouring stream. The connexion between the Sacred Circle and an avenue has given some countenance to the idea that both stand related to serpent worship. Mr. Harcourt's learned researches have led him to the conclusion that the worship of the serpent is to be traced to a recollection of the deluge, which was symbolized by an enormous water-serpent coiled around the globe, and that this worship was in many respects identical with Druidism. This view would have been better sustained if the avenues had writhed across the moor, after the manner of the old West Cornwall roads. The circle might then have been a rude representation of the head of the creature. As it is, the avenues in every case but one are straight; and



then the deviation is slight, and apparently due to the nature of the ground.

The finest example is Scorhill Circle on Gidleigh Common, at a short distance north of the confluence of the Wallabrook and North Teign. The diameter is about a hundred feet. The stones present a more than ordinarily rugged and angular appearance. Two principal stones stand at nearly opposite points of the circle, one about eight feet, the other more than six feet high. The lowest are about three feet. Several have fallen: twenty stand. There is no sign of central column or altar; and the enclosed area has been cleared of those stones with which the common around is plentifully strewn. About three miles and a half to the south, near Siddaford Tor, are the two circles known as the Grey Wethers, their name being derived from their resemblance to a flock of sheep pasturing on the common. They are each a hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and their circumferences almost touch. Originally they had twenty-five stones each: in one nine are erect, in the other seven. The largest lies on the ground. It is four feet nine inches wide, and less than a foot thick; and it must have stood about five feet high. These are more shapely than the stones of the Scorhill Circle.

One of the loveliest of the lovely scenes of Devonshire is the neighbourhood of the Dewerstone and Shaugh Bridge, now easily accessible from Plymouth by the Tavistock railway. The line passes through Bickleigh Vale, a valley of glorious woods, amongst which the Plym winds its magical way. At the Dewerstone, wild grandeur looks down upon 'fertile vales and dewy meads.' Both Carrington and his annotators have exhausted the resources of their genius in describing the blended beauty and majesty which enthrone themselves here. Near to this spot, two miles east of Cadover Bridge, are several monumental relics. Among them is a pound, or Cyclopean enclosure, of an irregular oval form, ninety feet by seventy. A quarter of a mile off is a Sacred Circle, with an avenue leading down to a stream, called Blackabrook. The circle is about twenty-four feet in diameter, and consists of eight stones, of which only one has been thrown down. The avenue has sixty stones on the east side, and fifty-five on the west. Near at hand is another circle with its avenue. The diameter of this circle is eighteen feet, and all its stones are fallen.

The *stone avenues*, or *parallelithons*, need more particular notice. Very little attention was paid to them until

prior to the year 1827, when they were examined by certain members of the 'Plymouth Institution,' amongst whom were Lieut.-Col. Hamilton Smith and the Rev. Samuel Rowe, of Crediton, afterwards the pains-taking author of 'A Perambulation of the Antient and Royal Forest of Dartmoor.' They are now known to be tolerably numerous, and occur singly or in pairs; always, however, in connexion with other aboriginal relics, and most commonly with the Sacred Circle. The parallelithons are straight, never serpentine, only once curvilinear. The avenue is generally four feet and a half wide. The stones which compose each side stand about three feet and a half apart, and are from two to four feet high. The terminating pillars are, in most cases, larger than the others. The general direction is from east to west, and their course is from a sacred circle to the nearest stream. When the avenues occur in pairs, there is sometimes a wide space between them. At the original city at Merivale bridge, they are a hundred and five feet apart. The intervening space has by some been conjectured to be a *cursus* for chariot races. This can scarcely be, as the nature of the ground will often show. Perhaps we cannot do better than visit this marvellous monument at Merivale bridge.

Tavistock, on the western edge of Dartmoor, is a good starting point for exploring the western wilds. Leave it by Green's Hill, and the Vale of the Tavy will, in a few minutes, be at your feet. The road ascends for four miles, until you have, on the ridge, the trap rock of Cock's Tor on the left, on the right Vixen Tor, like the Egyptian Sphinx, in the valley below. In front, the veiled majesty of Great and Little Mis Tors, with North Hessary, looks down upon the aboriginal city, as yet not visible. Afterwards the road declines to Merivale Bridge; but there is not an object to hide the panorama from you; no tree, no hedge, no intercepting ground. Mount half a mile again, on the road to Prince Town, then turn to the right, and you stand by this silent city of the ancient dead. It is on the slope of the common, inclining to the south-west, and towards the river Wallcomb.

The remains, considering their vast antiquity, are of imposing extent. If any visitor comes to Dartmoor in a sceptical spirit, thinking that the morbid imagination of silly antiquaries has built cities and temples out of the mere *débris* of the moor, this is the place to exorcise the demon. The ruins extend about a mile along the side of

the hill, and are very varied in character. Almost the first object which catches the eye is a Cyclopean enclosure, in form an imperfect circle, one hundred and seventy-five feet in diameter. Advantage has been taken, in constructing this fortification, of the natural position of some huge blocks. The line is made out by immense stones rudely piled together, and by some standing upright. Mr. Rowe mentions, 'at the upper or east end, a vast block, large enough to form one of the sides of an interior rectangular enclosure; having remains of walls at right angles, suggesting the idea of a resemblance to the adytum within the Druidical circle near Keswick.' There are hut circles within the fortification; and many without, constituting a sort of suburb. They are about forty in number; six are on the left side of the road, and the remainder on the right. Generally they are about twenty-four feet in diameter, though some are only half the size. Some have two upright stones at the entrance, which generally looks south. Part of the site of the city was a natural bed of granite blocks, so that the greatest labour was to clear the ground. The areas of the dwellings are free from stones.

A little to the south of the city are two long avenues, running east and west parallel to each other, one hundred and five feet apart, the northern one eight hundred feet long, the southern eleven hundred and forty-three. The latter has the circle in the centre of the line; and midway between the circle and the western end, stands the largest stone. The northern avenue has the circle at its eastern extremity. They both commence on a line drawn due south from the centre of the city; and run, flanking the city for a short distance, direct to the river. We can scarcely help believing that, by whatever race this city was built and peopled, ablutions, in some form, constituted an important element in their religious rites.

Stand at the west end of the southern avenue, then move further south; and you will come, in succession, on a dilapidated cairn, a circle sixty-seven feet in diameter consisting of ten stones, and an obelisk or rock-pillar. Near these are also the ruins of a prostrate cromlech. To complete the arrangement of the city, nothing is needed but a place to bury the dead; and this is still to be seen at a small distance north of the road, on the eastern bank of the Wallcomb.

A few years ago, this spot was popularly known as the Plague Market. Tradition has it, that when plague pre-

vailed, (Mr. Bray supposed in 1625, when 35,000 died in London, and 522 at Tavistock,) the country people placed, within these circles, provisions for the Tavistock folk, who left their money in exchange. Probably this is a myth. Common sense would teach, that such a rendezvous would be between the plague-stricken town and the agricultural district, while this aboriginal city stands between the fertile lowlands on the Tavistock side, and the wide desolation of Dartmoor on the other.

Some reckon amongst the monumental relics of Dartmoor immense columns of granite, which have been transformed, in their imagination, into *rock idols*. On the brow of the headland, north of Hey Tor, stands one of these, between forty and fifty feet high. It is called by the undignified name of Bowman's Nose :—

‘On the very edge  
Of the vast moorland, startling every eye,  
A shape enormous rises! High it towers  
Above the hill's bold brow, and, seen from far,  
Assumes the human form; a granite god,—  
To whom, in days long flown, the suppliant knee  
In trembling homage bow'd. The hamlet near  
Have legends rude connected with the spot,  
(Wild swept by every wind,) on which he stands,  
The Giant of the Moor.’

We are sorry to dash this idol to the ground. Possibly it may have been worshipped; but there is no evidence. It and its fellows are, doubtless, the handiwork of nature.

So with the *Logan Stones*. They are to be found throughout the world. Near Corrie, on the Isle of Arran, we have seen on the beach a grand boulder, which shakes on being pressed. In Wales, a stone of this kind is called *Maen Sigl*, ‘the Shaking Stone.’ Several have been discovered at Bornholm, in the Baltic; and they are in great abundance in Norway, and some parts of Sweden. They were known to the ancients. Pliny says: ‘Juxta Harpasa, oppidum Asiæ, cautes stat horrenda, uno digito mobilis: eadem, si toto corpore impellatur, resistens.’ (Lib. ii., 49.) An artificial Logan stone appears to be mentioned by Apollonius Rhodius :—

‘In sea-girt Tenos, he the brothers slew,  
And o’er their graves in happy hillocks threw  
The crumbling mould: then, with two columns crown’d,  
Erected high, the death-devoted ground;

|| *Brick*  
*Senn*

And *one still moves*,—how marvellous the tale,—  
With every motion of the northern gale!

(*Translation by Fawkes.*)

Logan stones are to be found on Dartmoor, and in West Cornwall. In the bed of the Teign, three miles from Chagford, is a stone of immense size, resting on a single rock. There is another between Rippon Tor and Withycombe, called the 'Nut-crackers.' A block, sixteen and a half feet long, by four and a half in breadth and thickness, is poised upon the very edge of a wedge of rock. Its 'logging' power is said to have been destroyed in mere wantonness; as was the case some years since with the celebrated Logan Rock in West Cornwall.

As to the use to which these stones were put, conjecture has been endless. Some have made the 'logging' an ordeal for the testing of guilt. Others have exalted it to the function of determining difficult questions, at critical times; and so have converted the logan stone into an oracle. Perhaps the latter view may explain the passage in the poems of Ossian: 'He called the grey-haired Snivan, that sang round the circle of Loda, when the *stone of power* heard his voice, and battle turned in the field of the valiant.'

None who have seen the *Rock Basins* can doubt their artificial character. Mr. Rowe, in the fewest words, gives their characteristics: 'Situation, commonly on the highest spot of the loftiest pile of the tor, very often near the edge of the block on which they are hollowed; in many instances, with a lip, or channel, to convey the water from the basin; bottom, flat; sides, perpendicular; depth, from four to eight inches; form, for the most part circular, and varying in diameter from one foot to three.' On Pu Tor and Great Mis Tor are good examples. To catch the pure rain, snow, or dew, for a religious purpose, was probably their design.

The *sepulchral monuments* of Dartmoor will be better understood, if we examine them after studying the more perfect examples to be found in Denmark. The most important of these are the cromlechs. They are thus succinctly described by J. J. A. Worsaae, in his *Primeval Antiquities of Denmark*: 'The important and highly ancient memorials, which are usually termed cromlechs in England, Steingraber in Germany, and often Urgraber, "ancient graves," or Hünengraber, "giants' graves," are slightly elevated mounds, surrounded by a number of upright stones, on the top of which mounds are erected chambers, formed of large stones, placed one upon the other.' The mound, the

circle, the chamber, are the essentials of the cromlech. Curiously enough, these are not found all over Denmark, but mainly in parts accessible from the sea: on the north and west coast of Zealand; on the coasts of Fühnen; in the north of Jutland, where the fiords are many; and all down the east coasts of Jutland, Schleswig, and Holstein. Devonshire has always been predominantly maritime in character. In the most ancient times, there were no forests to exclude the adventurer. Dartmoor must have been then, as it is now, open country; and was easily accessible, though forests might skirt the coasts, by the rivers. The people from the sea-board of Denmark who settled there, would find a not uncongenial home.

The cromlechs of Denmark are divided into, first, the long, and, secondly, the small round, cromlechs. Usually the term 'cromlech' has been confined to the stone chamber, but it is much more convenient to apply it to the whole structure.

The long cromlechs vary in size, from about sixty feet by sixteen, to four hundred feet by thirty or forty. Large stones enclose these elevations, sometimes as many as a hundred colossal blocks. There are also traces of the hills having been originally surrounded with two or more large enclosures of stone. The stone chambers at the summit of these mounds of earth, are formed of a cap-stone, resting on several supporting stones, placed in a circle. The cap-stone is often thirty to forty feet in circumference; the under side being smooth and flat, the upper irregular in form. The supporting stones are flat on the inside, and irregular on the out. They commonly fit close to each other. The floor of the chamber is paved partly with flat stones, and partly with a number of small flints. The chambers are either round or oval, or else so formed of the supporting stones, that the two longer form the sides, and the shorter the cap-stone at the end. Very occasionally, roofed passages lead to the chambers. More often there is only a kind of doorway left into the chamber; the place of the passage being supplied by a row of stones. The longest cromlechs have three chambers, one in the middle of the mound, and one at each end. Two are common. Where there is only one, it is generally not in the middle, but at one end. Mr. Worsaae mentions a stone enclosure, three hundred and seventy feet in length, in which the chamber is only forty feet from one termination. In undisturbed chambers, skeletons of one or more bodies; arrow-



heads, lances, chisels, and axes of flint; implements of bone; ornaments of amber or bone; and earthen vessels filled with loose earth, are found. The chambers were never left empty. After the dead, and the articles buried with them, had been deposited in the chambers, the space was filled up with earth, or clay, and pebbles.

The small circular cromlechs of Denmark are most like those to be found in Devonshire. The elevations are smaller than those of the elongated form. There is usually but one chamber, though this is fully equal in size to the chambers of the larger cromlech. The small cromlechs contain unburnt human bones, articles of stone and amber, and earthen vessels; and they were evidently erected for the same purposes as the larger. 'As the mounds, on which they are raised, were considerably smaller than those of the long graves, and, therefore, easier to remove, the chambers in most cases are either accessible, or open altogether.' This remark of Mr. Worsaae explains partially the ruinous and rifled appearance of the cromlechs of Dartmoor; although, on such high land, the tempest-beat of three thousand years would be sufficient to clear the chambers, scatter their contents, and even overthrow the walls.

Before returning from Denmark to the West of England, it may be interesting and suggestive to give the results of the learned Dane's investigations into the monuments of the stone period.

'According to all probability, we must...assume that the people who inhabited Denmark during the stone period, and who, as we learn from the remaining memorials of ancient times, diffused themselves over the coasts of the north of Germany, and the west of Europe, as well as in England and Ireland, were *not of Celtic origin*: but that, on the contrary, they belonged to an *older and still unknown race*, who, in the course of time, have disappeared before the immigration of more powerful nations without leaving behind them any memorials, except the cromlechs of stone in which they deposited their dead, and the implements which, by the nature of their materials, were protected from decay.\* History has scarcely preserved to us the memory of all the nations who have from the beginning inhabited Europe; it is, therefore, a vain error to assume that certain races must incontestably be the most ancient, because they are the first which are mentioned in the few and uncertain records which we possess.....The first people who

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\* Had the other antiquities of Dartmoor been thought of, more than cromlechs and implements would have been excepted in this statement.



inhabited the north of Europe were, without doubt, nomadic races; of whom the Laplanders, or, as they were formerly called, the Fins, are the remains. They had no settled habitations, but wandered from place to place, and lived on vegetables, roots, hunting, and fishing. After them came another race, who evidently advanced a step farther, since they did not follow this unsettled wandering life, but possessed regular and fixed habitations. This people diffused themselves along those coasts which afforded them fitting opportunities for hunting and fishing, whilst voyages by sea and agriculture also appear to have commenced among them. This race, however, seems not to have penetrated the interior parts of Europe, which were at that time full of immense woods and bogs: they wanted metal for felling trees, and so opening the interior of the country; for which purposes their simple implements of stone were insufficient. They followed only the open coasts, and the shores of rivers, or large lakes. To this period belong the cromlechs, the giants' chambers, and the antiquities of stone and bone exhumed from them.....It will at once be seen that the stone period must be of extraordinary antiquity. If the Celts possessed settled abodes in the west of Europe, more than two thousand years ago, how much more ancient must be the population which preceded the arrival of the Celts! A great number of years must pass away before a people, like the Celts, could spread themselves over the west of Europe, and render the land productive; it is, therefore, no exaggeration if we attribute to the stone period an antiquity of *at least three thousand years.*'

If it were necessary to establish a link between Dartmoor and Denmark, we should find it in the existence of like primæval antiquities in the Channel Islands. For the description of these cromlechs, and other curious relics of the stone period, we must refer our readers to a paper by Mr. Lukis in the third number of the *Archæological Journal*.

Returning to the antiquities of Dartmoor, we see remains precisely similar to those of Denmark. The stone chamber is found embedded in the summit of a cairn, (a mound of stones,) as on the highest part of some hills. At the same place are several cairns: one is enclosed by a ring of slab stones closely set, and bearing outwards; some of the stones being not less than three feet in height. At Rippon Tor and Hounter Tor, the stone chamber occurs within a circular enclosure. In the centre of the stone chamber, Mr. Rowe informs us, 'is frequently seen a circular excavation, from which, in most cases, there is good reason for supposing a cinerary\* urn to have been removed, as in many instances both urns and bones have been found

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\* It is to be doubted whether the urns contained burnt ashes of the dead. There is evidence that the dead were buried in the stone period. In this very sentence the urns are mentioned as being found along with buried bones.

within these primitive depositories.' Sir R. C. Hoare records the observation, that stone sepulchral chambers, found in barrows,\* (mounds of earth or sod,) are usually nearer to one end, and not in the middle. In Langcomb Bottom, near the head of the Plym, is a very perfect specimen of the cromlech. The aboriginal sarcophagus is formed of granite slabs, about a handbreadth in thickness. The side stones are four feet nine inches in length, by about three feet in height. The breadth of the chamber is two feet three inches. The cover-stone has fallen in. It stands on an artificial mound, and is surrounded by a stone enclosure thirteen feet in diameter; some of the stones retaining their original upright position.

Local antiquaries have given to the stone chamber the name, 'Kist-vaen;' † and have, in a curious manner, overlooked the necessary connexion between the so-called Kist-vaen, and the mound and circle. They appear also to distinguish between the stone chamber, and what they are pleased to call 'the true cromlech,' which consists of three upright unwrought stones, supporting a slab of an irregular tabular form. The attempt to distinguish between 'the true cromlech' and the stone chest, however, is a vain one. Differences accidental, not essential, can alone be indicated. They are both stone chambers; and the stone chamber stood originally related to the mound and the circle, at least in the archetype, if not in every actual instance. It may have been so in each actual instance, even where we can now trace neither mound nor circle. We shall be redeemed from much confusion, if we apply the term 'cromlech' to the entire structure. The importance of a fixed terminology cannot be over-rated. The essential identity of form of the 'Kist-vaen' and 'the true cromlech' might argue their being one and the same. But the use of the latter is now known to have been that of the former. Earlier, all kinds of conjecture were hazarded on the subject. Some made 'the true cromlech' an altar, on which both the victim lay, and the sacrificing priest stood, in sight of all the people. Others took it to be the cell of a hermit Druid. Others again invested it with the honours of a colossal sun-dial. All these theories are exploded. 'We are certain,' says Mr. Rowe, 'that human remains have been discovered beneath the massive canopy of the cromlech, in various instances.' Their sepulchral character may now be considered established.

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\* '*Sepulchrum cespes erigit.*'—Tacitus, *Ger.*, 27.

† 'Stone chest.'

It was natural, in a rocky district like Dartmoor, that the mound over and around the sepulchral chamber, should be often formed of stones, rather than earth or sods. *Cairns* then frequently form part of the cromlech. But, when unconnected with graves, they may have had other uses. The building up of cairns was a very ancient custom of the East, as we know from the account of Jacob and Laban in the book of Genesis.

*Obelisks*, rough and unhewn, abound all over Dartmoor. An example is to be seen close to the aboriginal city at Merivale Bridge. It is twelve feet high, and eight in girth at the base. That they were commemorative is all but certain. They are also found in Sweden, where they are usually from nine to twenty feet long, and stand in the middle or at the side of a barrow, as though raised in memory of the dead. This view of them is confirmed by a very remarkable ancient Swedish battle ground. Almost a hundred and thirty very low burrows, partly round, partly oval, and surrounded by stones, occur; of which about fifty have been adorned with standing stones, from seven to fifteen feet in length. What might not these obelisks in Sweden and on Dartmoor have told us, had they been inscribed? At the time of their erection, writing, with the exception, perhaps, of single hieroglyphic signs and representations, appears to have been unknown. Subsequently to the Roman invasion, the use of the obelisk was continued, with the addition of inscriptions. Several remain to this day. One found at Buckland Monachorum, a lonely village on the western skirt of Dartmoor, seven feet high, bears the legend:—

SABIN- FIL- MACCODECHET-

It may be read:—‘(Sepulchrum sive Memoriam) Sabini filii Maccodecheti.’ ‘(The grave, or, To the memory) of Sabinus the son of Maccodechetus.’ The obelisk was put up, perhaps, in honour of a Romanized Briton. The prefix ‘Mac,’ in the second name, is worthy of notice.

Leaving the dead for the living, we may direct attention to the remains of *aboriginal huts* scattered by hundreds over the highlands of Dartmoor. They are usually situated, whether on the skirts of the moor or in the interior, along declivities, fronting the south and west, which slope down to water courses. The huts were circular, and the foundation consists of granite blocks, set firmly in the ground on their edge, and (not like the Sacred Circle) placed closely

together. In diameter they range from twelve to thirty feet. The ruined basement stands generally from eighteen to thirty inches above the surface. Door jambs are very distinct, and usually face the south. The superstructure must have been of mingled stone and turf, with a roof of wattle. Timber did not exist on Dartmoor; and although it was to be found along the valleys and upon the lowlands, there is reason to believe there were no metal implements with which to fell it, at that early period. Similar huts may be seen to this day upon the wilds of this semi-mountainous region, built of stone and sod, with roof of thatch. There is one example of a primæval hut in a moderate state of preservation. It was constructed mainly of large stones, the interstices being filled up with smaller ones, and the whole made tight and snug with turf. The shape was that of a bee-hive. The roof and upper part have fallen in. These dwellings are sometimes unprotected, in other cases they are constructed within lines of fortifications.

A sentence from Cæsar will introduce us to another relic of the moor. 'Interiores plerique frumenta non serunt; sed lacte et carne vivunt.' The nomadic life of the people of Dartmoor, the impossibility of tillage, and the wide pasturage of the hills, would combine to make the aborigines keepers of flocks and herds. At the same time, the low civilisation of the period would imperil the safety both of the people and of their living property. Hence the need of *circumvallations*. Grimspound is by far the finest and most extraordinary of all the relics of this class. Grimspound is about half a mile south of Hooknor Tor, on the eastern side of Dartmoor. It is enclosed by a rampart of granite blocks, rudely filled up, but so large as not to be easily displaced. There is no fosse, and no additional outwork. The rampart is twenty feet wide at the base, and still stands about six feet high. The area is four acres, and somewhat quadrangular in form. Aboriginal huts cover the enclosed space, with the exception of one vacant spot, which may have been a place of concourse. Close by is a perennial spring. Grimspound has this further interest, that, whilst nearly all the earliest British fortifications were modified by Celt, Roman, or Saxon, this appears to have remained untouched. Thus we have here the foundations at least of rampart and dwelling much as they were when, three thousand years ago, the wolf and wild cat prowled over Dartmoor, and fierce man sought to protect himself from the ruthlessness of fiercer man, his neighbour and enemy.

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One remarkable characteristic of the Roman civilisation was the extent to which roads were opened by the advancing legions. On Dartmoor, however, there is evidence that this was a work by no means neglected at a still earlier time. The ancient *Roads* have a place amongst the antiquities of the moor. They cross it in various directions, and are constructed of huge stones laid irregularly down to the general breadth of five or six feet. The largest have been traced from Hamilton Down on the east, by Chittaford Down, Hollocombe, and Little White Tor, to Great Mis Tor, a distance of about ten miles. The encroachment of vegetation has, on the low grounds, obliterated all traces of the roads. Descending the northern slope of Chittaford Down, a road is seen in a good state of preservation. Where the track fails altogether, tradition does much to supply the loss.

Connected with the ancient roads are the so-called Cyclopean *Bridges*. The piers are formed of slabs of granite, laid without cement upon each other. Arches were not attempted. The causeway consisted of immense tables of granite laid upon the piers, about fifteen feet long, and six wide. The principal bridges remaining are one over the North Teign, near Siddaford Tor; one over the East Dart, below the modern Bellever Bridge; a third over the same river, near Past Bridge, across which probably passed the great road from Hamilton Down to Great Mis Tor; another over the Cowsick, in the dell below Baredown Farm; and yet one more, over a tributary of the West Dart, close to Prince Town. Although we are aware of the peril of venturing on a negative, we may risk the assertion that these bridges are unique in character and construction. There are none like them in England, Wales, Cumbria, or Brittany.

The *Earthen Intrenchments* belong to a later age. Hem-bury, near Buckfastleigh, is worthy of a visit. It bears traces of having been occupied, subsequent to its first construction, by a Roman garrison. But Preston Berry, near Drewsteignton, is a magnificent and elaborate work. It is a hill fortress of high antiquity, although not so ancient as those already described, and is an advanced post thrown out from the north-eastern edge of Dartmoor. Immediately above Fingle Bridge, from the brink of the Teign, rises a bold headland, commanding the river and low ground beneath for a mile eastward. On the western side the hill mounts above a pass from the champaign to the highlands. The western is the highest ridge. 'The south side is scarped

down by nature in a precipitous rocky glacis, to the river's brink.' A rampart without a fosse was on these sides thought sufficient. On the north the rampart is more formidable, in some parts twenty-four feet in height. The circumference of the intrenchment, taken along the crest of the vallum, is fifteen hundred and sixty feet. On the east the ground declines slightly. At a hundred and twenty feet from the eastern vallum of the intrenchment, an outwork appears—a rampart and a fosse crossing the ridge saddle-wise, and running into the precipice on the south. Another outwork is thrown three hundred and sixty feet further out, with loftier vallum and deeper fosse. Just beyond, a rising ground threatens the whole fortification. Consequently this extreme eastern portion of the ridge is well defended by yet additional advanced lines.

Amongst the antiquities of Dartmoor, the grim mediæval castle of Lydford, with the marvellous scenery about it, should never be forgotten by the tourist. It has often been described, however, both in prose and verse; and we simply call attention to it in passing on to another curiosity of the district, which belongs at once to the domain of the antiquarian and the naturalist. This singular object is a miniature oak forest known as Wistman's Wood.

It lies on the eastern side of the rugged valley of the West Dart, a mile from Two Bridges. As you ascend the valley, all that appears is a bank of what seems to be unflowering gorse, of very limited extent, a mere handful of stunted shrubs. As you advance, you find this is the wood,—a grove of oaks, twelve hundred feet long, and, in the broadest part, about three hundred feet wide. Perhaps, there is nothing like it in the world. The trees are all dwarfs. They are not more than from seven to ten feet high. They are not the stunted trees of a thousand hill sides, however. They have all the characteristics of the true kings of the forest, only they are pigmies. They look like decrepit old men, bent beneath years that none can tell. The grey, gnarled, twisted branches are laden, many inches thick, with mosses. The acorns are the smallest of all oak seeds. The tint of the leaves is as tender as can be imagined. The rocky, broken ground below them is covered with ivy, mosses, and other creeping plants, which run up the trunks and branches of the trees, and twist and festoon upon them in the most tortuous and fantastic manner possible. 'Tis a *wisht* old place, sure enough, and full of adders as can be,' say the mockmen.



Of all weird spots, (so the vernacular means,) this is the most weird. These oaks have stood, as we see them, since the Conquest, for certain. The Rev. E. A. Bray writes:— 'Tradition relates that Wistman's Wood was planted by the celebrated Isabella de Fortibus, Countess of Devon. But I do not hesitate to say, that, to any one who has visited the spot, it is evident no other hand has planted it than that of God. No one would or could have planted trees in the midst of such rocks.' Archdeacon Froude examined with a microscope a section of one of the trees, and counted seven hundred rings. Mrs. Bray has a note in her *Tamar and Tavy* to the effect that in the office of the duchy of Cornwall there is preserved a Perambulation of the moor, of very high antiquity, by which it appears that Wistman's Wood was nearly in the same state as at present at the time of the Norman Conquest. How long before, who can tell? Additional interest is concentrated in this 'dwarfish mysterious-looking grove, its growth as if suddenly paralysed by some malignant spell,' when we know that it is the only group of trees upon the forest of Dartmoor. Whether storm and wind have beaten down these solitary ancients to their present stature, or how it may be, we leave to the vegetable physiologist to determine. That the weather has had considerable influence, is evident from the condition of the rings just referred to. The archdeacon pointed out, when he examined the section from Wistman's Wood, that, 'different from any other trees he had ever seen, the circles were more contracted, and, in a manner, condensed, on one side than on the other; and that he supposed this was the side the most exposed to the beat of the weather.'

'Of this grove,

This pigmy grove, not one has climbed the air  
 So emulously that its loftiest branch  
 May brush the traveller's brow. The twisted roots  
 Have clasped, in search of nourishment, the rocks;  
 And straggled wide, and pierced the stony soil:  
 In vain, denied maternal succour, here  
 A dwarfish race has risen. Round the boughs  
 Hoary and feeble, and around the trunks,  
 With grasp destructive, feeding on the life  
 That lingers yet, the ivy winds, and moss  
 Of growth enormous. E'en the dull, vile weed  
 Has fixed itself upon the very crown  
 Of many an ancient oak; and thus, refused



By Nature kindly aid, dishonoured, old,  
Dreary in aspect, silently decays  
The lovely wood of Wistman.'

Although scarcely a church is to be seen upon Dartmoor, the skirts of the wild supply several objects of interest for the ecclesiastical archæologist. The village churches are often built of the granite of the district. This gives them massiveness and an air of grand simplicity. Cunning work of the chisel, wreathed about arch and capital, buds and bells, palm branches and ferns, were here impossible. But what the churches lack in ornament is compensated by beauty or singularity of situation. Brentor church, built on the very top of the Tor, and in the centre of an extinct volcano, can be seen half over the county of Devon; and, from many an elevation, far down into Cornwall. There is the church at Straugh Prior, peering over a desolate granite-strewn hill-side, with the grey moor behind it, and the rich, tangled beauty of the valley beneath winding round the Dewerstone. Marytavy, Petertavy, and Sampford Spiney are exquisitely picturesque, the hoary walls painted with mosses of every colour, from the deepest blackish green to the purest gold. Occasionally, you may stumble on a relic of a long forgotten age, as at Lydford, where there is a curious font, of such antique simplicity, that it may have been coeval with the departed glories of Saxon-dom. Not unfrequently, in remote churches on the edge of the moorland, sepulchral brasses of considerable interest are to be seen. In Harford church is one to Thomas Williams, (1566,) who died Speaker of the House of Commons. The inscription at the head of the grave conveys the gratifying intelligence, that the deceased is one who

'Now in heaven with mighty Jove doth raigne.'

In Dartmouth church are brasses in memory of Sir John Hawley and his two wives (1403).

Close to Dartmoor, often in positions of tranquil, luxurious loveliness, are remains of some of those great monastic establishments, which were at once the bane and the blessing of the middle ages. The Benedictine abbey of Buckfast, in the upper valley of the Dart, dates from Saxon times. It was the Benedictines who cleared the long green meadows, sloping away from the river side. After the Conquest a colony of Cistercians was planted here. The establishment of these farming monks

must have been a school of agriculture for the entire district. But the abbey towers are fallen. The ruins, which fifty years ago extended towards the river, have been used in building a woollen factory. Very little now remains to suggest the magnificence which once reigned on the spot. The case is the same with the Benedictine abbey of Tavistock, which eclipsed even the glory of Buckfast. This abbey was founded about A.D. 960, by Ordgar, Earl of Devon; father of that fair Elfrida, whose romantic story of marriage with King Edgar throws such interest over the early pages of English history. One of the first printing presses was set up at the abbey of Tavistock. At the epoch of the Reformation, the monastery fell to the first Lord Russell; and the property is still in the possession of the Duke of Bedford. A few fragments of the abbey, traces of the foundations of the great church, (taken down in 1760,) remains of the abbot's hunting seat at Morwell, (close to the gorgeous scenery of the Morwell rocks,) are all that survives of the former glory. Besides the monasteries now named, the Cistercian abbey of Buckland, founded at the end of the thirteenth century, and Plympton Priory, the home of Augustinian canons, whose revenues exceeded those of the Benedictines at Tavistock, were both on the border of Dartmoor; and they have each their peculiar interest for the archaeologist and student of the past.

There is a life of Dartmoor which we have not yet noticed. Every night at twelve, Lady Howard, of wicked memory, a spectral shade, in a coach of bones, attended by a black hound, starts from Fitzford, by way of Dartmoor, for Oakhampton Park. At each separate visit, the hound plucks a single blade of grass; and he will continue to do so till the park is bare. This is a prince of the invisible population of Dartmoor. But millions on millions of pixies have their haunt upon it, which must not be confounded with vulgar fairies. The pixies delight in solitary places, love pleasant hills, disport themselves on the banks of mountain streams, haunt pathless woods. All over Devon they are to be seen—under favourable circumstances: but Dartmoor is their chosen home. None can tell, but those who have lived in the neighbourhood of the moor, how many sober people, returning from market, have been pixy-led through the live-long night to the point at which their travels began. Dancing is the chief delight of the pixies. The greener circles on the turf show where they have tripped it merrily. They love music, too, though not such as

mortals sing. 'The cricket's cry is to them as animating and as well-timed as the piercing notes of the fife, or the dulcet melody of rebec or flute, to mortals. The frogs sing their double-bass, and the screech owl is to them like an aged and favoured minstrel piping in hall. The grass-hopper too, chirps with his merry note in the concert, and the humming bee plays his hautboy to their tripping on the green; as the small stream, on whose banks they hold their sports, seems to share their hilarity, and talks and dances as well as they in emulation of the revelry.' The dress of pixies is always green. Their appearance varies with their own sweet will; now it is that of dainty beauty; anon they are fantastic and deformed. Their dwellings are sometimes in the rock, sometimes in the mole-hills. If any one doubt the existence of pixies, let him go and see their house at the top of Sheepstor. In this house, at the time of the Commonwealth, Elford, a royalist, used to hide from Cromwell's soldiers. From the top of the tor, he could command the whole country and be safe. He amused himself with painting on the walls, and, it is said, some of the paintings were to be seen in the last century. But one should see the palace of the pixy queen.

'The walls of spiders' legs are made,  
Well mortiséd and finely laid:  
He was the master of his trade  
It curiously that builded:  
The windows of the eyes of cats,  
And for a roof, instead of slats,  
Is covered with the skins of bats,  
With moonshine that are gilded.'

This description is from Drayton's *Pigwigin*. He wrote and died in the reign of James I. The royal equipage he describes thus:—

'Her chariot ready straight is made,  
Each thing therein is fitting laid,  
That she by nothing might be staid,  
For nought must be her letting:  
Four nimble gnats the horses were,  
Their harnesses of gossamere,  
Fly Cranion, her charioteer,  
Upon the coach-box getting;  
Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,  
Which for the colours did excell,  
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,  
So lively was the limning;

The seat, the soft wool of the bee,  
The cover (gallantly to see)  
The wing of a pied butterfly;  
I trow, 'twas simple trimming !'

And thus, the mounting of the attendants :—

' Upon a grasshopper they got,  
And what with amble and with trot,  
For hedge nor ditch they spared not,  
But after her they hie them ;  
A cobweb over them they throw,  
To shield the wind if it should blow ;  
Themselves they wisely could bestow,  
Lest any should espy them.'

High court of sovereignty and council is held somewhere in the solitude of the moor : and thence the pixies are sent on their several missions of good or evil,—to lead the miner to the richest lode, or else to delude him ; to war against all sluts and idlers ; to deceive nurses, and steal children ; to lead travellers astray ; to blow out candles ; to make noises in wells ; and to help the industrious. The wild waste of Dartmoor is haunted by these tiny elves in every direction. In olden time, they used to crowd down the western slopes, into the very town of Tavistock itself, though it was then guarded by its stately abbey and crowd of monks, who were ever ready to make war on the evil race with 'bell, book, and candle.' Of late years, however, they have confined themselves to the moor ; and here the curious visitor may find them—if he can.

In the foregoing sketch, nothing has been said of the botany or ornithology of the moor, nor of the fine fishing which its rivers afford. The geology, too, is all but untouched. The granitic quarries are immense, and the china clay works well deserve a visit. The convict prisons, formerly prisons of war, are a gloomy feature of the modern Dartmoor landscape, which we gladly shut out of our picture. Perhaps enough has been written, however, to show, that Dartmoor is a land of enchantment ; and we wish the tourist no higher satisfaction, than that which we have ourselves often experienced in ranging amongst its wild and romantic beauties.

- ART. IV.—1. *Histoire de Jules César*. Tome Premier. Paris: Henri Plon. 1865.  
 2. *History of Julius Cæsar*. Vol. I. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.  
 3. *Vie de César*. Par A. DE LAMARTINE. Paris: Michel Levy, Frères. 1865.  
 4. *History of the Romans under the Empire*. By CHARLES MERIVALE, B.D. New Edition. London: Longmans. 1865.

It cannot be denied that the Emperor's *History of Julius Cæsar* is an able performance. But yet its interest for us does not depend upon its merits as a history. If the writer had been only a private scholar, his work would have caused no sensation. In truth, it would by no means have ranked with the first class among historical monographs. Here is undeniable ability, but no genius; diligent reading, but little or no real originality; the style is admirably clear, as indeed is that of all French writers of any name; the narrative is succinct, and the sentences and paragraphs are well compacted; there is much sagacity of remark, as was to be expected from the imperial author's experience as a statesman and ruler; and, occasionally, the historian becomes eloquent and impressive. Nevertheless, there is no fascination for the reader, no charm like that which rivets us to the picturesque and animated pages of Stanley or of De Lamartine, no sense of moral instruction and elevation such as we are conscious of in accompanying the pure-minded and noble Arnold in his exposition of the history of republican Rome. Here is all the equipment that reading and culture could supply, all the intelligence on such a theme that an unrivalled experience of life and statescraft and imperial power and attributes could develop, all the enthusiasm for his subject, with which he absolutely identifies himself, that is possible for an impassive nature, whose only faith is in Destiny, whose Providence is but the Stoic Fate; but there is no imagination, no moral earnestness, no truly human sympathy, and therefore there is nothing to touch the heart, or to kindle the soul. Above all, and no doubt this is the fundamental defect of the work, and, to a great extent, the cause of its other deficiencies, this history is wanting in truthfulness; that utter truthfulness which is the grand moral element of historical power and

mastery, which seeks to see all things as they really were, and which, free from all preconception and all foregone conclusions, apart from all partiality and from every theory, sets itself to enter into the life of the past. Clear and complete intelligence, combined with perfect human sympathy, and the most absolute allegiance to truth, are the qualifications necessary to constitute a perfect historian. In two of these three qualifications the Emperor is essentially deficient. He is deficient, as we have said, in sympathy; he cannot but be also deficient in that paramount devotion to truth of which we have spoken. A man can hardly be true, who fails in simplicity of aim. The Emperor writes history for a special purpose; his purpose is, through the history of the great Roman, to magnify the mission, to lift up to homage the destiny, to glorify the character and the dynasty, of Napoleon the First and of Himself. Where such a purpose rules, prepossession and prejudice cannot but have sway; the simplicity and self-forgetfulness of pure truth can have no place.

This being the case, the criticism of the Emperor's work as a literary production must be quite a subordinate element in our review. We cannot but regard it chiefly as reflecting the mind of the distinguished ruler of the French empire, as disclosing his principles of government, as throwing light upon his character and policy. In *Cæsar*, Napoleon III., as he chooses to be styled, may be said to see the prototype of Napoleon I.; whilst it is plain that he regards himself as inheriting, in great measure, his uncle's ideas, and as destined to carry out to the full his uncle's policy, abruptly terminated as that was, not indeed like that of the great Julius, by his death, but by his dethronement and exile. It would seem that, identifying his uncle's character and policy with that of Julius, Louis Napoleon conceives it to be his mission to unite the characters of Julius and Augustus; and, having re-established the Napoleonic régime and dynasty, to do for Paris and for France, what Augustus did for Rome and the Roman empire.

The relation, indeed, between Julius *Cæsar* and the Napoleons, is not very obvious. The supposed analogy is one of those which, to the well-informed student and clear thinker, seem to be forced and unreal; and which are likely to be accepted as well-founded, only by men of vague ideas and superficial knowledge. The resemblance between

Julius and Napoleon holds at one point, in one striking particular,—so much must be conceded,—but every where else breaks down. And this resemblance itself, though striking, is but superficial; there is no fundamental resemblance, either as respects the character of the men, or their relations to the commonwealth, or the internal condition and external relations of the respective commonwealths, of Rome and of France, with which they were themselves respectively in relation. At one point in the history of the two men, there is an apparent and a striking coincidence; but the circumstances preceding in each case, and also the respective sequels, are essentially different. Cæsar, a victorious general, distant from Rome, who has for years been maturing his plans and means for gaining supreme ascendancy in the Roman commonwealth and empire, returns suddenly to Rome, when it has become evident that a crisis has occurred, which must strip him of his power and of his instruments of ascendancy, unless he himself, taking the initiative in action, should assume the chief power, put down his enemies, and take in his own hand the control of the state. Bonaparte, having gained to himself a great name, and become the predominant military commander among the armies of the French republic, having, like Cæsar, left his own country for a distant enterprise, that he might in due time—to use his own expression, ‘when the pear should be ripe’—return home as master of his country, suddenly leaves Egypt, and repairs to France; because he has learnt that the republic internally is torn by factions, and on the eve of anarchy, and externally is suffering repeated defeats in the battle field, and rapidly losing the prestige and dominion which had been secured to her by his arms; and because he sees a grand opportunity for his daring ambition, an opportunity, by a combination in his own hands of the paramount civil and the supreme military authority, to become master of the nation, and clear his way to complete despotic authority. *There is the analogy, so far as it goes.* Both countries, it may be admitted, needed the supremacy of one hand to rescue them from anarchy, to give them unity and force. Cæsar and Napoleon both had the opportunity, both the power, and both had steadily cherished the purpose, to become the rulers of their country. Both were generals, both united the civil with the military power, both had the intellectual gifts needful for such a union. Both, it may be added,—but the Emperor would rather, no doubt,



be spared this addition, though it helps out towards the completion of the assumed analogy,—both were men who, disbelieving in religion, used religion as an instrument in effecting their purposes; and both were utterly unscrupulous, men without truth or morality, severe, even cruel, if necessary, but too strong, and too really great, and indeed much too politic to be cruel, except when cruelty seemed necessary. As to this last point, however, Cæsar, as De Lamartine says, has much the advantage over Napoleon; for ‘Cæsar was human,’ while Napoleon ‘was a mere intelligence.’

As to these points, there being a certain resemblance between Cæsar and Napoleon, it is no wonder that in Paris, —which, in 1799, was full of Roman notions, and still more of Roman terms, which talked of tribunes and triumvirs, which, in that frightful age of proscriptions and massacres, was unhappily but too familiar with the precedents of the days of Marius and Sylla, and which was to see the government of the Directory superseded by that of a consulate,—the people, on Bonaparte’s sudden return from the East, and assumption of dictatorial authority, should have spoken of him as a new Cæsar. Such analogies have always been favourite artifices of rhetoric with French writers. De Lamartine, in like manner, does not hesitate to speak of Napoleon, as ‘this French Cæsar.’ (P. 104.) What, perhaps, has helped to give acceptance to the analogy, is that it appears to have been cherished by Napoleon himself; who is said to have admired Cæsar beyond all the ancients, and to have greatly delighted in his Commentaries.

Nevertheless, in 1799, the analogy of Cromwell was as often thought of as that of Cæsar. Napoleon was called not only the ‘new Cæsar,’ but the ‘new Cromwell.’ The manner in which he dealt with the legislative councils of France, certainly reminds one somewhat of the dealing of Cromwell with the Rump Parliament. Some of the deputies, indeed, of the Council of the Five Hundred, cried out, when Bonaparte with his soldiers entered their chamber, ‘Down with the tyrant! Outlaw the new Cromwell!’ And the pamphlet, published in 1800, with the purpose of sounding public opinion on the subject of an hereditary consulship, and which was supposed to have been written by Lucien, and had certainly received corrections and additions from Napoleon’s own hand, was entitled, ‘Parallel between Cromwell, Monk, and Bonaparte.’

Both the analogies, however, like most such attempts at historical parallelism, are altogether slight, are essentially untrue. How utterly contrasted, in all essential respects, were the English Revolution of 1640, and the French of 1789, has been conclusively shown by Guizot, in his work on the English Revolution. Not less contrasted in reality were the antecedents, the life, the character, of Cromwell and of Napoleon. And scarcely less ill-founded, as we shall fully see before we come to the end of this article, is the parallel which throughout his History the present ruler of France rather assumes, than attempts to establish, between the usurpation and autocracy of Cæsar, and the establishment by Napoleon of his own supremacy over France.

This 'History' is undoubtedly a piece of the Napoleonic policy. Both Napoleons, while enslaving the press, have yet made great use of it for their own dynastic purposes. We have already noted one instance of this, as regards the first Napoleon, in the pamphlet of which we have spoken. But, as a rule, Napoleon I. did his work by means of falsified dispatches, false bulletins, and unofficial articles in the *Moniteur*. The Napoleon of to-day has employed the press much more largely, and with more elaborate preparation and calculation; and, to do him justice, although he has not scrupled to use falsehood on occasion, he has not attempted to sustain his power by means of systematic and flagrant lying, as no one can now doubt that his uncle did. Besides the newspapers which he controls, and which he uses with deep policy; besides the state papers which he has so often published, at a critical moment, for the exposition and defence of his own views, and to influence the public opinion of the world; he has caused the publication, from time to time, of pamphlets, discussing great problems of European politics, and foreshadowing his own intentions as to questions of the highest moment. Having no moral support for his rule and policy in the true public opinion of a free country, and having no free Parliament to sustain him, he has sought to sustain himself and his policy by an appeal to the mind of enlightened Europe, the thoughtful and well-informed men, especially statesmen and publicists, of all countries. As the tree, which finds no sufficient depth close by for the firm rooting of its growing bulk, sends abroad its roots in all directions, to cling around each projecting point of rock, or even to twine themselves around the roots of other trees, more deeply and firmly

fixed in the soil, so Napoleon, not finding in the ground of the French nation's convictions all the support needed for the towering bulk of his new dynasty, has endeavoured to obtain compensating strength by his appeals to other nations, and by the support of other governments than his own. No one knows better than Louis Napoleon how much he owes to this support, and especially to the loyal and unswerving support of England. The moral value of this has been immense, and has gone far to counterbalance his lack of that best strength, which is derived from the free and intelligent loyalty of a great nation, as ascertained and expressed through the forms of a constitutional government, and by means of a free press.

It is in pursuance of the same general policy that Napoleon has sent forth this history. It is, in effect, an argument addressed to the mind of modern civilisation in favour of his own *régime*. He has consolidated his own empire by force and policy. He has established a mighty despotism, sustained in reality by the military power. He would now gain a moral establishment for his dynasty. He would make a stable domain for his son and successor. And in order to this, he seeks to show, indirectly, and through the medium of this History of Cæsar, that absolute power had become necessary for the tranquillisation, the development, the very existence of France; and that the ambition and violence which, under such circumstances, were employed by his uncle and himself to found their empire and dynasty, are not criminal, but honourable; not selfish, but patriotic. This is the argument which he urges on behalf of Cæsar, which he suggests on behalf of Napoleonism, in comments and reflections, the reference and bearing of which cannot be mistaken. That despotism in this age should seek to fortify and legalise its claims by such an argument, is a most noteworthy fact, and perhaps speaks as much as any one fact could on behalf of the real advance of civilisation, the vast superiority of modern to ancient or any former times, at least as respects the maxims and principles of government. How far the argument really tells in favour of Napoleon is another matter, about which opinions will differ. If this view of Cæsar's character and policy is fundamentally false, an ill-founded argument in Cæsar's behalf can hardly be of much service to Napoleon. But, at any rate, there can be no difference of opinion as to the consummate art, the masterly skill, with which this history—viewed simply as intended to suggest an argument on

behalf of his own dynasty—has been composed by its author.

Already, however, it has called forth what is evidently intended as a reply by De Lamartine. The latter work is a tribute to the power of the Emperor's history, and, no doubt, will do something to counteract it. In many respects it is superior to the Emperor's book,—in its painting, its eloquence, its energy and life. It is as warm as the autocrat's is cold, as picturesque as his is stately. But then it is extreme. The Cæsar of De Lamartine is yet blacker, more heartless, more unprincipled, more basely profligate, than the picture which our own Arnold has given as the likeness of the great Roman. On the other hand, the aristocratic assassin, Brutus, is represented as a patriot, and all but a hero. If Napoleon's attempt to render into patriotism Cæsar's ambition is a failure, not less a failure is the attempt of De Lamartine to identify the aristocratic republicanism of Brutus with true patriotism, and to cover with the veil of the same much-belied patriotism the base, black ingratitude and the butcherly cruelty which plotted and carried into effect the murder of Cæsar. De Lamartine is the idealist republican, and was, we know, the hero of the Parisian Revolution of 1848. In 1852, Louis Napoleon set aside the republic of 1848; and in the present volume he attempts to justify not only Julius in his dealing with Rome, not only Napoleon I. in his assumption of power on the 18th Brumaire, 1799, but also himself, the imperial author, in his violent and bloody *coup* of January, 1852. When, laying aside the axe and sword, and the armour of state decrees, the despot of France descends into the arena of literary competition and conflict, to do battle, with the author's tools, on behalf of his sceptre and dynasty, it is natural that the hero of 1848, being also a most eloquent writer, should come forward in the interests of the republic, and of that ideal freedom which he has not ceased to love, that he may reply, so far as he dare, to the man who overthrew the republic, and has, up to the present time, refused to France all true political liberty and life.

The Emperor's Preface very distinctly intimates the undercurrent of purpose which may be traced through the whole volume.

'When extraordinary facts attest an eminent genius, what is more contrary to good sense than to ascribe to him all the passions and sentiments of mediocrity? What more erroneous than not to recognise the pre-eminence of those privileged beings who appear in

history from time to time, like luminous beacons, dissipating the darkness of their epoch, and lighting up the future? To deny this pre-eminence would, indeed, be to insult humanity, by believing it capable of submitting, long and voluntarily, to a domination which did not rest on true greatness and incontestable ability..... By what sign are we to recognise a man's greatness? By the empire of his ideas, when his principles and his system triumph in spite of his death or defeat. Cæsar disappeared, and his influence predominates even more than during his life. For ages it was enough to tell the world that such was the will of Cæsar, for the world to obey it.

'The preceding remarks sufficiently explain the aim I have in view in writing this history. The aim is to prove that, when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to nations the path they ought to follow; to stamp with the seal of their genius a new era; and to accomplish in a few years the labour of many centuries. Happy the nations which comprehend and follow them! Woe to those that misunderstand them! They do as the Jews did, they crucify their Messiah; they are blind and guilty: blind, for they do not see the impotence of their efforts to suspend the definite triumph of good; guilty, for they do but retard progress, by impeding its prompt and fruitful application.

'In fact, neither the murder of Cæsar nor the captivity of St. Helena was able to destroy irrecoverably two popular causes overthrown by a league which disguised itself under the mask of liberty. Brutus, by slaying Cæsar, plunged Rome into the horrors of a civil war. He did not hinder the reign of Augustus, but he rendered possible those of Nero and Caligula. Neither has the ostracism of Napoleon by confederated Europe hindered the empire from being restored; and yet how far are we from having attained to the results of the first empire—great questions settled, passions appeased, and legitimate satisfactions given to the nations!

'Thus every day since 1815 has verified the prophecy of the captive of St. Helena:—

"How many struggles, how much blood, how many years will it not require to realise the good which I intended to do for mankind!"

Our comfort in reading these passages is, that Napoleon does not mean them. He is not a true man; he writes for effect. He believes in his own destiny, but that is probably the sum total of his assured faith. Next in its dominion over him to his faith in himself, no doubt, is his reverence for the ideas of his uncle. But that he means all that he has here said respecting the first Napoleon, we do not for a moment imagine. If he did, the prospect would be but gloomy for the peace of Europe and the progress of mankind. According to what is here set down, the results of

the first empire were, 'questions resolved, passions appeased, and legitimate satisfactions given to the nations.' And the present state of Europe is very inferior to that into which the Continent was brought by Napoleon I. What, then, was the state of Europe during his domination? The potentates of Europe might justly have adopted the words which Shakspeare has put into Cassius' mouth respecting Cæsar :—

'Why, man, he doth bestride this narrow earth  
Like a Colossus, and we petty men  
Do peep about from under his huge legs,  
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.'

At that time, equally in France and everywhere else on the continent, a reign of unmitigated absolutism prevailed; and freedom, whether civil or political, was utterly unknown to 'the nations.' Such was Napoleon's solution of great questions, such his method of tranquillising the passions of the nations, such the satisfaction which he gave to their aspirations, the 'legitimate' satisfaction which he was pleased to allow. The living autocrat must have written this Preface for his own ignorant hordes of French citizens, whom he would have to regard Napoleonism as a dispensation of blessings. He knows better than to imagine that scholars and statesmen of any nation can believe him; and we shall not be weak enough to admit any fear that for the sake of achieving the results of the first empire, he will ever allow himself to employ the means of the first Napoleon, which, indeed, nobody supposes that he would have the skill or force to wield.

He quotes Napoleon in St. Helena to the effect that it will cost incalculable years of conflict and of blood before the world will have realised all the good which he would have done for it. Certain it is, that so far mankind has suffered incalculably less since Napoleon's dethronement than during his empire. During the fifteen years of his dominion, Europe suffered incomparably more from war and bloodshed than during the fifty years which have since passed away. And surely, on the whole, with all the shortcomings of governments and aristocracies, which doubtless have been and are great and sore, we may yet believe that during this half century not a little of true progress has been achieved, while during the Napoleonic ascendancy the coerced, down-trodden, exhausted nations of Europe, even although some of them might partially



adopt the *Code Civil* of the great conqueror, could not be justly said to have made any progress whatever.

We confess that we have no patience either with the hypocrisy of the first Napoleon, that selfish and terrible war-scurge of France and Europe, whilst he sentimentalises over the struggles and the bloodshed of nations, and talks of the good which he intended to do for mankind; or with the no less glaring hypocrisy and much more monstrous assurance of the present Napoleon, who, in the face of all that is now known of the founder of his dynasty, dares to parade such a quotation as the final sentence of his Preface to this volume.

Of a piece with the effrontery and falsehood of this quotation, as thus adopted, is the description of the cause of Napoleon as a 'popular cause overthrown by a league disguised under the mask of liberty.' The league against Napoleon was certainly contending for the liberty of Europe against the tyrant of Europe, for national life against an all-absorbing and insatiable ambition; the empires and kingdoms were confederated in the cause of self-preservation against one who was their common foe, and who would have effaced all the ancient landmarks of national property, as he had effaced very many. In this sense they were truly confederated in the cause of liberty; in no other sense did they profess to be fighting in its behalf.

In the third paragraph of this Preface the author lays it down that 'in writing history, we are to arrive at truth, by following the rules of logic.' But surely an author does not follow the rules of logic, who assumes that whenever a conqueror establishes his sway over a vast empire and for a long period, the people, or as he phrases it *humanity*, submits *voluntarily* to his domination, so that to deny his pre-eminent excellence is to 'insult humanity.' Strip the disguise from the Emperor's assumptions, and what have we but a French presentation of Carlyle's doctrine of *hero-worship*? Might is right. That is evidently the morality which pervades this Preface; it is the principle which pervades the volume.

And yet the first sentence of the Preface announces that 'historic truth ought to be no less sacred than religion.' Undoubtedly an excellent maxim, fair, and noble, and true. But in the Emperor's mouth these words are but words; there are evidences far more than enough that for him truth is not sacred, and religion but a name. Napoleon



believes only in fate and in himself. The victor of the *coup d'état* is superior to all scruples. In this he shows himself to be of the true 'seed of the giants,' of those who, as Coleridge somewhere says, have been 'the masters of mischief, the liberticides, and mighty hunters of mankind, from Nimrod to Buonaparte.' Among the most sagacious of these we rank Louis Napoleon; his dominion, also, we doubt not, has been beneficial to France; but his sagacity and his success have unhappily no connexion with truth or with conscience. All his course shows that he has acted upon the maxim which De Lamartine represents as having been adopted by Cæsar. 'He professed in morals that axiom which condemns small crimes and pardons great; that, whenever the question is not of empire, it is proper to adhere to duty and virtue, but that we must disregard all these things, when the price of the crime makes it worth while to do so.'

And yet he talks of Providence, this being a seemlier word than Fate to be used in the nineteenth century of grace. That his Providence is merely fate, the fate of Julius, is abundantly plain from the contents of the volume,—indeed, is clearly implied not only by the whole argument but in many phrases. This Preface, however, is written *ad captandum*. It is a sort of bulletin. Hence the author permits himself a licence of sophistry, and condescends to a style of assumption and of rhetorical effrontery, such as, in the history itself, he respects too much the dignity of history to allow himself to use. The most offensive instance of this is the passage in which he not merely ranks Napoleon with Cæsar and Charlemagne, but dares to speak of him and of them as the Messiahs of their nation and their age. Such profanity as this must surely be almost too much even for the taste of a nation which is debauched by such writers as Renan in one sphere, and Eugène Sue in another. It is at least too gross to be tolerated as yet by English taste.

The Emperor has thought it necessary, in order, apparently, to prepare the minds of his readers for the reception of the main lessons of his history, to prefix to the Life of Cæsar, properly so called, an introductory sketch of the history of Rome itself from its very beginning, which constitutes the first book of his work, and occupies three-fifths of this first volume. In so comprehensive a sketch, compressed within such limits, he does not of course attempt any minute criticism. He contents himself with

giving a succinct summary of principal events. Passing very lightly over the legendary ages, he perhaps accepts as fact some matters which should be altogether eliminated from the grave history of Rome and its early fortunes, or at least should only be used critically and discriminately. Still, as his object was rather to indicate principles, tendencies, and general results, than to present a dry epitome of facts, this is of little consequence. Throughout this book, as in the latter portion of the volume, he shows undeniably a happy talent in suggesting modern analogies and using modern illustrations, so as at the same time to enable his readers to apprehend more distinctly his conceptions of Roman life and history, and to intimate the bearing of that history upon the philosophy of modern government, and the relations of the remote past to that present which he seeks to exhibit under the aspects most favourable to his own conclusions.

In the first paragraph of his first chapter he adopts the dictum of Montesquieu, that, 'in the origin of societies, it is the chiefs of the commonwealth who form the institution, and that thereafter it is the institution which forms the chiefs of the commonwealth;' and also the accompanying assertion of the same philosopher, to the effect that 'the kings of Rome were all great men.' In conformity with this beginning is the end of the first chapter. 'Rome, having reached the third century of her existence, finds her constitution formed by the kings, with all the germs of grandeur which will develop themselves in the sequel. Man has created her institutions; we shall now see how the institutions are going to form the men.'

The following is the view which the imperial author gives of the constitution and character of Roman society, including of course the institutions of the commonwealth.

'Roman society was founded upon respect for family, for religion, for property; the government, upon election; the policy, upon conquest. At the head of the state is a powerful aristocracy, greedy of glory, but, like all aristocracies, impatient of kingly power, and disdainful towards the multitude. The kings strive to create a people side by side with the privileged caste, and introduce plebeians into the senate, freedmen among the citizens, and the mass of the citizens into the ranks of the soldiery.

'The family is strongly constituted: the father reigns there as absolute master; yet the wife's position is not degraded as among the barbarians; she enjoys a community of goods with her husband;

mistress of her house, she has the right of acquiring property, and shares equally with her brothers the paternal inheritance.\*

'The basis of taxation is the basis of recruiting and of political rights; there are no soldiers but citizens; no citizens without property .....

'Initiated in the practice of liberty, the people is held in check by superstition and respect for the high classes.....

'Religion is an instrument of civilisation, but, above all, of government.'

The second chapter, on the 'Establishment of the Consular Republic,' is an able and, on the whole, a just summary. It is, however, marred by the opening paragraph, in which the fatalistic optimism of the author is strongly brought out.

'The kings,' says our historian, 'are expelled from Rome. They disappear because their mission is accomplished. There exists, we might say, in the moral as in the physical world, a supreme law which assigns to institutions, as to certain beings, an inevitable limit, marked by the term of their utility. So long as this providential term has not arrived, no opposition prevails; plots, revolts, everything fails against the irresistible force which upholds that which people seek to overthrow: but if, on the contrary, a state of things, apparently immovable, ceases to be useful to the progress of humanity, then neither the empire of traditions, nor courage, nor the memory of a glorious past, can retard by a day the fall determined by destiny.'

So that the world is under the control of a sort of moral fate, which acts with the precision of a mathematical law, and with the certainty of physical causation and necessity. There never has been a tyranny which lasted a day too long; never an institution which outlived its date; never an institution, in any land, which was not useful and beneficial, so long as it lasted; never an abuse, sanctioned under the name of a national institution or social law, which should have been reformed earlier than it was. In fact, all national institutions, on this showing, are right, in every age and every land; all inevitable stages in the pathway of human progress. In the moral and social, as well as the physical, world, 'whatever is, is best.'

The Emperor believes in no Providence but Fate—the Destiny of the ancients. Like his hero Julius, he joins to an Epicurean code of morals the adamant fatalism of the Stoics. Providence in his pages is only the French euphemism for Fate, a pleasing interchange of expression with the

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\* This is a very doubtful statement.

older favourite Destiny. His being a creed apart from a true and living Providence, he is incapacitated from accepting the true view of human progress. That, in a sense, there has been progress throughout the history of mankind, the Christian philosopher will not doubt. But it has been the progress of a wayward and evil race, who have had to be trained by chastening and retribution; out of whose evil God has been ever bringing forth good. And, therefore, to quote the words of Julius Hare, it has 'not been rectilinear progress.' It is a progress effected by means of Moral Government operating upon the minds, hearts, and consciences of men, and instrumentally dependent, for its results, upon the choice and will of men. In the process of this world's education, the course of the advancing tide of progress is often changed; cities are left dry and desert, nations are engulfed, the valleys are exalted, and the mountains are brought low. A sudden blight comes on the glory of one land, a sudden bloom and splendour displaces the obscurity of another. Pride and self-will bring the grandeur of a nation to abasement, as they lay low the fortunes of men. There is no fated term that limits to a day the duration of a dynasty any more than of an individual. There is no law of destiny that necessarily perpetuates institutions which are good and useful, any more than the lives of great and good men. And 'the ways of Providence in this world, as crossed and interrupted by the self-will of man, are not solely from good to better, but often, in a merciful condescension to our frailty, through evil to good.'

We must, if only in justice to the Emperor, give his illustration of the principle which he lays down in the paragraph we have quoted.

'Civilisation seems to have been transported from Greece into Italy in order there to create an immense focus from whence it might be diffused over the whole world. It was therefore necessary that the genius of force and of organization should preside over the earliest times of Rome. So it was under the kings. And, so long as their task was not yet accomplished, they triumphed over all obstacles. . . . But the moment once arrived when they ceased to be indispensable, and the merest accident casts them down. A man outrages a woman, the throne gives way, and, in falling, parts into two: the consuls succeed to all the prerogatives of the kings.'—*Histoire*, pp. 23, 24.

The Emperor maintains that the monarchy did not cease to be useful one day before it gave way; that it could not have served any good end one day longer than it did. We

cannot but smile at such assumptions as these. It is better for Napoleon's fame that he should continue to play the part of Jove or of Fate, so far as he may have leave to do this, among the nations and potentates of Europe, than that he should commit his fatalism to writing, and expose his philosophy to criticism. Reserve and mystery, interrupted from time to time by the sudden flash of strong and fateful decrees, have enveloped his policy with a certain dusky grandeur. But when he comes down from his cloud-involved Olympus, habited in the gown of the philosopher, and bearing in his hand his *History* to be read in the hearing of sages and critics of all nations, he loses his prestige, and becomes weak as other men.

What the Emperor says in this chapter respecting the tendencies and the effects of the consular government, and of the various institutions which grew up under it, is undoubtedly, for the most part, sound and good. The chapter is full of instruction. But there is no reason to doubt that, under a wise, liberal, well-balanced monarchy, the development of Rome would, for many years after the fall of the kings, have been far more fair and equal, more prosperous and beneficial, than during the earlier period of the republic. Such a monarchy would have dealt much more liberally and equitably with the plebeians than did the consular government, and would have been far more feared and respected by the surrounding tribes and neighbouring nations. The fall of the kings was owing not to the fact that the virtue of monarchy, as such, was exhausted, but to the quality of the dynasty then dominant, to the vices, the tyranny, the crimes, of the reigning monarch and his family. The aristocracy were always hostile to the power of the monarch, and jealous of his pre-eminence. By the vices and crimes of the Tarquins the popular feelings were outraged. The effect of these two things in conjunction was, that all Rome was united against the monarch, and that the very name of king became thenceforward most odious to a Roman.

'Rome, within its narrow limits,' says Louis Napoleon, 'no longer needed the concentration of authority in a single hand, but a new order of things was necessary which should give to the great free access to the supreme power, and, by the allurements of honours, should promote the development of the faculties of each man..... The fall of the kingly power was an event favourable to the development of Rome.'—P. 25.

But we apprehend that the power of Rome, at the close

of the period of kingly government, was no longer confined within very narrow limits; and that one grand reason why, as a monarchy, it would certainly for a considerable period have fared better, in many respects, than as a consular republic, was precisely this very fact, that there was a somewhat extensive territory to govern. In truth the Emperor has to tell us, in the latter part of this second chapter, that *two centuries* were 'required by the Republic to re-conquer the supremacy over the neighbouring peoples which she had exercised under the last kings.' (P. 49.)

As to 'the development of the faculties of each man,' there can be no doubt that the consular government was, in this respect, a most potent stimulant to the aristocracy, perhaps the most potent the world has known. But whether the like was true as regards its effect on the plebeians, the people at large, may be settled by the admissions of our author. He informs us that those plebeian families which amassed and retained riches were enabled to push their way up to senatorial rank; but has to add that 'a learned German historian (Mommsen) remarks with justice that after the abolition of the kingly power there was, perhaps, a greater number of plebeians in the senate, but that personal merit, without birth or fortune, experienced greater difficulty than ever in reaching preferment.' (P. 50.) 'If the fall of the kingly power,' he also testifies, 'in giving more vitality and independence to the aristocracy, rendered the constitution of the state more solid and durable, the democracy had at first no reason for congratulation. Two hundred years passed away before the plebeians could obtain, not equality of public rights, but even a share in the *ager publicus*, and an act of lenity in favour of debtors, overwhelmed with liabilities through incessant wars.' (P. 49.)

It is futile therefore to pretend that, of necessity, at that particular epoch, monarchy, as such, was destined to perish at Rome, in order that the state might be consolidated, and the Roman people developed. Had the monarchy hardened into a permanent and oppressive despotism, crushing down alike both aristocracy and plebeians, it would have been incomparably worse than the consular government, which, with all its faults, and they were about as many and grave as ever appertained to a settled government among free citizens, at least trained a race of heroes. But a liberally and wisely administered monarchy, so far as we can see, would have fostered the rising power of Rome, and



have developed the faculties of the people at large, far better than did the actual consular government.

Of course all such problems are in their nature indeterminate. No one can say how it *would have* fared with any nation. Nor do we pretend to say. What we have aimed at is merely to show that Louis Napoleon's dictum on the subject cannot be maintained. The problem *is* indeterminate. He, however, professes to state its solution; maintains that what actually took place is demonstrably that which ought to have taken place, that the actual solution was, in itself, the best possible solution. We think we have shown that, so far as can be seen, the probabilities of the case indicate a different conclusion from that of our author.

The following paragraph describes the condition of Rome at the termination of the fourth century of its era. It is one of the Emperor's happiest passages.

'The condition of Rome at that time greatly resembled that of England before its electoral reform. For ages, the English constitution had been vaunted as the *palladium* of liberty, although, as at Rome, birth and fortune were the only source of honours and of power. In both countries, the aristocracy, master of the elections by canvass, by money, or by *rotten boroughs*, had in their own hands the nomination, at Rome of the patricians, in the British Parliament of the members of the nobility; and, without competent property, no one could be a citizen in either country. Nevertheless, if the people in England had no share in the direction of affairs, there was good reason to boast of a liberty which, before 1789, made itself gloriously heard amid the silentious atmosphere of the continental states. The disinterested observer does not narrowly inquire whether the scene where grave political questions are discussed is more or less vast, whether the actors are more or less numerous; he is only struck with the greatness of the spectacle. So, it is far from our intention to blame the *noblesse* at Rome or in England, for having preserved its ascendancy by all the means which law or custom placed at its disposal. The power was destined to remain with the patricians so long as they showed themselves worthy of it; and it is only just to remember, that without their perseverance in the same policy, without that elevation of view, that severe and inflexible virtue, which is the characteristic of the aristocracy, the work of Roman civilisation would not have been accomplished.'\* (Pp. 54, 55.)

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\* In all cases we have given references to the original work, and not to the English translation. We have been compelled to do so by the serious misrenderings of the English publication, of which there are several discreditable instances in the paragraph corresponding to that which we have quoted above. It is too plain that the trans-



The introductory Book I. was necessary in order to enable the historian rightly and fully to set forth the age and the history of Julius Cæsar. Without understanding what the Roman commonwealth had been in earlier times, and what it had come to be in the age in which Julius Cæsar arose, the Emperor could not fully exhibit his argument on behalf of the necessity and beneficence of Cæsar's despotism. Nor, without a preliminary view of the Mediterranean and Asiatic world in its geographical and political divisions and relations, could the reader enter with complete intelligence upon the history of Cæsar. His first book enables Napoleon to supply the requisite information in these respects. Rome under the kings, (chap. 1,) the establishment of the consular republic, (chap. 2,) the conquest of Italy, (chap. 3,) the prosperity of the basin of the Mediterranean before the Punic Wars, (chap. 4,) the Punic Wars and Wars of Macedonia and Asia, (chap. 5,) the Gracchi, Marius, and Sylla; (chap. 6;) such is the avenue of historical sketches, through which we approach the life and times of Cæsar. Although, however, in relation to the Emperor's purpose in his monograph, it would appear that this introductory book was necessary, it certainly does not furnish the most fascinating matter for the reader. It is of necessity a highly-condensed epitome. Such epitomes cannot be made highly interesting. Besides which, although the Emperor's style is good, and his treatment unquestionably able, his writing, as we have intimated, is deficient in colour and animation. We miss the luminous phrases, the happy allusions, the human touches, by which a writer like Dean Stanley lights up at once a page and a period. In reading of the establishment of the consular republic, (244-416,) all the necessary facts belonging to the history are presented with little more play of light or feeling than if the author were merely furnishing a *catalogue raisonné* of events and sequences. By no means is the reader made duly sensible of the terrible shock which was given to the commonwealth by the overthrow of the kings, of its immediate loss of credit and of dominion, so that it was reduced almost to its original condition as a single, isolated, struggling town, with but a few miles of territory, and beset by hostile cities much wealthier and more powerful than itself. No glimpse is afforded in

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lator's was but a 'prentice hand.' The mere fact that he makes it a rule to render the French *véritable* by the English *veritable*, is sufficient to show this. That, however, is but a failure in nicet in many instances his renderings are positively erroneous.

passing, as it surely might have been, of the humiliation and prostration which had come upon the city of Ancus and the Tarquins, of Numa and Servius, when Porsena and his Etruscans, far otherwise than as told by Roman bards, not only attacked, but conquered Rome, and held it for a time at least under a rule so stern and potent, that he was able to impose a law forbidding the Romans to use any iron except for implements of husbandry. Neither, again, is there the slightest allusion in this chapter to the taking of Rome by Brennus and his Gauls, when the city was laid in ruins, and the barbarians were bought off at last with gold, leaving behind them a desolation so complete that the plebeians were hardly restrained from emigrating in a body to Veii, and a sequel of poverty and misery for the people from which it cost them many years of trouble and suffering to recover.

And what is perhaps a yet more essential defect in such a *résumé* as the Emperor essays to give by way of introduction to a history which undertakes 'to unfold the secret of the transformation of societies,' (Preface,) the reader would never gather from the outline here presented that the celebrated Licinian laws, to the equity and excellent effect of which the Emperor several times incidentally refers, were themselves the direct consequence of the extreme poverty and wretchedness into which the plebeians of Rome were reduced after the Gallic invasion; and, again, that to these laws, more than to all besides, was it owing that, from this period, Rome began steadily to rise into prosperity and power, plebeians and patricians being happily united to constitute a self-reliant, undaunted, and invincible people. Surely cardinal facts and epochs, such as these, should have been especially signalised in an historical epitome, intended to illustrate 'the true origin and natural deduction of the different phases of history.' (Preface.)

Very soon after the enactment of the Licinian laws, Rome entered upon that course of conquest which the Emperor slightly sketches in his third chapter, and which, within the space of less than a century, made it master of the Italian peninsula, from the Rubicon to the Gulf of Tarentum. The Latins were conquered and assimilated; Campania was annexed; the ancient and formidable Etruscans in the north were, after repeated struggles, completely subdued; the gallant Samnites towards the south-east, fighting almost with their last remnant, and formidable even in their latest field, were all but extirpated; Pyrrhus

was compelled to return foiled to Macedonia; and Magna Græcia was reduced to the condition of a subject province. Rome had now no rival in the Mediterranean basin but Carthage.

The Emperor gives a careful epitome of the internal legislation and institutions of Rome; he explains the question of the *ager publicus*, out of which there could not but arise an ever-recurring litigation; he relates the struggles of plebeians for equality of rights, and of the patricians to retain their ascendancy; he gives a good account of the city rights, and of the Roman colonisation, by means of which, under the different forms of Roman and of Latin colonies, the ascendancy of Rome was established throughout the peninsula; he describes the conditions on which Rome accepted the alliance of certain cities which were allowed to retain a qualified independence; and he concludes his chapter on the conquest of Italy, by the following view of the condition and character of the republic at the period when this conquest was accomplished, *i.e.*, about 250 to 300, B.C.

‘At the epoch with which we are occupied, the Republic is in all its splendour.

‘The institutions form remarkable men; the annual elections carry into power those who are most worthy, and recall them to it after a short interval. The sphere of action for the military chiefs does not extend beyond the natural frontiers of the peninsula, and their ambition, restrained within the limits of duty by public opinion, does not exceed a legitimate object, the union of all Italy under one dominion. The members of the aristocracy seem to inherit the exploits as well as the virtues of their ancestors, and neither poverty nor obscurity of birth prevents the rise of merit. Curius Dentatus, Fabricius, and Coruncanius, can show neither riches nor the images of their ancestors, and yet they attain to the highest dignities; in fact, the plebeian nobility walks on a footing of equality with the patrician. Both, in separating from the multitude, tend more and more to amalgamate together; but they remain rivals in patriotism and disinterestedness.

‘In spite of the taste for riches introduced by the war of the Sabines, the magistrates maintained their simplicity of manners, and protected the public domain against the encroachments of the rich by the rigorous execution of the law, which limited to five hundred acres the property which an individual was allowed to possess.

‘The first citizens presented the most remarkable examples of integrity and self-denial. Marcus Valerius Corvus, after occupying twenty-one curule offices, returns to his fields without fortune, though not without glory. (419). Fabius Rullianus, in the midst of his victories and triumphs, forgets his resentment towards Papirius Cursor, and names him dictator, sacrificing thus his private feelings

to the interests of his country (429). Marcus Curius Dentatus keeps for himself no part of the rich spoils taken from the Sabines, and, after having vanquished Pyrrhus, resumes the simplicity of country life (479). Fabricius rejects the money which the Samnites offer him for his generosity towards them, and disdains the presents of Pyrrhus (476). Coruncanius furnishes an example of all the virtues. Fabius Gurgæ, Fabius Pictor, and Ogulnius, pour into the treasury the magnificent gifts they had brought back from their embassy to Alexandria. M. Rutilius Censorinus, struck with the danger of intrusting twice in succession the censorship in the same hands, refuses to be re-elected to that office (488).

‘The names of many others might be cited, who, then and in later ages, did honour to the Roman Republic; but let us add, that if the ruling class knew how to call to it all the men of eminence, it did not forget above all to recompense brilliantly those who favoured its interests: Fabius Rullianus, for instance, the victor in so many battles, received the name of “most great” (*Maximus*) only for having, at the time of his censorship, annulled in the comitia the influence of the poor class, composed of freedmen, whom he distributed among the urban tribes (454), where their votes were lost in the multitude of others.

‘The popular party, on the other hand, ceased not to demand new concessions, or to claim the revival of those which had fallen out of use. Thus, it obtained, in 428, the re-establishment of the law of Servius Tullius, which decided that the goods only of the debtor, and not his body, should be responsible for his debt. In 450, Flavius, the son of a freedman, made public the calendar and the formulæ of proceedings, which deprived the patricians of the exclusive knowledge of civil and religious law. But the lawyers found means of weakening the effects of the measure of Flavius, by inventing new formulæ, which were almost unintelligible to the public. The plebeians, in 454, were admitted into the college of the pontiffs, and into that of the augurs; the same year, it was found necessary to renew for the third time the Valerian law *de provocatio*ne.

‘In 468, the people again withdrew to the Janiculum, demanding the remission of debts, and crying out against usury. Concord was restored only when they had obtained, first, by the law Hortensia, that the plebiscita should be obligatory on all; and next, by the law Marsia, that the orders obtained through Publilius Philo in 415, should be restored to vigour.

‘The ambition of Rome seemed to be without bounds; yet all her wars had for reason or pretext the defence of the weak and the protection of her allies. Indeed, the cause of the wars against the Samnites was sometimes the defence of the inhabitants of Capua, sometimes that of the inhabitants of Palæopolis, sometimes that of the Lucanians. The war against Pyrrhus had its origin in the assistance claimed by the inhabitants of Thurium; and the support claimed by the Mamertines will soon lead to the first Punic war.

'The Senate, we have seen, put in practice the principles which found empires and the virtues to which war gives birth. The example is furnished by the most illustrious and richest families: at the battle of lake Regillus (258), the principal senators were mingled in the ranks of the legions; at the combat near the Cremera, the three hundred and six Fabii, who all, according to Titus Livius, were capable of filling the highest offices, perished fighting. Later, at Cannæ, eighty senators, who had enrolled themselves as mere soldiers, fell on the field of battle. The triumph is accorded for victories which enlarged the territory, but not for those which only recovered lost ground. No triumph in civil wars: in such case, success, be what it may, is always a subject for public mourning. The consuls or proconsuls seek to be useful to their country without false susceptibility; to-day in the first rank, to-morrow in the second, they serve with the same devotion under the orders of him whom they commanded the day before. Servilius, consul in 281, becomes, the year following, the lieutenant of Valerius. Fabius, after so many triumphs, consents to be only lieutenant to his son. At a later period, Flamininus, who had vanquished the King of Macedonia, comes down again, for his country's sake, after the victory of Cynoscephalæ, to the grade of tribune of the soldiers; the great Scipio himself, after the defeat of Hannibal, serves as lieutenant under his brother in the war against Antiochus.

'To sacrifice everything to patriotism is the first duty. By devoting themselves to the gods of Hades, like Curtius and the two Decii, people believed they bought, at the price of their lives, the safety of the others or victory. Discipline is enforced even to cruelty: Manlius Torquatus, after the example of Postumius Tubertus, punishes with death the disobedience of his son, though he had gained a victory. The soldiers who have fled are decimated, those who abandon their ranks or the field of battle are devoted, some to execution, others to dishonour; and those who have allowed themselves to be made prisoners by the enemy, are sent back as unworthy of the price of freedom.

'Surrounded by warlike neighbours, Rome must either triumph or cease to exist; hence her superiority in the art of war; hence that contempt of treason and that disdain for the advantages it promises: Camillus sends home to their parents the children of the first families of Falerii, delivered up to him by their schoolmaster; the Senate rejects with indignation the offer of the physician of Pyrrhus, who proposes to poison that prince;—hence that religious observance of oaths and that respect for engagements which have been contracted: the Roman prisoners to whom Pyrrhus had given permission to repair to Rome for the festival of Saturn all return to him faithful to their word; and Regulus leaves the most memorable example of faithfulness to his oath;—hence that skilful and inflexible policy which refuses peace after a defeat, or a treaty with the enemy so long as he is on the soil of their country; which makes use of war to divert people from domestic troubles; gains the van-

quished by benefits if they submit, and admits them by degrees into the great Roman family; and, if they resist, strikes them without pity and reduces them to slavery;—hence that anxious provision for multiplying upon the conquered territories the race of agriculturists and soldiers;—hence, lastly, the imposing spectacle of a town which grows into a people, and of a people which embraces the world.—Pp. 87–93.

In this able summing up, we only notice one omission. This people, so brave and heroic, so patriotic, presenting so many instances of the loftiest disinterestedness, whose chief men, also, were so uncorrupt, and so honourable in their conduct towards their own commonwealth, their allies, and each other, were the most cruel and the most perfidious enemies. Never was there a more gallant or a more generous enemy than the Samnite hero, Pontius; yet Fabius, his conqueror, and the conqueror in so many fields, marred his own triumph, by putting the noble Samnite to death, after he had first exhibited and humbled him as a captive. Treaties made with the Samnite foe were shamefully disregarded. And nothing can have been more cruel or relentless than the wasting and slaughter with which the Romans destroyed the cities, and utterly depopulated the territories, of their enemies. An Italian foe was to ancient Rome, what a heretic is to modern; no faith was to be kept with him, and no mercy to be shown him. The Romans came afterwards to speak proverbially of *Punic faith*, as a synonym for the most utter perfidy; but Carthage was far outdone by Rome in perfidy, while the razing of Carthage, and the slaughter or deportation of its inhabitants, was but the fit sequel of such acts of cruel destruction as Rome had been long accustomed to perpetrate in her Italian wars,—was only her last and greatest crime.

The military genius and endurance of Rome, disciplined to the utmost by the Italian wars, and her financial and national resources, which by the conquest of Italy had been vastly augmented, were sorely tested by the first and second Punic wars. The enormous wealth of Carthage, the admirable genius of Hannibal, perhaps the greatest military name in the old world, and the revolt of Southern Italy, under favour of the presence of Hannibal, formed a combination, against which it appears most wonderful that the Roman power was able even to maintain its existence. The great Scipio rescued Rome from the very verge of destruction; first, by his conquest of Spain, which had hitherto been a chief source of strength and wealth



to Carthage, and which he vanquished by his chivalric generosity, as much as by his military skill; secondly, by carrying the war over to Africa, and thus compelling Carthage to recall Hannibal from Italy; and, thirdly, by his decisive victory over the great captain on the field of Zama. From this point, the moral interest of the Roman history, except the sad and painful interest which belongs to the study of deepening corruption and developing degeneracy, comes to an end. In the Italian wars, Rome fights to some extent for her existence; there seems to be scarcely an alternative for her between perpetual danger and incessant conflicts on the one hand, and established supremacy on the other. A genuine patriotism sustained the courage and inspired the ambition of the senate and people, the consuls and the soldiers. A true, often a noble, disinterestedness and self-devotion shines in the character of her most famous men. Religion is a real faith; a remarkably pure standard of morality is observed in private life; probity, simplicity, and dignity, are stamped upon the demeanour and conduct of the public men; the Senate deserves the description given of it by the ambassadors of Pyrrhus, it seems like 'an assembly of kings;' the same assembly preserves unity of action and consistency of policy in legislation and government; the plebeians are well united with the patricians; the consuls do the bidding of the senate, as the simple servants of the commonwealth; luxury and unrestrained profligacy are as yet scarcely known.

The two first Punic wars, indeed, had somewhat impaired the happy balance of all parties established at the end of the series of Italian conflicts. The necessities of the contest with Carthage had led to the retention of the same soldiers in the field for years together; thus converting what had previously been a militia, called out for service year by year, under successive consuls, and suitable only for employment within a short distance from Rome, into standing armies, employed for years together, as against the tenacious Hannibal, or in carrying on the war in such distant fields as Spain. Similar reasons had made it necessary often to prolong the military power of the consul; which was done by appointing him pro-consul, with a definite command. During the Punic wars, moreover, the progress of liberal legislation had, of necessity, been arrested; and, as ever happens in times of national peril, especially if long-protracted, the official dignities and influence, and the



executive powers of the State, had come to be restricted within a comparatively narrow circle of able and dignified men. Things were tending to an oligarchy of wealth, of interest, and of hereditary influence.

It is evident that, on the whole, these changes served to adapt the Roman organization for operating on distant fields, for making foreign wars, for training a class of haughty and able patrician lieutenants, to annex and govern transmaritime provinces. At the same time, it is also evident that they were more favourable to the ambition of the few than to the just rights of the many, to the prosecution of foreign conquests than to the true well-being of the body of the people at home, to ambition and luxury than to patriotism and civil peace. Up to the close of the second Punic war they had but met a dire necessity; soon after, in combination with other causes, they hastened the swift and terrible degeneracy of Rome.

After the second Punic war, terminating with the field of Zama, followed the wars in Macedonia and Greece, and with Antiochus in Asia; and now corruption and profligacy poured in upon Rome like an inundation. The last grand character of the true age of Roman patriotism is the splendid and chivalrous Africanus. The rude and harsh Toryism of Cato, the austere moralist, the pedantic censor of manners, who made it his virtue to wear home-spun, and degraded the senator Marsilius for kissing his wife in public, and yet did not scruple himself to make money by evading the law which forbade senators to trade, could effect nothing real or permanent in the way of arresting the downward course of the nation. He was in fact the very prototype of the keen prejudiced old country squire, hating all innovations in dress and manners, upholding stern authority, and above all detesting educational refinements and the hereditary foreign foe. What France was to our own small country squires fifty years ago, Carthage was to Cato: hence his never-ceasing 'Delenda est Carthago.' What the French language and French cookery were to the same British worthy, Greek literature and Greek cookery were to Cato. Yet even he had to give way at last. Long conversance with state affairs, and with men of liberal education, enlarged even Cato's character; the fact that the grim Censor took to learning Greek in his old age was the greatest triumph of the fashionable culture. It was not, however, Greek philosophy or Greek poetry that corrupted Rome. Her purest moralists, such as Lælius, Scipio Æmilianus, and

Cicero, were the most deeply imbued with it. If this culture had been more widely spread, there can be no doubt that it would at least have refined, if it did not really mitigate, the prevalent corruption. Roman profligacy was characteristically coarse and brutal. The gladiatorial shows were unknown in Greece; nor is there any thing in the history of Greek demoralisation to approach the enormous and shameless profligacy of Rome after the fall of the republic. It has been justly remarked by Dr. Liddell that the corruption of Rome was that of a rude and ignorant race, suddenly exposed to the demoralising influences of unlimited wealth and power; and that they were much in the condition of barbarous races when exposed to the first influences of civilisation, who, retaining their own grossness, at the same time eagerly imbibe the new vices which are opened to their view.

The victories of the proconsuls in Macedonia, Greece, and Asia, loaded them and their soldiers with booty, and filled Rome with the most splendid works of Hellenic and Eastern luxury and art. From this time forth the lust of conquest ruled the Senate and people of Rome; patriotism was lost in this passion. Neither was it so much the desire for military renown, as greed of booty,—of bullion, money, gems, rich vestments, precious pictures, sculptures, vases, and other works of art, military exactions,—the spoil of the nations,—which henceforth kindled, alike in the Senate, the military leaders, and the plebs of Rome, an insatiate desire for foreign war. The senators expected, each in turn, to grow rich on the plunder of the provinces; each proconsul, or prætor, or quæstor, or farmer of the provincial revenue, expected to make his fortune by his foreign mission. Nothing could be more utterly debasing and demoralising than such a temper of the public mind. Add to this the effect on the public character of sudden wealth and general profusion and luxury, and it is easy to understand the change which was within a few years wrought upon the morals of Rome by foreign conquest. To give two quotations furnished to our hand by Dr. Liddell: 'The great Scipio,' (Africanus,) says Velleius with pregnant brevity, 'opened the way to empire; his brother (Asiaticus) to luxury.' 'The Asiatic army,' says Livy, 'first introduced among us couches of rich workmanship, cloths of delicate texture, and all kinds of costly furniture. They set the fashion of sumptuous banquets, at which the guests were at once regaled with the choicest viands, and charmed with

voluptuous music. Cooks, who had formerly been the cheapest kind of slave, now became the most valuable.'

The last brief sentence contains a volume of meaning. Thus was Rome debased and depraved. Probity, self-denial, public virtue, which had belonged as of course to her citizens, became the distinction of a few, an ever lessening few. Rapine, profligacy, and blood, followed the progress of her armies, and became the leading features of her domination. It was inevitable that such a nation should come to be herself the prey of the passions and the excesses which she had let loose upon others. Civil discord and bloodshed, proscriptions and confiscations, could not but follow in the train of triumphant avarice, and selfish, unscrupulous ambition. The civil wars were the appropriate and almost necessary sequel of the final subjugation of Carthage and Hellenic Europe, and of the conquests in Asia Minor. Had the policy of the Gracchi prevailed, public virtue might yet have been resuscitated. But the oligarchy triumphed, until they found their master in Marius. After this all hope of equitable union was at end. The country was torn by factions. There was no statesmanship except in the interest of parties. Sylla and the oligarchy revenge themselves upon the Marians with cruelty surpassing that of the rude Marius himself, and tear away from the people the greatest part of the political liberty they had acquired. Italy is covered with military colonies; Rome swarms with clamorous and mercenary soldiers; the proletaries, or pauperised population of the city, for whom no beneficent legislation has made provision, clamour for public alms, and for gladiatorial shows. What remains for Rome but to receive a permanent master? what for such a city and empire but an imperial régime? After the civil wars naturally follows the grand coalition of selfish powers; after the triumvirate must come the empire.

The Emperor, if he has not presented a very impressive, has at least given a correct and intelligent, view of the sudden moral descent of the Roman people. 'Carthage fallen,' he says, 'Greece subjugated, the kings of Asia vanquished, the Republic, no longer restrained by any salutary check, gave itself up to the excesses of unlimited power.' He then quotes the well-known passage from Sallust, in which that historian says that from this period 'the ancient manners no longer became corrupted gradually as before, but depravity spread with the rapidity of a torrent.' He compares the change which had passed upon Rome to that

which, through the influence of Italian art, literature, and fashions, passed upon France in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. And he brings together two facts, which strikingly illustrate the greatness of the change which was so suddenly brought about.

‘Two characteristic facts, separated from one another by an interval of one hundred and sixty-nine years, bear witness to the difference of morals at the two periods. Cineas, sent by Pyrrhus to Rome, with rich presents, to obtain peace, finds nobody open to corruption. Struck with the majesty and patriotism of the senators, he compares the Senate to an assembly of kings. Jugurtha, on the contrary, coming to Rome to plead his cause, finds his resources quickly exhausted in buying everybody’s conscience, and, full of contempt for that great city, exclaims on leaving it, “Venal city, soon to perish if it could but find a purchaser!”’—P. 203.

It is by such a pathway that history conducts us to the age of Cæsar. We can make no attempt to depict the condition of Rome and Italy at the time of his early manhood. The demands of the citizens for an equitable share in the public lands, for many years past monopolized by the wealthy nobles; the demands of the Italiotes for a fair share in the powers and privileges of Roman citizens; were doubtless the most radical evils, of a merely political character, with which Rome had to contend. The essential problem, politically speaking, was to transform the plan of government from a municipal to a national basis. The original defect in the whole Roman policy, conceived as a policy for a nation, especially a nation which held the world under its dominion, was that it never was in any sense a national policy. The fundamental idea was that the city Rome held in subordination to itself, as subject or as in alliance, all the other cities and all the territories of Italy, and a countless host of towns and cities, with immense provincial territories, in other parts of the world. It is true, indeed, that the right of citizenship had been very widely diffused beyond the limits of Rome, had been given to many citizens of other cities, and indeed to many entire cities or colonies. But still there was no system of representative government. The citizens could only exercise their rights personally at Rome, and of course those from a distance could seldom be present. There was thus a radical vice in the very conception of the Roman government as related to other cities and to the constituent provinces of the Roman dominion. Still it may well be doubted whether this alone would have proved fatal to a republican Roman

empire. Had the best parts of the policy of the Gracchi been adopted by the Senate, it would have probably opened the way to the effective unification of Italy; and other reforms and adaptations, sometimes, no doubt, effected by means of a necessary legal fiction, would have brought within the embrace of an equitable dominion the whole of the Roman territories. Indeed, the administrative system of Augustus might, *mutatis mutandis*, have been carried out under a real republic, and was in fact adapted throughout to republican forms, although moulded and swayed by one imperial will. The real want of Rome, when Cæsar first appeared on the stage, was not an imperial master to control and unite an unwieldy dominion, but equity of principle and true patriotism on the part of the senators. Failing this, it may be granted that an imperial despotism was the only alternative against anarchic confusion and universal misrule. The one want of the empire was virtue. Truly and finely is it said by De Lamartine,—

‘Such was the situation of the republic at the time when Cæsar was growing up to destroy it.

‘He was born amid the proscriptions of Marius, the butcher of the nobles, and the proscriptions of Sylla, the butcher of the plebeians. This date explains his ambitions, and his unscrupulous contempt of liberty. The first sentiment which was likely to arise in his soul was despair of the Commonwealth. A virtuous great man would have dreamed of reforming and re-establishing it; a depraved great man could only dream of enslaving it and taking possession of it.’—*Vie de Cæsar*, p. 11.

We are not sure that even Napoleon would venture to claim for his hero the character of a ‘virtuous great man.’ He has set himself to vindicate his reputation; yet we hardly know in what this vindication consists, unless it be in maintaining that it was right and noble for Cæsar to intrigue and to use his opportunities, alike by guile and by force, for the subjection of the Roman state to his supremacy; that in his case the determination to establish his unrivalled sway was a patriotic and noble ambition, an ambition so necessary and so beneficent as to justify whatever might appear to be of doubtful propriety in the means by which he compassed it. We apprehend that this cannot be very far from a true rendering of the Emperor’s meaning and intent in this volume, although he has not put it quite so plainly as we have done. It will be at once perceived that such a moral and meaning may be made to justify others besides Cæsar; that such an apology might

easily be so extended as to involve within its ample folds the two Napoleons. In his Preface, the Emperor objects to those who represent Cæsar as, from an early age, already aspiring to the supreme power, and as allying himself with Pompey out of a far-sighted astuteness, which devised the policy best fitted to bring every thing under his subjection. And yet in the *Life* itself he justifies his ambitious determination to become the foremost man in the empire; and assuredly he describes him as doing very much more discreditable things than allying himself with Pompey in order to gain the ends of his ambition. The Emperor's own Cæsar appears throughout as a sagacious, intriguing, and profligate man—wise, indeed, in his general policy, and of a naturally humane and generous disposition, but destitute of all moral principle or scruples. The difference between Napoleon and the hostile critics of Julius would seem to be chiefly this,—that he thinks such a character admirable, while they think it to be, however fascinating in certain respects, yet a character to be on the whole condemned.

We apprehend that the Emperor would accept as a genuine and favourable likeness, though perhaps too floridly painted, the sketch of Cæsar at seventeen years of age, which is given by De Lamartine, and from which we translate a few passages :—

‘Nature and Fortune had moulded the man for his part. He had all that wins, and all that subdues men; a great name, great beauty, a great genius, a great character. We may say of Cæsar alone, that he was born popular.....At sixteen years of age, he began to attract attention by his name, by his appearance, by his profusion, and by his noble familiarity with the people.....He thought that this display of license in the manners of a young man would not be displeasing to the people, who like or indulge an Alcibiades, as if a little vice ought always to grace its favourites. Austerity puts too much distance between the plebeian and the patrician; licence brings them together; it gives to the one the need of indulgence, to the other, the right of familiarity.

‘Cæsar knew instinctively, as by a sort of divination, this mystery of all that belongs to consummate popularity. The love of pleasure, and the vanity of a young man, helped him to play naturally that delicate part, balancing between popularity and contempt, in which popularity so often makes a false step. He cultivated his beauty not only as an attraction, but as a farce.....

‘Such was Cæsar at seventeen: already marked by the old, envied by the young, the idol of women, the darling of the people, an aspirant for the precocious functions of the high magistracies, studious, cultivated, eloquent, debauched, aiming at superiority in every kind,



even in vice, born for the salvation or the ruin of his country.'—*De Lamartine*, pp. 13–15.

So far, there will be no material variation between the Emperor's view of Cæsar, and the opinion of those who hold him to have been, however great, neither a virtuous nor a disinterested man. Where, then, does the discrepancy begin? Cæsar refused to divorce his wife at the bidding of Sylla. He impeached Dolabella and Antonius, men great in the Senate and among the Syllan oligarchy, at a time when, although Sylla himself was dead, his party was still in power. Doubtless, these were praiseworthy deeds; they prove that Cæsar had too lofty a spirit to rise to power by submitting to tyranny, or truckling to a party; they may be taken also to prove that he was too sagacious not to see that the narrow Syllan oligarchy was incompatible with the conditions of Roman dominion. It must at the same time be borne in mind, that for a man determined to rise to supremacy, an independent course was necessary; and that the only way to true popularity and real command over Rome and her provinces, was to appeal to the sympathy and support of Italy and the provinces, against the narrow Roman oligarchy. Whatever may be thought of Cæsar's real disinterestedness or virtue, as to his natural greatness of capacity and character, his independence and force of mind and will, his self-collected strength and piercing sagacity, there can be no doubt. By his prosecution of Dolabella and Antonius, he made Macedonia and Greece his clients. It was his first step to power to become the champion of the provinces.

Cæsar lost about the same time his aunt, Julia, and his wife, Cornelia. Already the most popular man in Rome, he ventured to depart from the custom of his people, by pronouncing a funeral oration on his wife, notwithstanding her youth. But, at the same time, he also celebrated the decease of his aunt, the widow of Marius. This gave him a twofold opportunity,—to magnify his own family, by speaking of their fabled descent from Julius and from Venus,—as if he believed the fable, rank sceptic that he was,—and at the same time to pronounce a panegyric on Marius, of whose party he was the most distinguished and rising member, and whose image in wax, carried by Cæsar's orders in the funeral procession, appeared for the first time in public since the proscription of Sylla. Does not this look like a prescient ambition and far-reaching policy? So Napoleon would complain that Cæsar's enemies represent. Yet does



he not himself admit as much, when he introduces the mention of these things by saying, that 'Cæsar did not disdain ceremonial, but sought to give it a significance which should make an impression upon the mind?' It was in his early youth that Cæsar did this, shortly after his receiving the office of quæstor. But who can doubt that he was already biding his time? He conceived himself to be Marius' representative; but he was a very superior man to Marius, and could not but know it. From the first his policy was consistent and daring, but calm and masterly.

Having strengthened his position by marrying Pompeia, the kinswoman of Pompey, and granddaughter of Sylla, at the very time when Pompey was on doubtful terms with the Senate, and therefore so far likely to second the anti-Senatorial policy of Cæsar, we find that Cæsar took advantage of the impression made on the public mind by the splendour of his ædileship, secretly to restore to their place in the Capitol, during the night, the trophies of Marius, formerly overturned by Sylla. What does the Emperor make of this? He designates it 'as an attempt, by a startling demonstration, to sound public opinion.' Who can pretend that this was the deed of a simple patriot, who, without thought of merely personal predominance, was purely seeking to reform the government of his nation? Like the funeral oration over Julia, it bespeaks a well-matured plan. The nephew of Marius is determined to work upon his uncle's position as his own inheritance. L. Catulus, on this, accused Cæsar in the Senate of seeking openly to overthrow the republic.

Cæsar, using every means and every instrument to undermine the power of the Senate, supported the candidature of Catiline for the consulship. At this very time Catiline was plotting his conspiracy, to which there is a strong suspicion that Cæsar was in some degree privy, of which, indeed, he can hardly have been entirely without knowledge. What can Napoleon say in defence of such an intrigue as this? This only: 'In a spirit of opposition, he supported all that could hurt his enemies, and favour a change of system. Besides, all parties were constrained to have dealings with those who enjoyed the popular favour..... We thus see that the misfortunes of the times obliged the most influential men to have dealings with those whose antecedents seemed to devote them to contempt.' (Pp. 305, 306.)

Cæsar instigated one of his instruments, T. Labienus, to bring a monstrous accusation against Rabirius for having,

thirty-seven years before, slain the violent and riotous agrarian agitator, Saturninus, in the midst of a riot, and when the public peace was in imminent danger. This gross proceeding was followed by the condemnation of Rabirius, Cæsar and his cousin Lucius being the judges; and, but for a stratagem of the prætor, would have been further followed by his judicial murder. Perhaps of all Cæsar's unscrupulous intrigues, this was the most heartless and inexcusable. And what has Napoleon to say respecting it? Merely this. 'He did not ask for the head of Rabirius, whom, when he was subsequently dictator, he treated with favour; he only wished to show to the Senate the strength of the popular party, and to warn it that henceforth it would no more be allowed, as in the time of the Gracchi, to sacrifice its adversaries in the name of the public safety.' (P. 317.)

The infamous Clodius was engaged in an intrigue with Cæsar's wife, and penetrated in female disguise into his house,—Cæsar being at the time prætor and Pontifex Maximus,—while the matrons of Rome were there celebrating the secret rites of the *Bona Dea*, the presence of a man being at once an outrageous indecency and a daring impiety. Cæsar divorced his wife in consequence,—a conclusive proof of the light in which he regarded her relations with Clodius. Nevertheless he refused to break with Clodius, one of his convenient instruments; he supported his candidature to the tribuneship; and, having been unable to secure the co-operation of Cicero, he allowed—there can be little doubt that he encouraged—this same Clodius, the greatest of profligates,—a Catiline without his manliness and with more than his vices,—to chase Cicero from Rome. Such men were Cæsar's allies, such men at this time swayed the passions of the degraded plebeians of Rome. If Cæsar's conduct to Saturninus was his most violent outrage on law and justice, his alliance with Clodius, from first to last, was perhaps his meanest and most criminal descent. What has Napoleon to say, in vindication of Cæsar's relations with Clodius? Thus much only. 'Clodius, on account of his popularity, was one of the candidates who could be most useful to him.' (P. 385.) And, again, respecting Clodius's persecution of Cicero, he is of opinion that Clodius '*went beyond the views of Cæsar*;' i. e., Clodius, the Emperor thinks, though, we must say, on the most shadowy evidence, went somewhat farther than Cæsar wished: the Emperor adds that this is 'a fresh proof that such instru-

ments [as Clodius] when employed are two-edged swords, which even the most skilful hands find it difficult to wield.' (P. 406.) But the question which we are considering is whether a true patriot would at all employ, or at least would select for his use, such infamous instruments.

Again, what a revelation of Cæsar's character is contained in the following paragraph, which we take, not from De Lamartine, or from Arnold, but from Napoleon himself!

'Not satisfied with conciliating the good will of the people, Cæsar won for himself the favour of the noblest dames of Rome; and, notwithstanding his notorious passion for women, we cannot help discovering a political aim in his choice of mistresses, since all held by different ties to men who were then playing, or were destined to play, an important part. He had had intimate relations with Tertulla, the wife of Crassus; with Mucia, wife of Pompey; with Lollia, wife of Aulus Gabinius, who was consul in 696; with Postumia, wife of Servius Sulpicius, who was raised to the consulship in 703, and persuaded to join Cæsar's party by her influence: but the woman he preferred was Servilia, sister of Cato and mother of Brutus, to whom, during his first consulship, he gave a pearl valued at six millions of sesterii (1,140,000 francs). [£45,600.] This connexion throws an air of improbability over the reports in circulation, that Servilia favoured an intrigue between him and her daughter Tertia. Was it by the intermediation of Tertulla that Crassus was reconciled with Cæsar? or was that reconciliation due to the injustice of the Senate, and the jealousy of Crassus towards Pompey? Whatever was the cause that brought them together, Crassus seems to have made common cause with him in all the questions in which he was interested, subsequent to the consulship of Cicero.'—Pp. 344, 345.

Is it not wonderful that the writer of this paragraph can claim for Cæsar the character of a noble-minded and disinterested patriot? Such a paragraph is suggestive in regard to the principles and morals of the admirer not less than of the admired.

Here are facts undeniable, indisputable. We do not need to accept the worst reports respecting the character of Cæsar, such as that, for instance, respecting his relations with King Nicomedes; although the mere fact that this was currently reported in his own day, was cast in his teeth in the Senate, was made the subject of an epigram by Catullus, was the burden of a coarse popular song which even his own soldiers sang as they followed in his triumph, may suffice to show how abandoned a profligate he was believed to be in an age which, however infamous for general profligacy, was yet the age in which Cicero wrote his *De*

*Officiis*, and which could boast the honour of a Catulus, and the morality of a Pompey, to say nothing of Cato's severity. Without making the worst of Cæsar's character, it is evident, that, however great he was in capacity, however humane in natural temper, however refined and complete in literary culture, however fascinating in society, however noble in person, he was a man destitute of all morality. In truth, what else could be expected from a man utterly without either religious or philosophic faith, who, as Cato stated in the Senate, Cæsar making no attempt at denial, believed neither in gods nor in immortality, who believed only in himself and in destiny? As Cicero showed about this very time in his *Offices*, there can be no morality in such a man. All, in such a man, depends upon his intellect and his temper. Fortunately for Cæsar, and for Rome under his hand, he had a singularly happy composition and temperament both of mind and body. He had a clear, calm, comprehensive intellect, which saw the whole state of things, as if by intuition. He had a vast capacity of physical enjoyment. He was so supremely strong and able as not to lie under the temptations to petty and personal jealousy and malignity, which beset feeble and more irritable men. He was far too politic, also, to be habitually cruel. If he ever was cruel, it was merely from policy; and that, when military or political necessity seemed to require it, he could be as unscrupulous in his destruction of human life, as Hannibal before him, or as either of the Napoleons after him, was abundantly demonstrated by his Gallic wars. Indeed, it would be foolish to expect a disbeliever in immortality to care much for the lives of men. Add to the rest, that Cæsar was a pleasant and naturally amiable man; and we see the utmost that can be said in his favour. How could such a man be a pure patriot?

And yet the Emperor would have us believe that Cæsar's combination with Pompey and Crassus was dictated by the loftiest motives. 'Doubtless, Pompey and Crassus were not insensible to a combination that favoured their love of power and wealth; but we ought to credit Cæsar with a more elevated motive, and believe him to be inspired with a genuine patriotism.' (P. 368.) So again, because, after a course of opposition to their predominance carried on at all hazards for many years, and without any scruple of principle or any regard to external decency, the Senate, on Cæsar's accession to the consulship, refused to believe his professions of deference; because Cicero declined his over-

tures; because his colleague Bibulus, with whom he had long been at feud, remained aloof from him; we are told that Cæsar was a gravely wronged man. He is exhibited as a simple, honest, frank man, whose only fault is over-confidence in the corresponding frankness and simplicity of others. The accomplished intriguer, the insatiate seducer, the unscrupulous tactician, the fautor of Clodius, the acquaintance, if not also in part the confidant, of Catiline, is held forth as a pure-minded, falsely suspected, entirely misunderstood, deeply injured patriot. 'Love of the public good, and the consciousness of having entirely devoted himself to it, gave him that unreserved confidence in the patriotism of others which admits neither mean rivalries nor the calculations of selfishness. He was deceived. From the Senate he met only with prejudice; from Bibulus only animosity, from Cicero only false pride.' (P. 374.) Now which are we to believe, Napoleon in this passage, or in the preceding pages,—Cæsar in this instance, or during all the years preceding? Did Cæsar really give the Senate or Bibulus credit for patriotism? If so, what is the meaning of the adverse policy, policy utterly and radically adverse to the Senate and the oligarchy, which up till now he has for twenty years been pursuing?

The Emperor has much to say about patriotism, and throughout claims for Cæsar the character of a patriot. To a certain extent we are disposed to give him credit for patriotism, a mixed and modified patriotism. So far as he really desired to see the many contented and prosperous rather than an oligarchical few, the people well governed for their own sake rather than the mere supremacy of the Senate, Italy well and equitably settled rather than Rome tyrannically dominant, the world united under beneficent laws, rather than the Roman state enriched and aggrandised at the expense of the prostrate provinces; so far Cæsar may claim the credit of patriotism. And an impartial judge will concede that, more than any other man of his age, Cæsar had the intelligence and the noble natural outlines of character which might have enabled him, which to some extent did enable him, to conceive and aim at a wise policy in regard to these points; more than any man also, doubtless, had Cæsar the grand ability, and above all the calm and self-reliant temper, necessary to carry into effect such a policy. Had he lived, perhaps, if power had not utterly ruined him, as it was but too likely to do, the world might have seen as much done towards accomplishing the grand results we have indicated as could be done by one despotic

hand. As it was, some important steps were taken by Cæsar in the right direction.

But, so far as Cæsar's aims were merely personal, so far as he aimed chiefly at supplanting the power of an oligarchy by his own sole supremacy, so far as his idea of well-being for others was one which ignored individual liberty, and thought only of an equitable despotism, so far, above all, as in seeking his ends he despised truth and justice, the indispensable conditions and concomitants of a true patriotism, so far Cæsar must be judged to have been a man of selfish ambition rather than a true patriot.

His ambition, indeed, Napoleon admits, meaning, doubtless, therein at once to admit and to defend his own ambition. He cites the anecdote respecting Cæsar halting, on his way to Spain, at a village in the Alps, and saying, in answer to a question put by one of his officers, 'I would rather be first among these savages than second at Rome.' Accepting this anecdote, as more or less authentic, the Emperor asks, 'Who doubts his ambition?' (P. 358.) He argues that it is better frankly to confess such a feeling than, like Pompey, (whom, we observe, all panegyrists of Cæsar depreciate, endeavouring to make use of him as a foil to the superior greatness of their hero,) 'to conceal the ardour of desire under the mask of disdain.'

Pompey, we believe, was a man of much superior principle to Cæsar; in fact, on the whole a man of virtue and morality, and actuated by not a little of true patriotism. But, that question apart, we have to say that such ambition as is expressed in Cæsar's reply is far too personal and too consuming to be disinterested or beneficent. A man who cherishes such a feeling lives not for his country or for his kind, but for himself.

We apprehend, then, that the Emperor's volume will not be effectual as a vindication of Cæsar. Liddell and Merivale had already represented his character to the English reader in the most favourable light consistent with historical truth. The Emperor's partisan-like vindication will, on this side of the Channel, at least, and likewise, we imagine, on the other side, rather lead to a reaction against Cæsar than to one in his favour.

Nothing can have been more profligate than Cæsar's political intrigues, nothing more scandalous than his private life. His popularity with the plebeians, and his success in the State, were both owing in a great measure to his accomplishments in vice. It is strongly but truly said



by De Lamartine, '*Il avait la clientèle de tous les vices.*' In so corrupt a period, this, in the hands of so adroit and gifted a man, occupying so illustrious a social position, was a mighty power. No one did so much as he did to demoralise his countrymen wholesale. He corrupted that he might enslave. Not only his example, but his policy tended directly to this result. 'Games, gladiators, triumphs, orgies;' on these he feasted and depraved his fellow citizens. He made Rome imperial; he initiated a policy befitting its position as the mistress of the world; but by nurturing its vices he at the same time fed the disease under which it was declining and was destined finally to succumb. In fine, with the grandest capacity and with the most comprehensive and enlightened views of general policy, he cannot be denied to have been what De Lamartine describes him, 'the most accomplished, the most amiable, and the most depraved, of Romans, and perhaps of men.' A fairer fruit was never borne on the tree of humanity, or one more rotten at the core.

We apprehend that, while the Emperor has not redeemed the memory of Cæsar by his book, he has done his own *régime* no service. We have said all that our limits will allow in regard to Cæsar himself. We must now return to the lesson of the volume, as it is intended to be understood in its application to French Cæsarism. How the Emperor looks upon the history of Cæsar, in its assumed parallelism to that of Napoleon and himself, we have seen in some measure already, especially from his Preface. The analogy which he indicates in the Preface, he takes care to bring up again in the last pages of the volume. But perhaps nowhere is the degree in which the Emperor assimilates the case of his own *régime* to that of the Cæsarean usurpation so strongly marked as in the passage we shall now quote.

'We thus see that the misfortunes of the times obliged the most notable men to have dealings with those whose antecedents seemed to devote them to contempt.

'In epochs of transition,—and there lies the danger,—when a choice must be made between a glorious past and an unknown future, bold and unscrupulous men alone thrust themselves forward; others, more timid, and the slaves of prejudices, remain in the shade, or offer some obstacle to the movement which is sweeping society into new ways. It is always a great evil for a country, a prey to agitations, when the party of the honest, or that of the good, as Cicero calls them, do not embrace the new ideas, to direct by moderating them. Hence



profound divisions. On the one side, unknown men often take possession of the good or bad passions of the crowd; on the other, honourable men, immovable or morose, oppose all progress, and by their obstinate resistance excite legitimate impatience and lamentable violence. The opposition of these last has the double inconvenience of leaving the way clear to those who are less worthy than themselves, and of throwing doubts into the minds of that floating mass, which judges parties much more by the honourableness of men than by the value of ideas.

‘What was then passing in Rome offers a striking example of this. Was it not reasonable, in fact, that men should hesitate to prefer to the party which had at its head such illustrious names as Hortensius, Catulus, Marcellus, Lucullus, and Cato, that which had for its main-stays men like Gabinius, Manilius, Catiline, Vatinius, and Clodius? What more legitimate in the eyes of the descendants of the ancient families than this resistance to all change, and this disposition to consider all reform as Utopian and almost as sacrilege? What more logical for them than to admire Cato’s firmness of soul, who, still young, allowed himself to be menaced with death rather than admit the possibility of becoming one day the defender of the cause of the allies claiming the rights of Roman citizens? How could they but sympathize with the sentiments of Catulus and Hortensius obstinately defending the privileges of the aristocracy, and manifesting their fears at this general inclination to concentrate all power in the hands of one individual?

‘And yet the cause maintained by these men was condemned to perish, as everything must which has had its time. Notwithstanding their virtues, they were only an additional obstacle to the steady march of civilisation, because they wanted the qualities most essential for a time of revolution—an appreciation of the wants of the moment, and of the problems of the future. Instead of trying what they could save from the shipwreck of the ancient *régime*, just breaking to pieces against a fearful rock, the corruption of political morals, they refused to admit that the institutions to which the Republic owed its grandeur could bring about its decay. Terrified at all innovation, they confounded in the same anathema the seditious enterprises of certain tribunes, and the just reclamations of the citizens. But their influence was so considerable, and ideas consecrated by time have so much empire over minds, that they would have yet hindered the triumph of the popular cause, if Cæsar, in putting himself at its head, had not given it a new glory and an irresistible force. A party, like an army, can only conquer with a chief worthy to command it; and all those who, since the Gracchi, had unfurled the standard of reform, had sullied it with blood, and compromised it by revolts. Cæsar raised and purified it. To constitute his party, it is true, he had recourse to agents but little estimated; the best architect can build only with the materials under his hand; but his constant endeavour was to associate with himself the most trustworthy men, and he spared no effort to gain

by turns Pompey, Crassus, Cicero, Servilius, Cæpio, Q. Fufius Calenus, Serv. Sulpicius, and many others.

‘In moments of transition, when the old system is at an end, and the new not yet established, the greatest difficulty consists, not in overcoming the obstacles which are in the way of the advent of a *régime* demanded by the country, but to establish the latter solidly, by establishing it upon the concurrence of honourable men penetrated with the new ideas, and steady in their principles.’—Pp. 306–308.

There is something almost pathetic in this extract. It indicates at least the profound regret with which the Emperor views the isolation in which his own *régime* has been left from all that is best and noblest in France. It indicates also, in a way which can hardly be satisfactory to some of his old friends, his sense of the inferior and ignoble character of some of the instruments which he, no less than Cæsar, has had to employ. Cæsar was in some understanding with Catiline. The evidence of this would seem to be decisive. He is one of ‘those whose antecedents seemed to devote them to contempt,’ but whom Cæsar used for his own purposes. So Napoleon, as the plotter of insurrections, and even as the President resolved to seize the imperial power, could not but employ instruments of doubtful antecedents and reputation. Meantime the best men of France stood aloof—her statesmen, her philosophers, her orators—her Hortensii, her Catuli, and her Ciceros—and for the most part still stand aloof. The new Cæsar, meantime, has done what he could. ‘To constitute his party, it is true, he had recourse to agents but little esteemed; the best architect can build only with the materials under his hand; but his constant endeavour has been to associate with himself the most trustworthy men, and he has spared no effort to gain by turns’ one and then another of the great men, Legitimist and Orleanist, whom France could boast at the moment of his usurpation.

Notwithstanding the undisguised regret expressed in this passage, the Emperor speaks confidently as to the future. This is a ‘period of transition,’ but ‘the old system is at an end;’ and although the French Cæsarism may not as yet be fully settled in its matured form, it is yet taken for granted that it is for France the one dispensation of the future. The age of the republic is bygone; equally obsolete is the age of constitutionalism; nothing, henceforth, is left for France but imperialism.

‘When destiny is driving a state of things towards an aim, there is, by a law of fate, a concurrence of all forces in

the same direction. Thither tend alike the attacks and the hopes of those who seek change; thither tend the fears and the resistance of those who would put a stop to every movement.' (P. 354.)

It is evidently the opinion of the Emperor that destiny, of which blind power he so blindly speaks, has settled it that imperialism is, for an indefinite period henceforth, to be the *régime* in France. The Napoleons are to be to France what the Cæsars were to Rome. He is at once the Julius and Augustus, pre-eminently the Augustus, of France. He found Paris brick, he will leave it marble. His uncle's greatness was military no less than civil,—most people believe chiefly military. His, like that of Augustus, is to be chiefly civil, political, and administrative. His empire, as he has emphatically said, is to be the empire of peace.

But before we accept this imperial settlement of the imperial question, let us pause awhile. Rome accepted the despotism of Cæsar, because the great city, and, to an immense extent also, the population of the surrounding territory, because high and low together, were base, venal, and profligate, without faith, without virtue, without honour. And having accepted Cæsarism, the people grew worse and worse,—however perfect might be the administration, however wise and great some of the emperors and statesmen, however able the generals, however brave the barbarian mercenaries, however enduring the prestige of the empire,—the people, on the whole, grew worse and worse from age to age, till Rome had become the infamy of the world, and the great corrupter of the nations; till Italy, from end to end, was well nigh as heartless and as corrupt as Rome; till, from mere internal foulness and rottenness, the vast empire collapsed, and the world of barbarians fell in upon Rome.

Are we really then to believe that France is as Rome was, and that for the like reasons imperialism is to be established in France? If not, where is the justification of Napoleon from the grand instance of Cæsar? If not, where is the real parallel between the cases? If not, how does Roman imperialism in any respect typify French imperialism, or the establishment of the one portend that of the other? If, on the other hand, France has been for the last age, and is now, as Rome was for the age preceding the establishment of Cæsarism, what a terrible charge is this for the Emperor to bring against the land and people that he rules; and what a gloomy, hopeless prospect is there for the France of the future! Is it because France, like Rome, is too selfish,

heartless, venal, and every way corrupt, to be able to use liberty, that Napoleon is seated on the imperial throne? And is there no more hopeful prospect for France in the future, than that, under an Augustan and imperial *régime*, she will continually, like Rome, grow worse and worse; until at length, utterly collapsing, she becomes a prey to barbarous Algerians, or to perfidious and semi-barbarous Albion?

We confess that we do not take so hopeless a view of the case of France. Monarchy in France was ruined, partly by the vices of the government, which was sustained by official influence and corruption, and in part by the vices of the lying journalists. The Empire, doubtless, is giving France a breathing-time, in every sense; and, as a consequence, the material prosperity of the country is wonderfully augmented. What France wants is a true middle-class throughout the country at large, a perfectly graduated nobility, reaching up to the throne, and down to the middle-class, and continually augmented from the people, and the general diffusion of sound morals and a sincere Christian faith. The Empire may afford, evidently is affording, the opportunity for supplying some of these wants. The spread of a liberal and enlightened Christianity, and, in particular, of evangelical Protestantism, will greatly aid in this work. By degrees the peasant properties will become fewer, and, on an average, larger; a much larger proportion of the population will inhabit the towns, and will be engaged in trade. When this is the case, France will be approximating rapidly to the conditions necessary to the prosperous existence of a constitutional kingdom. The French Revolution was a sudden and most violent change from a most tyrannical and absolute feudalism, to a condition of things in which, all privileges being abolished, the vast mass of the population consisted of peasant proprietors, unprepared for any exercise of political power, and each holding but the smallest possible fraction of land. Such a country was not the happiest in which to try the experiment of a constitutional government. And, if in such a country each peasant is to have a vote, perhaps the only possible stable government, for a season, is that of a despotism, resting on the choice of such a peasantry. But this is a low, mean, undeveloped condition for a grand country, full of unequalled resources, and can never last. It is but the first stage, since the Revolution, to a better

condition of things. The Napoleonic imperialism is a sort of primary school for the backward French nation. Imperialism must either be modified or pass away. A constitutional monarchy will yet be the government of France; unless it should rise into a well balanced and highly developed republic. French imperialism, no more than Russian, is suited to a high condition of national development; it befits a nation of semi-barbarous peasants. It must pass away, as they rise to the dignity of intelligent and educated men; and it must pass away for ever.

Meantime, the book of the French Cæsar teaches us certainly this,—that he, like his assumed prototype, has no principles either of religion or morality, no scruples, no conscience; that ambition is his virtue, expediency his wisdom, cosmopolitanism his Christianity, destiny his Providence, and himself his own end. His recent address to the Algerian tribes, and his letter of reproof to his cousin, Prince Napoleon, show how absolutely the spirit of the despot governs him. The divinity of his rule is his one article of faith. His destiny is supreme; and his providence is to be the one law and the sole security of France.

ART. V.—1. *Ballads and Songs of Brittany.* By TOM TAYLOR. Translated from the 'Barsaz-Breiz' of VICOMTE HERSART DE LA VILLEMARQUÉ, with some of the original melodies harmonized by MRS. TOM TAYLOR. Macmillan. 1865.

2. *Les Derniers Bretons.* PAR EMILE SOUVESTRE. Michel Lévy. 1854.

3. *Le Foyer Breton : Contes et Récits populaires.* PAR EMILE SOUVESTRE. Michel Lévy. 1858.

4. *Les derniers Paysans.* PAR EMILE SOUVESTRE. Michel Lévy. 1858.

ALL who read much French have read something of Emile Souvestre. He is almost the only modern novelist whose books are perfectly free from a certain colouring which makes us choose that our daughters should be ignorant of pure idiom rather than acquainted with Paul Féval, or even with Balzac and George Sand. Any one may read any of Souvestre's books right through without a blush or an ill thought. As there must be compensation in all human things, some of his sets of short tales are a little dull;

indeed, as a novelist, he must be placed below at least half a score of his more brilliant and wicked contemporaries. But in one kind of work he has no rival: he is the novelist of the Bretons, as the Vicomte de la Villemarqué is their bard. These writers, both Bretons by birth, have devoted themselves to collecting and preserving the fast fading traditions of their country, with a zeal of which a colder Saxon can scarcely form an estimate. With us, antiquarians often take a good deal of pains to ferret out the half obsolete dialectic forms of local speech; but for Souvestre and M. de Villemarqué it was a labour of love to overcome, as only a fellow countryman could overcome, the habitual distrust of the Breton peasant, and move him to tell out what his mother, and his grandmother, and her grandmother had handed on from generation to generation. What he heard from old men and women, from beggars, (for there are still beggars in Brittany, and, *more Celtico*, the profession is honoured, in spite of the universal *affiche*, 'La mendicité est interdite dans cette commune,') and sometimes even from children, Emile Souvestre shaped and put together into several series of the most delightful tales, giving them just 'setting' enough to add a finish to the bareness of the oral tradition. Besides this, he gave us two volumes (*Les Derniers Bretons*) full of local customs, antiquarian notices, habits, and manners, all told in the clear, simple style which is his great charm. The Vicomte de la Villemarqué, on the contrary, more in the strict antiquarian spirit, published his *Barsaz-Breiz*, or collection of ballads and songs, word for word as he took them down from the mouths of the narrators. He gave along with them a French prose (literal) translation; and it is from this that Professor Tom Taylor has made his very spirited rendering into English verse. Several of the poems, as he has given them to us, have considerable merit as poems, quite apart from the fact that they are reproductions as literal as may be of ballads dating from the tenth and eleventh centuries, or even earlier.

But Mr. Taylor's book is one which ought to interest us not merely as a literary curiosity or a most creditable and spirited translation, but as telling us how our forefathers thought, and what was the style of poetry in which they delighted. It is all very well for newspaper oracles to disclaim for us English of to-day all connexion with the old Britons, to pooh-pooh (as the *Saturday Review* and *The Times* do) the notion of any thing Celtic having an affinity



for our minds. Almost all of us have a great deal more Celtic blood in our veins than we care to acknowledge. To say nothing of the constant influx from Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, there is no doubt that, except in a few particular localities, the mass of the population, the thews and thralls of the Saxon conquerors, the thews and sinews of modern English society, are in the main Celtic. For a long time we have ignored this; for the Celt took the wrong side in 1688 and at the '45. Our literature, too, has been anti-Celtic. Even Sir Walter Scott thinks and writes like a lowlander as he was. He has indeed more excuse for so doing than a Celt like Macaulay has for systematically defaming his own people. But the great anti-Celtic influence is to be found in modern journalism. *The Times* and its imitators have so long and so persistently cried up the great Anglo-Saxon race, and treated the Celt as the *bête noir*, who is to bear all the blame, because Ireland lags behind her more progressive sisters, that we have grown ashamed of our first ancestors. Respectable people, who go into the city every day, and who form their notions by the rules laid down in Printing-House Square, have got to say, when they hear of any hopeless reprobate, 'Ah, Irish, I suppose?' or, if any case of pig-headed obstinacy comes before them, they just grunt out, 'Why, he's as bad as a Welshman.' The tide, we believe, is turning; the spectacle of what a Celtic population can do across the Channel is impressing itself more and more on people's minds; and by and by we shall be able to assert, without fear of contradiction, that it is to our Celtic blood that we owe something of our position in the world. This happy mixture enables us to compete with the German in the struggle of life, and to beat him at every turn. Professor Tom Taylor's book is at once a sign of this change of feeling and a means of promoting it; it shows us that no branch of the Celtic is unrepresented in the poetic literature of early times. By the way, when we come to reflect on it, how very much of our song life we owe to the Celts! How poor our Collections would be without the Jacobite ballads, the old Highland and Lowland songs, the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and Moore's Irish Melodies, which generally suit the spirit of the tune, though they do not pretend to reproduce the original words! The Celts have been the great ballad-writers of Europe. It was from Breton sources that the Trouvères drew most of their romances. Our north-country ballads (Scotch, to all intents and purposes) have,



in numerous instances, furnished materials to German poets, just as Scotch and Irish tunes have been adopted by German composers. The German ballad, is, indeed, usually essentially different from the Celtic; it bears a much more decided stamp of individuality; it belongs not to a nation but to an individual. It always proves by internal evidence that it is Bürger's, or Uhland's, or Heine's ballad; the name and style of the writer being more valued than the subject. The German's object is to write a pretty poem. German literature is, we must remember, artificial; the creation of a few great minds. The object of the Celtic poet, mostly unknown even by name, is to immortalise a certain event; the writer's individuality is sacrificed to the importance of his work. Of real *historical English* ballads we have very few indeed. Why, with that cunning mixture of Celtic and Teutonic elements which has produced so much hardheaded ability, so much skill to push on in the race of life and win material success, the English should have come to be such a prosaic nation, is a mystery which we cannot pretend to solve. It is certainly not enough to give the usual explanation, and say we are a people so hard-worked that we have not time to think of such trifles. Poetry and hard work have often gone together: many have been the bards

‘ Who, through long days of labours,  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Have heard in their souls the music  
Of wonderful melodies.’

Ay, who have not heard only, but have given out what they heard, and in such sweet language that generation after generation has been fain to listen. Is it our mixed parentage? Does verse thrive only among a homogeneous people? Possibly, just as in mathematics two negatives make a positive, or in chemistry two strong-smelling ingredients are found to combine into a scentless compound, so our ballad-making British forefathers, and our song-loving Saxon ancestors, have combined to make the silent Englishman, who (like the Roman he is so proud to imitate in other things) looks down a little on such puerilities. He is proud of his Shakspeare and his Milton; but he does not envy the French their Béranger, nor the Irish their Moore, and (in spite of Mr. Carlyle) he is not sorry that Burns was born north of the Border. We lately saw an ingenious reason assigned for the comparative poverty of

English ballad-literature. It is due, said the writer, to English common sense. The Celt never forgets: the old feuds of centuries ago are perpetuated in men's minds by the very ballads in which the occasion of them was first recorded. The Englishman knows when he is beaten; if he still has any sympathy with a hopeless cause, he keeps it to himself; like the gods, and not like Cato, he knows which is the winning side. There were plenty of songs in England so long as there were two parties, Cavalier and Roundhead, face to face with one another; but very few thought of singing them when the struggle was over; they never became, like the Jacobite ballads in Scotland and Ireland, a part of the national literature. It was not by ballad-singing that the Revolution of 1688 was brought about; nor the Reform Bill, nor any of the changes which have made England what it is. Perhaps we sing about things less because we reflect about them more; we are too reasoning a people to be given to ballads. This reticence of ours is the great foe to song. Song is outspoken; it wells up most freely and purely among a simple people, whose manners have as yet no conventional reserve. But, silent as we are, we are fond of hearing the songs of others. From the prima donna, to the member of the German itinerant band, every one who can amuse is free to try his luck among us. Surely, then, we ought to have a welcome for a book which comes in such a readable shape as Professor Tom Taylor's. It is a book for the drawing-room table; full of engravings by Millais, Tenniel, Tissot,—the French Millais,—and others; ending with some dozen harmonized melodies, which are rich with a wild music of their own. And yet it is no mere drawing-room book. In some dozen pages of introduction, the author manages to give us a thorough insight into Breton character and Breton peculiarities,—to tell us something at least about the characteristics of the people of the different districts; about the 'pardons,' (the Irish 'patterns,' festivals of *patron* saints;) about the *klöarek*, cleric, or lad in training for the priesthood; (for the Breton, like the small Scotch farmer, and the Irish cottier, will make any sacrifice to put his bookish son into the ministry;) about the *soule*, or football play, once universal through the country, now confined to the country round Vannes; and about the stories of *korrigans*, and other fairies, in which Breton lore is at least as rich as that of Ireland.

It is a grand mistake to talk of a Celtic population as

homogeneous. Of course, a Carmarthen man is much more akin to a Highlander of Argyle, than either of them is to a Saxon of the Weald, or a Dane of Nottinghamshire. But there is a good deal of difference between them, notwithstanding. Irish tradition (and tradition in national matters generally has a basis of truth) recognises a triple wave of population before the first inroads of the Norsemen. The Cymri were in the land before the Celts; we see them in Brittany in the extreme northwest, the old bishopric of Leon, where the people dress in the sober colours, black or dark blue, which are so universally worn in South Wales. The Leonards are grave, distrustful of strangers, intensely religious, and religiously improvident. As in Ireland, so in the Léonnais, you must not enter a house without saying, 'God save all here;' and then, though the stranger and his ways be never so unpopular, your welcome is secure. These people, with their Baal fires on St. John's Eve, their All-hallows commemoration for the dead, and their gross superstition, are just what the South Welsh would have been, had they not been enlightened by a religion which is in all things so thoroughly the opposite of the debasing creed of the Breton. Very like the Leonard is the inhabitant of the coast of Cornouailles. The name is the same as Cornwall, and derived from the same word, meaning 'a horn of land.' Not, of course, from the Latin *cornu*, any more than *ambhvan*, Avon, is from *amnis*, or *uisge*, Esk, Usk, is from *aqua*. The Celtic words are in every case sisters of the Latin, both being drawn from some older language. The Cornouailles coast, lying under that of Leon, is still more wild. Under Penmarch, ('the horse's head,') in the extreme west, lies Caer-is, 'the drowned city of Is,' just as in our own Mount's Bay lies the buried Lyonesse of King Arthur,—at least, according to some of the legends. Round Penmarch the swell and roar of the Atlantic are as fearful as they are round Trevoze or the Gurnard's Head; and at low spring-tides the Menhirien (Druid stones) appear above the surface, altars of the old city on which, till quite lately, mass used to be served from a boat, while every fishing boat in the bay brought its contribution to the strange congregation. No doubt, the scenery has had something to do with forming the austere character of the inhabitants. One must be more than man to retain one's cheerfulness under the depressing influence of a gloomy climate, some of the wildest scenery in the world, and utter isolation to boot. No wonder if these

people have dwelt habitually on the sadder aspects of their faith, and given themselves up most unreservedly to its sadder ceremonials. Their heathenism was a nature worship, a propitiation of the hostile powers which were always about them for their destruction: their Christianity, such as it is, retains much of the same character. The usual elasticity of Romanism has allowed all the old superstitions to remain, though what were malignant deities under the old system have become demons, and korrigans, and elves of various kinds under the new. Like the Cornishmen of præ-Methodist times, the Bretons of the coast have an ill name as wreckers. Unfortunately, on almost every coast the stranded ship has been looked on as lawful prey. Only this spring the scenes of riot and plunder, described as taking place on the occasion of the wrecks by Hartlepool, were sufficiently humiliating; but the idea of luring a ship to its destruction by false lights, of ruthlessly murdering the poor half-drowned wretch thrown up on the beach just to get his purse, or (as in Sir Cloudesley Shovel's case) his ring, is something so horrible that we would fain not believe it. However, this Cornish and Breton wrecking was a fact; and (strangely enough) it seems to have been confined to those coasts: we have sought in vain for charges of the same kind against the Erse or Gaelic congeners of the Breton. In Wales there has been wrecking; but it never grew to be (as in Cornwall) the settled occupation of whole villages. Living on a barren shore, where next to nothing could be done in the way of agriculture, and where even fishing was uncertain, the Breton (who had not the mineral wealth which in later times gave employment to his Cornish brother) looked on waifs and wrecks as God's compensating provision. The broken timbers fed his fire or repaired his hut, the cordage refitted his boat; never was he so pleased as when none of the crew survived to put in a claim against him. From this fearful view of special providences, it was but one step to the belief that God, who sent the ships on a lee shore, would wink at man's devices for making the work of destruction sure. M. Souvestre's wild stories about wrecking bear striking testimony to the corruption of human nature. It is easy to understand how the cruellest system of devil worship (that of the Khands for instance) can have grown up in the dark places of the earth, when we see how, in spite of the profession of Christianity and the spread of civilisation, there existed even at our very doors such a monstrous perversion of all true religious feeling as

that which led the wreckers to pray to God for a good storm, and actually to thank Him for driving ships upon their coast.

Far less morose, probably of a different branch of the Cymric stock, are the Cornouailles Highlanders of the interior. They wear what we understand by the Breton dress proper; loose breeches, gay leggings, bright coloured jacket and vest, with tailor's name, and date of make, embroidered in colours on the breast. The elaborate wooings carried on by the intervention of the village tailor, who answers to the Irish 'match-maker,' a personage still common enough there in rural districts, are almost peculiar to this part. The wrestling, with its 'Cornish hug,' comes in at every fair and 'pardon.' His livelier temper leads Mr. Taylor to call the Cornouailles man of the inland the Irishman of Brittany. Similarity of religion, of course, goes for something: the Irish are more like, while the Welsh are less like, the Bretons, than they would have been but for their respective creeds. In little points of character, the resemblance is sometimes so strong, that when reading portions of Souvestre's *Derniers Bretons* we can scarcely help believing we have before us a translation of Carleton's *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. Treguier, another of the old divisions of Brittany, lies between Leon and Normandy. The people are gentler in character, inhabiting, as they do, a less rugged country. They are as devout as their neighbours, but they look to the cheerful rather than to the sombre side of their religion. Among them grew up the mystery plays, like those acted till comparatively recent times in Cornwall, which Mr. Taylor tells us are still played at Lannion, 'plays lasting often for three days; and holding spell-bound thousands of peasants for many hours each day.\*' Among them, too, are most numerous the Kloäreks, Clerks, young peasants in training for the priesthood; but in loose training, such as the Scottish peasant gets who keeps his terms at St. Andrews or Glasgow, and works hard at fieldwork during his vacations. Thoroughly different is the Kloärek from the Sulpician Seminarist or young Jesuit. He is independent, eking out his little home allowance by teaching, or even by serving at inn yards. He is, too, the bard of modern Brittany, the conservator of her old ballads, the inventor of new ones. The *sones*, or ditties,

\* M. Souvestre gives (*Derniers Bretons*, vol. ii.) the tragedy of Saint Trifina of Ireland and King Arthur, 'which lasted nine days.'

which are passed from village to village, and looked for, by the Breton *pennarez*, (young girl,) as eagerly as the last new novel is by the girls among ourselves, are almost all written by Kloäreks.

Last of our four divisions comes Vannes, the land of the Veneti, that strange maritime tribe which had, in Cæsar's day, ships worked by sails,—not, like those of the Greeks and Romans, chiefly by oars,—and so stoutly built as to extort the admiration of the civilised conqueror. Cæsar ruthlessly massacred the senate of the Veneti, and broke up their whole state, because they had made a more gallant resistance than most of their neighbours. These Vannes men kept up constant intercourse with Britain. Cæsar's invasion of our island was ostensibly undertaken to punish the Britons for having sent help over to their kinsmen on the other side of Cape Finisterre. Vannes is full from end to end of so-called Druidical remains. What race they belong to, and with what worship they are connected, who can tell? Are they not found in Syria, and in various parts of India? And have we not lately heard of them in the Sandwich Islands? About these very stones of the Morbihan, Sir J. Palgrave has a noble passage, expressing the utter hopelessness of ever connecting them with any set of men of whom any record remains. The Celt always looks on them as sacred. We well remember how, when the tubular bridge at the Menai was building, the boatman who took us to the Britannia Rock, pointing out the great cromlech at Plas-Newydd, cried, 'Yes, there we had our high priest and all, long before there was any Queen or any Parliament in London.' To the modern Breton they are the homes of fairies of many kinds: certain feasts are held near them every year, where the young couples dance, each having previously laid a bunch of flowers on the lichened stone. If the pair are true to one another, the flowers are as fresh when the dancing is over, as when they were first gathered. In Vannes, too, is the forest of Broceliande, where Merlin lies 'dead to name and fame,' put to sleep by his own spells, wielded by the crafty Vivien. It is startling, after reading in the *Idylls of the King* about

'The wild woods of Broceliande,'

to find that there is actually such a forest, and to read of M. Souvestre's walk through it in winter when the snow was on the ground, and hung in white drapery on the boughs overhead. He has a good guide,—a notorious poacher, who had been 'out' in every rising, even in that for the



Duchesse de Berri; and he is seeking the magic fountain of Baranton; but it begins to snow heavily, and he is glad to take shelter in a hut, where he happens to hear two or three of his most characteristic tales. But Vannes is rich, too, in later legends. Du Guesclin's tower is here; here, too, the church of Ploermel, with the tombs of the Breton Dukes. But nothing else in the Vannes district can equal for mysterious interest the 'remains' at Lanvaux, where there are 120 *menhirs* (stones placed on end), and those at Carnac, where there are eleven parallel ranges of stones, some of of them twenty feet high, stretching over full two leagues of ground. M. Souvestre has a good story connected with these stones, of which we will try to give a brief outline:—

'Bernèz was a brave young lad, over head and ears in love with the Pennarez Rozenn, the wealthy Marzine's sister: but as he had no fortune but his two arms, his hopes of marrying her were very remote. However, they had plighted troth, and were content to wait. One Christmas eve it was such shocking weather that no one could stir out to church; so the farmer where Bernèz worked determined to give everybody a treat, and made a lot of *furmety*, on which all the hinds and farm-lasses set to with right good will. While they were eating, a knock came at the door, and in walked an old man who had a very bad name as a wizard, and was supposed to be able to "overlook" cattle, and bring misfortune on any one to whom he chose to do an ill turn. However, it was Christmas Eve: so the farmer, though he did not like his guest, bade him God speed, set him by the ingle nook, gave him a dish of the *furmety*, and by-and-by sent him off to sleep in the stable. Now, on Christmas Eve, of all nights in the year, the beasts in stall have power of speech, for that they guarded that manger-cradle at Bethlehem. "Have you heard the news?" said the ass to the cow, with whom he had been holding a brisk conversation. "What news?" "Hush! is the beggar-man asleep?" "Yes, as fast as a church." "Well, then, on New Year's Eve the hundred years will have come round again, and all the stones of Carnac will move down at midnight to have a dip in the river Intel. That's the time for making one's fortune. You know under every stone heaps on heaps of gold are buried." "Yes, I know it: but what's the use of that? for before any one could fill his sack and run off, the stones would come trooping back, and one of them would be sure to grind him to powder." "Not if he has the herb Paris and the five-leaved shamrock. Let him keep these in his hands, and the stones are forced to keep out of his way, as if he were a king walking among his courtiers." The beggar had not lost a word of all this: he got up betimes and searched high and low until he found the plants of power. He was walking off with them in triumph, when he passed

Bernèz idling about on the down, for it was a holiday, and amusing himself by carving a cross on one of the biggest of the menhirs. "Two pairs of hands are better than one," thought the beggar; "this lout can fill a brace of bags for me; and then if the stones walk over him, that is his look out. Young man, do you want to be rich?" says he. "Ay, that I do, that I may marry pretty Rozenn," replies Bernèz. "Well, then, you meet me here on New Year's Eve at ten o'clock, with a shovel and two bags." They met, and, waiting till midnight, saw the stones walk down to the watering. Then, rushing on, they began to fill their bags. But before they had done they heard a wild crashing noise, and saw the files of stones marching back to their places. As each came near him, the beggar presented his sacred herbs, and the mighty mass swerved aside and did him no hurt; but poor Bernèz, who was in the direct line of the largest stones, was rooted to the spot. He could only kneel down and pray God to save him. A huge stone came on and on: it must crush him next moment; when suddenly it stops and forms a barrier for him against the others which are crowding up behind: it is the stone on which Bernèz had carved a cross: from that moment it could do no hurt to Christian people. It stands sentry over the lad till the last menhir has taken its place, and then moves to its own ground, crushing the old wizard as it goes: for his heathenish herbs are of no avail against a christened stone. Bernèz carries off his own bags and those of the beggar, marries Rozenn, and has money enough to bring up a large family like gentlefolks.'

But we must hasten on to Mr. Taylor's book. He has done his work admirably. The ballads he has chosen are very old; none later than the fourteenth, and some as early as the eighth century. His style is terse, and sufficiently archaic to make his ballads like what we always expect ballads to be. His translation, we feel convinced, is very close, preserving not only the sense, but often the metre, of the original. His book is in two parts, the first containing historical ballads, the second domestic songs, such as are stereotyped for use at weddings, harvest-homes, burials, and the like. Several of the historical ballads tell of exploits in which our countrymen took a share. 'Jeanne of the Flame' is one of this kind. It is one of the most modern, referring to an event described by Froissart,—the heroic defence of Hennebon, by Jeanne of Flanders, wife of De Montfort, who held out against Charles of Blois till help came from the English. The date is 1342. Charles's camp lies outside the town: John of Montfort has been captured and sent off to Paris; but his wife 'avoit courage d'homme et cœur de lion,' and she fires Charles's camp so successfully as to break up the siege for that time.

Jean o' the Flame, I will go bound,  
 Is the wightest woman that e'er trod ground.  
 Was never a corner, far or near,  
 Of the Gaulish camp, but the fire was there ;  
 And the wind it broadened, the wind it blew,  
 Till it lit the black night through and through.

\* \* \* \* \*

Where tents had been stood ash-heaps grey,  
 And roasted therein the Gauls they lay ;  
 Burnt to ashes were thousands three ;  
 Only a hundred 'scaped scot free.'

The French had been drinking deep late into the night, for joy at having 'slotted down the Doe and Fawn,' to wit, the Duchess and her infant son. It is a thorough surprise, and Jeanne's comment on the scene next day is truly cynical.

'Ne'er saw I field to such profit bren,  
 Where we had one ear we'll have ten ;  
 Still true the ancient saw is found,  
*Nothing like Gauls' bones for the ground ;*  
 Gauls' bones beat small as small may be,  
 To make the wheat grow lustily.'

In fact, all through Breton legend, just as in actual Breton life, the 'Challoued,' or Gauls, are almost as much disliked as the Saxons. This feeling has done more than even their remote situation to keep the Bretons a distinct people, and so to preserve among them, in wonderful purity, a literature which in every other Celtic country has become hopelessly modernised. The first and oldest of Mr. Taylor's collection, 'The Wine of the Gauls,' tells how the Breton, penned up in his granite wilderness, used to burst out periodically (like the Highlander in Scotland) and come down 'to gather his rents in the lowlands.' Gregory of Tours says, that these raids were made every year late in the autumn, the object being to carry back a supply of wine from the Frankish cellars.

'Better juice of vine  
 Than berry wine ;  
 Better wine of year  
 Than our beer ;  
 Better blood grapes bleed  
 Than our mead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dunghill Gaul, to thee  
 Leaf and tree ;  
 Stock and leaf to thee.  
 Valiant Breton, thine  
 Be the wine.'

And so the song goes on, in its quaint, savage alliteration. But the Bretons did more than plunder the wine-vats. In the time of Charles the Bald, (A.D. 841,) they drove the Franks beyond the Vilaine, pushed their frontier down to Poitou, and recovered Nantes and Rennes, which have been Breton ever since. Their leader was a chief called Noménoë; 'the Alfred of the Bretons,' Mr. Taylor calls him. About him we have a very spirited ballad, of undoubted antiquity, telling how the chief of Mount Aré loses his son, who had driven into Rennes 'the Breton's tribute to the Gaul,' three waggon loads of silver, and whose head had been struck off and flung into the scale to make up weight, because 'three pounds were lacking to the tale.' When the old chief hears the cruel tidings, he goes to Noménoë, and cries for vengeance. The great chief has just come in from a boar hunt, and swears he will never wash the blood off his hand 'till this plague's washed from out the land.' Filling his sack, therefore, with pebbles, he goes himself to pay the next tribute. They receive him with all honour, and want him to sup in the dais-room. He insists on weighing out first what he has brought with him; and while the 'bald-head king's intendant' is trying to untie one sack which was under weight, he cleaves his head from his shoulders:—

'Into the scale the head plump'd straight,  
And there, I trow, was honest weight.'

He gallops off, vainly pursued by the Franks; and this deed is the signal for a rising, which (as we said) made the Bretons masters of all the land of which the Franks had long been gradually depriving them. There is no love lost, then, between the Breton and the Gaul. To the Saxon, (under which name are included invading Northmen and modern English,) his feelings are even less friendly. With the Gaul he had at least the common bond of religion: the Englishman is a heretic as well as an alien. One of M. Souvestre's most horrible stories tells how an East Indian man was wrecked, and all on board drowned. A little child tells the tale: 'They brought them out by six and eight at a time, and buried them all in a great hole on the beach; for, ye know, being heretics, they could not be put into holy ground. There, you can see the mound. We children go down on evenings, and dance on the Saxons who are rotting underneath.' Far more pleasing, and yet showing no love for the Saxon, is 'The Battle of the Thirty': it is one of the De Blois ballads, just as 'Jeanne of the Flame' was

written in the De Montfort interest. Divided here, as Celts ever have been, part of the Bretons were with Charles and his French allies, part with De Montfort and the English. Thirty Breton champions, under Robert de Beaumanoir, fought *à l'outrance* the same number of English, under Pembroke, and killed all but six of them. The story is given at length by Froissart, but the ballad puts before us all the essential points: the lament over the desolation caused by the Saxon invaders; the prayer of the Thirty to St. Kado, (St. Chad,) of which Mr. Millais has given us a spirited illustration, representing the mail-clad warriors kneeling in a grim chapel, and by torchlight, making their mingled prayers and oaths. Then comes the fight:—

'O, heavy and hard were the blows that brast,  
Not hammer or anvil falls more fast:  
And fiercely and full ran the red red blood,  
As fierce and full as a stream in flood.

'And ragged and rent was their harness fair,  
As the tatter'd rags of a beggar's wear;  
And loud was the roar of the hot mêlée,  
As the voice the great sea lifts alway.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Till the stroke of noon from the dawn of day  
They fought, nor giving nor gaining way;  
From the stroke of noon till the fall of night,  
Against the Saxons they held the fight.'

And then comes the triumphant return to Castle Josselin:—

'No true son of Bretagne were he,  
That in Josselin street had not crowed for glee;  
As these good knights marched back from stour,  
In every basnet a bright broom-flower.'

Du Guesclin, of course, is represented in the ballad history of Brittany. We wonder Mr. Taylor only gives us one poem about him. It describes his razing the castle of Pestivien, held by the English for John de Montfort, or as the verse styles him, 'John the Saxon, felon traitor and rank riever.' The rendering is, as usual, very spirited:—

'The captain of Pestivien to the donjon tower he ran,  
And at Lord Guesclin japed his jape, down from the bartizan:  
"Oh! is 't to dance you've come, you and your merry men,  
That all so bravely harnessed, ye seek Pestivien?"

“ On a dancing errand, Saxon, we are come, by my fay :  
 But, 't is we will pipe, and you shall dance, and eke the pipers pay.  
 We 'll gar you dance so loath and long, that you 'll pray the dance  
 were done ;  
 And when we 're tired of piping, there 's the foul fiend shall pipe on.”

But there are other points of connexion between Brittany and England. Every one knows that to Armorica (thence called Brittany) fled much British folk, ousted by the invading Saxon. Another of our ballads tells of friendly relations, long kept up between the Welsh and their Armorican congeners. In 1405, Jean de Rieux, Marshal of Brittany, takes ship, to carry aid ‘to the good Prince Owen Glendwr, and the Bretons over sea.’ Later, as we know from our Shakspeare, Henry Tudor’s force is chiefly composed of Bretons.

‘ A sort of vagabonds, rascals, runaways,  
 A scum of Bretagnes, and base lackey peasants.’  
*(Richard III., act v., scene 3.)*

The very district, Richmond in Yorkshire, which gave him his ducal title, had been filled, in William the Conqueror’s time, with a little Breton colony, under Count Alain.

But it must not be thought that most of Mr. Taylor’s ballads refer to such comparatively modern times as the fourteenth century. Besides ‘the Wine of the Gauls,’ we have one ballad, at least, by a bard of the fifth century, Gwenc’hlan, one of those who stood out to the last against Christianity. As we might expect, it breathes a fearfully vindictive spirit, apparently inciting the Norsemen against the writer’s own countrymen. We must quote a few of the couplets.

‘ I see the boar break from the wood ;  
 His hurt foot leaves its print in blood.  
 Blood clots the jaws that gape for rage ;  
 His bristles they show grey with age.  
 Round him, a sounder of his brood,  
 All grunting, ravenous for food.

\* \* \* \*

About him, the sea horses go  
 As thick as mere-side sedges grow.  
 Hold firm ! hold firm ! horse of the sea !  
 At the boar’s head ! strike lustily.

\* \* \*



I see the blood gouts stream amain :  
Strike harder yet, and yet again.  
I see the blood rise to the knee ;  
I see the blood spread like a sea.  
Strike harder ; strike at head and breast ;  
To-morrow thou mayst take thy rest.'

It is a fearful picture ; and yet what it describes has often and often happened, not only on the French coasts, but all round our own islands. This English civilisation, this happy kneading together of so many races, was not effected without much blood and tears ; and the proverbial disunion of the Celts must always have thrown some of them on the side of the invaders. We sometimes forget that the Saxons of the fifth answer to the Danes of the ninth century ; their invasions were quite as ruthless, their massacres more wholesale. As we said, the sea robber in Brittany is always called a Saxon : whether he is harassing the natives on their eastern frontier, and eventually subjugating the whole country for a time ; or whether he is founding colonies along the north-west coast, colonies which still remain (as we see them in the north-east of Scotland) Teutons in the midst of Cymri.

Very old, again, is 'The March of Arthur,' who wakes from his sleep 'in the island valley of Avalon,' when war threatens his Cymri. These triplets contain (we are told) many words now obsolete in Brittany, though still in use in Wales. They were sung as late as the Chouan war by the peasants as they marched against the 'Blues.' Mr. Swain gives us here a spirited sketch, representing a band of sabot-wearing warriors, musket on shoulder, tramping up a stony glen, and seeming like earthly counterparts of the shadowy hosts whom the song speaks of.

'Rank closing up on rank I see,  
Six by six, and three by three,  
Spear points, by thousands, glinting free.  
Now, rank on rank, twos front they go !  
Behind a flag which, to and fro,  
Sways, as the winds of death do blow.  
Nine sling-casts' length from van to rear,  
I know 'tis Arthur's host appear :  
There Arthur strides, that foremost peer.'  
'If it be Arthur,—Ho ! what ho !  
Up spear, out arrow ! Bend the bow  
Forth, after Arthur, on the foe.'

Very old, too, are the triplets entitled, 'The Lord of Nann and the Fairy,' of which Mr. Keightley gave us, years ago, a prose version. Like almost all Breton tales, prose or verse, it is melancholy in the extreme. This monotony of woe is the great drawback that will prevent Breton literature from ever becoming popular.

Everything is represented under a gloomy character. The very jokes are grim; and even the delight of wedlock is tempered by forebodings of mysterious sorrow. But perhaps the most remarkable feature in all Breton tales is the dread of Nature and her powers, so different from the cheerful nature worship which lingered so long in many parts of Europe. The Korrigan, the spirit of nature, is man's implacable foe; only to have seen this being is sure to bring calamity. Curious, too, such a belief existing side by side with intense religious faith. In point of fact, the world is looked upon as divided between two powers. God, and the Virgin, and Saint Kado, have their sphere of action; but the Korrigans have theirs, too. God's omnipotence is, of course, confessed in the abstract: but in practice the malignant power is pretty nearly, in its own region, supreme. This thorough disseverance between punishment and desert must, in the long run, tell most harmfully (as it did in old Greek times) on the moral tone of a people: they must grow reckless who are trained to think that good and bad fare alike, at the caprice of a set of malignant spirits, to whom, in spite of God's providence, they are constantly exposed. How clearly, again, all these elf stories point to the universal notion, common to the Talmud with all other legendary books, that the wilderness is the place of evil spirits, that where man congregates they disappear, even as do the marsh agues and miasmas of which these spirits are often probably the impersonation! The Lord of Nann is overtaken by calamity in the midst of a thoroughly good work.

'But yesterday his lady fair  
Two babes as white as snow did bear,  
A man-child and a girl they were.  
"Now say, what is thy heart's desire  
For making me a man-child's sire?  
'T is thine, whate'er thou mayst require."

\* \* \*  
"O, the meat of the deer is dainty food!  
To eat thereof would do me good,  
But I grudge to send thee to the wood."

Of course he rides off, and, after hunting a snow-white hind all day, he comes upon a Korrigan, combing her yellow hair (like the Rhenish Lorelei) with golden comb beside a streamlet. Having seen her, he is in her power. Her sentence is:—

“Either thou straight shalt wed with me,  
Or pine for four long years and three;  
Or dead in three days’ space shalt be.”

“I will not wed with thee, I ween,  
For wedded man a year I’ve been.  
For spell of thine I will not die,  
But when it pleaseth God on high.”

But he sickens nevertheless:

“O, mother, mother! for love of me  
Now make my bed, and speedily,  
For I am sick as a man may be.

O, never the tale to my lady tell:  
Three days and ye’ll hear my passing bell,  
The Korrigan hath cast her spell.”

The truth is kept from his wife till she is going through the graveyard to be churched. She dies on his grave, and (as in so many other tales) two oak trees spring from the double grave; and two white doves, after singing in the boughs, fly up to heaven. This ‘happy ending’ seems compensation enough to the Breton mind for any amount of misery inflicted during life on the undeserving. ‘*Les joies de la mort*,’ are the burden of half the stories in M. Souvestre’s collections. As to this story of the Lord of Nann, Mr. Keightley assigns to it a Scandinavian origin, comparing it with the well known ballad of ‘Sir Olaf.’ We prefer tracing both to that belief in the malignity of nature, which we have said is common to so many peoples. There is, as we hinted, a physical cause for this. In our modern prosaic way we should say that Lord Nann, heated with the chase, down-hearted from want of success, ‘gets a chill,’ while passing through the white mist by the stream; and in those days of no medical skill death followed sickness with sad certainty. Why nature appears under a more genial aspect in Greek mythology, (though even there are abundant traces of the old dread,) is because of the generally healthy climate and cheerful scenery.

We have not space to say much of Mr. Taylor’s domestic ballads. The longest is ‘The Asking of the Bride;’ giving in detail the formulæ, which are strictly adhered to, in Cor-

nouailles at any rate. Here it is that the Bazvalan, ('rod of broom,' his wand of office,) or tailor match-maker of whom we spoke, becomes an important personage. Wearing one stocking red, the other violet, he brings the suitor to the girl's house; where, if preliminaries as to portion, &c., are satisfactory, he and his bride-elect drink wine from the same glass, and eat white bread with the same knife. Then come other meetings; and then the invitations, given formally in verse by bride and bridegroom, accompanied by bridesmaid and 'best man,' all bearing white wands. Some of these customs are still preserved in South Wales; and the kindly Welsh plan—that every friend should give or lend the young couple some piece of furniture to start house-keeping with—is (M. Souvestre assures us) still acted on in Brittany. The whole chapter in his *Derniers Bretons* on this subject is full of interest; and we refer our readers to it, instead of quoting from Mr. Taylor; for it contains at length M. De la Villemarqué's French rendering of the versified drama, acted on the wedding day between the Bazvalan and the Breutaër or 'defender,' who represents 'the reluctance of the bride.' So elaborate a ceremony sets strikingly forth that refinement of feeling, which (whatever be their faults) has always marked the different branches of the Celtic family. In the buckling a horse-girth round the bride's waist, and placing her behind the bridegroom's saddle, while all mount and race off to church, frequently across country, the author of 'Primitive Marriage, a Form of Capture,' might find additional confirmation for his theory. It is precisely the same custom which he quotes General Vallancy as describing in Ireland, and which Lord Kames mentions as existing among the Welsh: 'It is not uncommon to see three or four hundred sturdy Cambro-Britons riding at full speed, crossing and jostling to the no small amusement of the spectators.' But even this 'Asking of the Bride' is scarcely cheerful for a marriage song.

Race has no doubt a good deal to do with this morbidly pathetic tone. Higden, in his *Polychronicon*, speaking of the Welsh, says, 'They are a melancholy people like the Irish;' and (contrary to popular ideas) the Irishman is far moodier than his English brother, varying his moodiness with lively sallies and wild outbursts, followed by increased depression. Climate too is unquestionably answerable to some extent for this 'wayward mood,' which has ever been the great hindrance to steady effort and consequent success among the Celts. These shores,

kept in a bath of mist, and wrapped almost constantly in grey cloud, are not in the highest degree healthy. Man multiplies, indeed, in Mayo, and Argyle, and Finisterre, though the conditions of existence are often singularly unfavourable; but he does not grow up sturdy and self-reliant; he has not, perhaps, enough of that 'hard grey weather,' which Mr. Kingsley tells us 'breeds hard Englishmen.' Chief, however, of the depressing influences at work on the Breton has been his religion. The dark under-current concealed in the Irish by a good deal of surface gaiety is greatly due to Romanism acting on the impressible Celtic temperament; and with the Cymri the case is worse, for the character of the people is different. How is it then that the modern Cambrian is to a great extent free from this morbid mood? He is a Protestant; and in comparing Welsh and Bretons we must give due weight to the influence of religion. Such a religion as that of Brittany cannot have failed to stereotype the worst points of the national character—its gloominess, its fatalist acquiescence in things as they are. Among such a people the horrible features of Romanism come out with ghastly distinctness. Purgatory, for instance, as dreamed of by young Romanising clergymen in what they call 'the Anglican Communion,' may be a graceful and poetical idea; but see what an idea it conveys to the Breton's mind, as noted in the following song, sung on 'All Saint's Eve,' by the poor of the parish, who go round as representatives of the 'spirits in prison.'

'Brothers, and friends, and kinsmen all,  
In God's name hear us when we call;  
In God's name pray for us, pray sore;  
Our children, ah! they pray no more.

They that we fed upon the breast,  
Long since to think on us have ceased;  
They that we held in our heart's core,  
Hold us in loving thought no more.

My son, my daughter, daintily  
On warm soft feather beds ye lie;  
Whilst I your mother, I your sire,  
Scorch in the purgatory fire.

All soft, and still, and warm you lie;  
The poor souls toss in agony:  
You draw your breaths in quiet sleep;  
Poor souls in pain their watching keep.

*Brittany, her Ballads and Legends.*

We lie in fire and anguish-sweat,  
 Fire over head, fire under feet;  
 Fire all above, fire all below :  
 Pray for the souls that writhe in woe.

\* \* \* \* \*

Succour in God's name, you that may,  
 Unto the blessed Virgin pray;  
 A drop of her dear milk to shed,  
 One drop on poor souls sore bested.'

Such a religion, which can only be described as a quaint and terrible superstition, such as Lucretius meant when he talked of *effera religio*, must have done much to mar the character and to deaden the energies of the Bretons. They come before us as a people dogged at every step by a fearful vision of horror. This world is full of grisly shapes and malicious demons, and in the after world there is the purgatory, to which their creed teaches that the God of love consigns all, or nearly all, His creatures, and the haunting sense of which, as something already realised by one's kinsfolk, and surely awaiting oneself, must make many a life miserable.

But we must leave Professor Tom Taylor's eloquent volume; and we do so with a hearty recommendation. Since Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*, we have had no such work. The author has evidently been careful to give us not merely the spirit of the originals, but the exact rendering, so far as this can be done through a double translation. He tells us that besides M. De la Villemarqué's literal French version, he studied the original Breton, Grammar and Dictionary in hand. M. Souvestre, a Breton born, is equally careful to give his tales in the exact form in which tradition has preserved them. With prose this is, of course, a much harder task than with verse, and the conscientious Breton tells us that he first wrote many of the tales in his native tongue, (so as to secure their trueness of form,) and then turned them into French. We are astonished that Mr. Taylor makes no reference to the labours of the poor lawyer of Morlaix. His not doing so must be an oversight. In the preface to his *Foyer Breton*, M. Souvestre claims to have been first in field as a collector both of prose and verse legends. His *Derniers Bretons* was first published in 1836: and his books, less antiquarian in character than those of M. De la Villemarqué, (who, we see, has just sent out a new edition of his other valuable work, *De la Légende Celtique*,) have caused many to take an interest in the subject, for whom it would other-



wise have remained a sealed book. M. Souvestre has put so much into his volumes that it is hopeless to do more than give such a sample as may induce the reader to take up the works for himself. The same melancholy spirit pervades most of the prose tales which we have already noticed in the poems. We are told, indeed, of *Discrevellerrs*, or solemn story tellers, who always begin with the sign of the cross, and *Marvailleerrs*, or lively narrators, but their vivacity is (if we are to judge by the specimens given) generally of a very subdued character; it has none of the rollicking fun which delights us in so many English and German legendary tales. One of the merriest stories is that which we have long known in Parnell's poem, and which is also given in Crofton's 'Lays and Legends of the South-West of Ireland,'—is, indeed, common property of the Celtic race. Indeed, one of the most remarkable features in fairy and legendary lore is the persistence of form which in so many cases gives us substantially the same story half the world over. Many of these tales have spread far beyond the limits of Aryan language; are found, that is, among peoples who have not the slightest presumable relationship with one another. Mr. Dunlop, in his 'History of Fiction,' gave many notable instances of stories passing on, with little alteration, from India, through Asia Minor, where they took the form of 'Milesian fables,' to Italy, and so into the modern collections derived from the French *trouvères*. Keightley, again, in his 'Fairy Mythology,' popularised the works of the brothers Grimm on this subject; and more recently, Dr. Dasent and others have shown how the stream of folk lore seems not only to have gone along with the successive waves of population, but to have spread beyond them. Brittany is no exception in this respect. Some of its legends are taken from what we may call the world's story book: they are tales which belong alike to Finn and Slave, and to Celt and Saxon. Very many more are common to the Bretons with other Celts. Of this latter class is the following:—

Guilcher, a poor hunchbacked labourer, near Cadoudal, is belated on the moor: the Korrigans and Poulpikans swarm round him, and he would be certainly destroyed but that he has in his hand the little fork used for cleaning the plough-share. This he finds to be a sure safeguard, and the neighbours are not slow to profit by his experience; thenceforth none goes out at night without the plough fork. But Guilcher cannot help longing to see how the fairy folk

live: so, armed with his little fork, he goes boldly up on the moor, and joins their dance, making them first swear by the cross that they will stop when he is tired. They go on in their monotonous round, singing,—

‘Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,  
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday;  
(Di-lun, Di-meurs, Di-merc’her.)’

But Guilcher soon tires of the repetition, and adds,—

‘Thursday, Friday, Saturday;’

which so delights the elves that they promise him whatever he wishes. He begs that his hunch may be taken away. Instantly he is seized and tossed about in the air, till he is half dead; but when at last he comes to the ground, he is as straight as a flagstaff, and looks so young and handsome that he has hard work to persuade his wife of his identity. Of course the neighbours are astonished; but Guilcher keeps his secret, till a stammering, red-haired, cross-eyed tailor, to whom he owed five crowns, threatens to sell him up at once if he does not tell him all about it. As soon as he has learnt what befel Guilcher, Baliboutzik (the Stammerer) starts off, finds the ‘good people’ singing, as they go their unvarying round, to the words,—

‘Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,  
Thursday, Friday, Saturday.’

He adds, in his broken speech,—

‘And Sun-sun-sun-Sunday, as well.’

This, too, so much delights the spirits that they make him the same offer as they had done to the hunchback, telling him how Guilcher had chosen health and neglected money. ‘Well, I’ll take what he left,’ instantly shouts the tailor. ‘So you shall,’ reply the spirits, and after tossing him about they finally leave him with Guilcher’s hump fixed between his shoulders. He goes off in a towering rage, and orders his debtor to find the money by next day. ‘What shall I do?’ says the man. ‘Go and try your friends, the fairies,’ says his wife, a little sneeringly. He does go, and joins in song and dance, though with a sad heart. After several rounds, it strikes him that the song is still too short: so he adds,—

‘And there’s the week run out.’

Such a commotion there is at once among the little people: such shoutings, and turning head over heels, and gambols of all kinds. Guilcher has by finishing the ditty

unwittingly released them from their need of dwelling among men and dancing all night: they may now go away to their underground domain. 'What shall we do for you now, Guilcher?' cry thousands of little voices. 'Give me something to pay the tailor with.' They throw off for him their little red canvass pockets; he carries away as many as he can, and joyfully bids his wife light the torch that they may examine their prize. Judge of his horror when he finds the bags are full of sand, and hair, and dead leaves. His wife is very hard upon him, and says the horrid things will be sure to bring ill luck, looking at the same time for some holy water wherewith to render them harmless. Fortunately she has a little at the bed's head; and no sooner does 'God's dew' touch the fairy pockets than sand turns to diamonds, dead leaves to broad gold pieces, and hairs to strings of pearls. The spell which the fays had thrown over their riches is broken; and Guilcher and his wife pay their debts, give every poor person in the parish a bushel of wheat and six ells of cloth, pay the rector for fifty masses, and move off to Josselin, (faithful to the French habit of getting into a town to live if you can,) where they set up house as gentlefolks.

That is a story of the Vannes country; where the character of the people is far livelier than along the coast of Leon or Cornouailles: it is *Gwened*, the land of white bread, (possibly the same as our *Gwent*,) and containing in spite of its heaths much more wheat-growing land than the northern side of the country. Here the stories are far more cheerful because life is more enjoyable. Taken by itself, the second volume of the *Foyer Breton* (chiefly devoted to tales of Vannes land) would be simply an average collection of fairy tales: we miss in it the wild fantastic horror which stamps most of the tales from other districts. M. Souvestre's works have not the advantage of the beautiful illustrations which make the *Ballads and Songs* such an attractive volume. It is rare to get a book containing four Millais', and four very good samples of the master. We never knew anything better than the picture which faces the 'plague at Elliant.' M. Millais has caught wonderfully well the spirit of the poem.

'Nine children of one house there were,  
Whom one dead-cart to the grave did bear:  
Their mother 'twixt the shafts did fare:  
The father, whistling, walked behind  
With a careless step and a mazy mind.

The mother shrieked and called on God,  
Crushed body and soul beneath her load.'

A more terribly suggestive realisation of the utter break down of a whole family we have never seen than that given in Mr. Millais's drawing. The poem, with its hopeless fatalism, should be read in connexion with M. Souvestre's harrowing account of the cholera in Brittany. The strange despondency which quickly grew up among the people, is something impossible among men of a different race and creed. But we must not, while we note the evil effects of superstition in the Breton, forget how far we are from being perfect in this matter, despite all our greater light. Only last year, the newspapers told us how a poor old Frenchman, nicknamed Dumy, a reputed wizard, was dragged through a pond, and 'done to death,' at East Hedingham, by those who fancied he had 'overlooked' them. Similar instances of gross credulity are far too common, and not in country districts only; there is scarcely a town where a 'white witch' does not drive a profitable trade by 'ruling the planets' of silly maid-servants. Our consolation is that they who give heed to such follies among us, do so in spite of and in direct opposition to the pure faith which they profess. In Brittany, on the other hand, their credulity is fostered by their superstition.

We should be glad to follow M. Souvestre through his very interesting *Derniers Bretons*; to inquire how it is that the blight, which has fallen on our own Ireland and the western Highlands, has half killed the old staple industries of Brittany. The linen trade used to flourish; large exports were made, especially to Spain. Now the state of the linen-weavers is described as even worse than that of the poor Leicestershire hand-loom stockingers. The Bretons are all hand-workers; and, while we rejoice at the triumph of man's skill displayed in every new machine, we must rejoice with trembling, when we reflect, that by each new invention one generation at least of old workers is ruined. Brittany suffered, in common with all the rest of Europe, from that strange decay of architecture which came on when what are called the 'ages of faith' were succeeded by the self-seeking times of the Renaissance. Many of the Breton churches are wonderfully beautiful, rich in splendid carving, wrought too in the very hard Kersanton granite and greenstone of the country. M. Souvestre thinks they were the work of

local guilds, not of those 'free-masons,' whose touch is to be recognised all through Europe, from Vienna to Seville. As in old Greece, the arts flourished in Brittany during the stormy times of her practical independence. After the union with France, Anne of Brittany kept them alive by her munificence; but when Louis XII. lost *sa Brette moult regrettée*, they came to a standstill; and Brittany has since given one more instance of the truth, that, for some nations at any rate, a poor and precarious independence is more suitable than union with a richer and more prosperous country. Let us hope that better days are in store for Brittany,—days of greater spiritual light, as well as of greater material prosperity. Since the Emperor's visit, a few years since, the country has taken a great start. We hear of agricultural shows, improved breeds of cattle, 'landes' (heaths) turned into pasture. Let us hope that ere long the Emperor's hands will be free to do, what we feel sure he would fain do,—repress the rabid ultramontaniam which is the source of so much ignorance and debasing superstition, not in Brittany only, but all over France.

And now we must bid farewell to this interesting land. We seem for a while to have been taken out of the work-a-day world, and set down amidst tourneys, and revels, and mediæval pageants, and the tales of bards and romancers; and then to have been carried off to the still earlier times when Druids worshipped the spirits of the rock and stream, and when man could not look on nature in her grander and wilder forms without a shudder. We have shown that these people who still retain so much of their old ways and old thoughts are more closely related to us than we suspect. Welsh grave-dressings, Welsh marriages, Cornish baal-fires, are Breton because they are British customs. In Ireland oppression by an invading race, bringing coarseness and degradation with it, has killed out most of these customs; but the tales still remain. Carleton and Crofton Croker are like Souvestre done into English. We have necessarily left much of M. Souvestre's voluminous works unnoticed; but we think we have said enough to awaken interest in a world which is passing away never to return, and (while reviewing the latest English contribution to Celtic literature) to point out a French novelist, far too little known, and yet, merely from the simple beauty of his style no less than the purity of his matter, only needing to be known in order to be highly appreciated among us.

- ART. VI.—1. *Speech of the LORD CHANCELLOR, upon the Presentation of a Bill for the Revision of the Statute Law, June 12th, 1863. Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, vol. clxxi., p. 775.*
2. *Address delivered by SIR J. P. WILDE, the Chairman of the Jurisprudence Department of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, at the Congress held at York, in September, 1864.*
3. *Lectures on Jurisprudence.* By the late JOHN AUSTIN, Esq. Vols. II. and III.

IN a recent number, reviewing the Congresses of the last season, we noticed the Address of Sir James Wilde, at York. But we think that we shall not do amiss, in devoting a further portion of our space to the subject of that Address.

To lawyers and to jurists, the Codification of the Law has always been an object of considerable interest: it has lately begun to attract a more general attention. Nor is this attention undeserved, for the enactment of a code would affect in many ways the interests of the whole English nation; the benefits which, in the estimation of its advocates, it is calculated to confer, are vast alike in their extent and in their value. By its means, we are told, in the words of Lord Bacon, 'the judge may be better directed in his sentence, the counsellor better warranted in his counsel, the student eased in his reading, the contentious suitor, that seeketh but vexation, disarmed, and the honest suitor, that seeketh but to obtain his right, relieved.'

The labour of codification is of a kind that lawyers only can perform. But intelligent laymen are fully competent to consider and discuss its practicability, the difficulties that surround it, its probable advantages, and the right method of its accomplishment. And, just in proportion as they do so, is there probability of the work being wisely planned and carefully performed. To aid such discussion, we intend in this article to state and explain briefly, but as clearly as possible, the present form of the law of England; and to examine the principal arguments of the opponents and advocates of the proposed alteration of its form. We say 'form;' for in considering this question it must be remembered that we have to do with *form* mainly, and with *matter* incidentally only, if at all.

The great body of the law of England is unenacted: consists, that is, of rules which are to be collected or deduced



from the decisions of the judges, or from such authoritative treatises as those of Fitzherbert, Littleton, and Coke. What we here call unenacted law, is by all the older writers styled the 'common law.' But this phrase, beside being inexpressive, is ambiguous; being used to denote not only the whole body of unenacted law, but also that portion of it which is administered by what are named the Courts of Common Law, in opposition to that other portion called equity, and administered by the Court of Chancery. On account of this ambiguity, some authors have used the term 'unwritten law,' the *leges non scriptæ* being so called, according to Blackstone, 'because their original institution and authority are not set down in writing, as Acts of Parliament are.' Other writers have employed the phrases, 'judiciary,—judge-made law.' But all these titles, if they have not their origin in a misconception, are at least likely to create and foster a misconception of the source and nature of this kind of law; and we therefore prefer to call it 'unenacted.' The maxims and rules of the unenacted law are chiefly to be found in the reports of decided cases. The earliest of these reports are the Year Books of the reign of Edward II., the first of a series of official reports, which continued to the time of Henry VIII. From that time, the decisions of the judges have been reported by private persons, members of the bar; certain series of reports being generally supposed to have an authority not allowed to others. The number of reports is now very great, and rapidly increasing. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, they are said to have been about sixty or seventy volumes. In the middle of the last century, these had increased to a hundred and fifty; and, in 1848, Lord Brougham stated that the reports of cases filled five hundred volumes. But the Lord Chancellor estimates that the volumes of Reports at present number between eleven and twelve hundred, and it seems probable that they will continue to increase at a not less rapid rate. The number of cases reported during the twelve months preceding Michaelmas last was upwards of fourteen hundred and fifty, and in the previous year there had been reported more than eighteen hundred.\*

It is this immense accumulation of cases which is so

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\* These numbers include the cases published in the cheap weekly reports, and not deemed of sufficient importance to be included in the 'regular' reports. But such cases are only relatively unimportant; they form, like the others, a part of the vast collection of precedents.



alarming to law-reformers ; it is this which leads those who regard it from without, to speak, as Mr. Tennyson, of

‘ the lawless science of our law,  
That codeless myriad of precedent,  
That wilderness of single instances.’

But it may, perhaps, be found, on consideration, to be less serious than at first sight it appears. No small proportion are decisions upon points of practice, the construction of rules made for the direction of the business of the courts, and the like. A very large number concern the interpretation of statutes, and particularly of recent Acts by which important alterations have been made, and the law has been much unsettled. Such cases are noted by the lawyer as determining the particular questions to which they relate ; but they have little, if any, further application, and are not likely to furnish material for future decisions. The remaining cases, additions to those from which are drawn the rules that form the body of unenacted law, require the most careful attention. These form comparatively a small proportion of the whole, but are sufficiently numerous to afford just ground for the fear that our lawyers and judges will become more and more occupied with minute and trifling distinctions, to the neglect of those broad principles which give unity and coherency to the law. The danger of this is one often insisted upon by the advocates of codification. That we may understand how much it is really to be dreaded, we will briefly examine the nature of the growth of unenacted law, and the office of the judge in relation to it. We have said that the phrase ‘judge-made law’ seems to imply a misconception. It does so, if it be used to indicate the *sources* of this law. It is true of the *manner* of its delivery. The law pronounced by the judges, if not the expression, is the application of pre-existing rules. And from this arises the advantage, remarked by Sir James Wilde, that the decisions of the court ‘carry with them the venerableness of tradition, while they embody the wisdom of the time.’ Of course, where a question occurs exactly similar to one already authoritatively decided, the judge is bound to decide it in the same way. This seldom happens. Much more frequently a case, without being precisely parallel, appears more or less evidently to fall under the principle which has governed the decision in some previous case or class of cases. It is then the duty of the judge to apply this

principle; which is, in truth, a rule of enacted law, to the determination of the question before him. Occasionally, the judge may find that there is no ascertained rule applicable to the case which he has to decide; and he must, therefore, gather by induction from previous decisions some principle latent in them, but before undeclared, or must, by the analogy of a former case or established rule, determine a new principle by which he will decide the question at issue, and by which all subsequent cases of the same kind will be governed. But always the first duty of the judge is not to make, but, if possible, to ascertain the law. His office is expressed excellently well by Dr. Lushington, in the judgment delivered in the case of *Westerton v. Liddell*,—

‘I am bound,’ he says, ‘to ascertain, to the best of my ability, what the law is which rules the questions discussed at the bar, and by that law I am bound to decide them. I am not to consider, whether, in my own private opinion, this practice or that may be abstractedly right or wrong, convenient or inconvenient; but I am bound to ascertain, if practicable, what the law of the land requires, and obey it. If, indeed, it should happen that the law has said there shall be no inflexible rule on any particular subject, but that the Court may exercise its discretion with respect thereto, I must still remember that the discretion confided to me is a judicial discretion, to be exercised according to authority and practice; and not to be influenced by merely private notions of what I may deem right or expedient.’

With this manner of the development of the unenacted law is intimately connected one notable fault, which Sir James Wilde, in reviewing its history, points out as follows :

‘I am far from the suggestion or belief that this gradual progress of the law, built up on old foundations,.....was altogether faulty in system, or void of invaluable features. It had, however, this capital defect, that the powers of the court of law were constructive only; under the name of adaptation they could practically create, under no name could they destroy. But it was not enough to create, power was needed to abolish; it was not enough to build, unless timely clearance could be made of the ruins and rubbish of past structures.’

This power to abolish is to be found in the other division of our law,—the enacted or statute law, comprised in those Acts of Parliament which are unrepealed and in force.

The statute law is subsidiary to the unenacted law, and incomplete without it. Always supposing the existence of the rules of unenacted law, to one who had no knowledge of

them, it would, in many instances, be unintelligible. It is sometimes declaratory of these rules, more often it alters or abolishes some of them, and still more frequently it is altogether supplementary, being made to meet a case for which they have not provided. Take, for example, the law relating to theft, or larceny, as it is technically called. The definition of this crime,—‘the felonious taking and carrying away of the personal goods of another,’—forms part of the unenacted law. But this definition did not apply if the goods had been originally delivered by the owner to the person by whom they were appropriated, upon some trust, as to a carrier for removal, or to an artisan for manufacture. It has, therefore, been specially provided by statute law that if, in any such case, the person to whom the goods are delivered, shall fraudently convert them to his own use, he shall be guilty of larceny. Again, certain kinds of property, as bills of exchange, growing corn, wild animals and dogs, were considered not to come under the description of ‘personal goods’ in the above-mentioned definition; and, concerning the stealing of these, special statute laws have been made, supplying the defect of the rule of unenacted law. In the later period of our history, statutory provision has frequently been made for the regulation of new cases, to which no rule of unenacted law has been found either directly applicable or capable of being extended by analogy. As instances may be cited, the bankruptcy laws, of which the first was a statute of the reign of Henry the Eighth, ‘against such persons as do make bankrupt;’ and the poor laws, which may, perhaps, be traced to a statute for the relief of ‘aged, poor, and impotent persons,’ passed in the year 1535, and continued until the statute of Elizabeth ‘for the appointment of overseers of the poor yearly in every parish.’ Even in these cases, the statute law may be regarded as subsidiary to the unenacted law, inasmuch as it is framed for the purpose of supplying its deficiency.

The complaints of the bulkiness of the statute law are very different in their conditions from those made of the immense accumulation of cases. The statute law is contained in about forty-five quarto volumes; in which there are said to be nearly a million and a half separate enactments. But of these enactments, comparatively a small number are actually in force, and constitute the existing statute law. In the report presented to the House of Lords in 1853, it was stated that, from the date of the con-

firmation of Magna Charta by Henry the Third to that time, there had been passed 16,442 public statutes, in many of which were, of course, comprised numerous distinct enactments. But of these statutes, it appeared that not more than 3,900 were then in force, of which only 2,500 were applicable to England and the United Kingdom. New statutes are added every year. There were passed in the last session, 121, in the previous session, 125 public general acts; but, at the same time, many existing enactments are every year repealed, so that, if the repealed enactments can be ascertained and rejected, the statute law actually in force may be collected within a moderate compass,—probably in seven or eight volumes. The practical difficulty of doing this arises, as has been stated by the Lord Chancellor, from the fact that while many enactments are directly repealed, many have been repealed only ‘by obscure and indirect processes.’ The completion of the revision of the statutes, and repeal of the enactments which have ceased to be in force, or have become unnecessary, will soon render possible the collection, in a few volumes, of the whole body of the existing statute law.

We have now sketched—imperfectly indeed, but yet, we think, with minuteness sufficient for the purpose—an outline of the present form of the law of England. It is most important that in all discussion of the subject before us there should be clearly remembered the fact of its division into the two bodies of unenacted and statute law, the latter subsidiary to the former. The division is not peculiar to the law of England. It is to be traced more or less distinctly in the laws of almost all civilised countries. In the Roman law, for example, it is very plainly marked, the *jus civile* and *jus honorarium* answering to our unenacted law, while the *leges* and *senatus consulta* correspond with our statute law. Until the later days of the Empire the main body of the law was unenacted, and to compile a complete and exclusive statute law was the object of Justinian. The aim of most advocates of the codification of English law has been, and we believe is still, the same. Jeremy Bentham, to whose influence, direct or indirect, almost every later scheme of codification may be traced, speaks of his code as ‘a complete body of proposed law, in the form of statute law: say in one word a Pannomion.’ He proposes after its establishment to forbid the introduction of any unenacted law. ‘If,’ he says, ‘a new case occur, not provided for by the code, the judge may point it out and

indicate the remedy: but no decision of any judge, much less the opinion of any individual, should be allowed to be cited as law, until such decision or opinion have been embodied by the legislator in the code.' In like manner the late Mr. Austin speaks of a code as 'a complete or exclusive body of statute law;' and elsewhere defines it to be 'a body of law expressed in general formulæ arranged systematically, and complete.' But, on the establishment of a code, to refuse all authority to future judicial decisions, even if it were possible, would be to introduce that uncertainty which it is one of the chief objects of codification to prevent. For no code can provide for all future cases; and not only must the language of a code be subject, as is admitted by Bentham and Austin, to judicial interpretation, but cases unprovided for and requiring instant determination must be decided by the judges. To forbid these decisions to be cited as binding in subsequent analogous cases would be to leave the determination of each case to the whim of the judge, and thus to render uncertain not only all cases unprovided for by the code, but also the application of the code to many cases manifestly within its provisions. Admitting codification to be desirable, the object which should be sought is not to form an *exclusive* body of statute law, but rather by the enactment of what is unenacted to change the relative position of the unenacted and enacted law, making the former subsidiary to the latter.

It was of such a work that Lord Bacon wrote, 'Id ante omnia agito; atque opus ejusmodi opus heroicum esto, atque auctores talis operis inter legislatores et instauratores rite et merito numerantor.'

Sir James Wilde in his address deals only with the unenacted law. His scheme is stated as follows:—'I hope I am not too sanguine in this, but I cannot resist the belief that within the bounds of reasonable labour and time the general principles and broad bases on which our common law reposes, and which tacitly guide the decisions of our courts, might be brought to the surface, grouped together, subordinated in their several relations, and contrasted in their differences. An attempt of the kind, and not without great success, was made by the late Mr. Smith in his *Leading Cases*.....What I desire to see is a similar attempt made with authority and on a much larger scale, to be finally confirmed by Act of Parliament.' Lord Westbury places foremost the statute law:—'What I propose is the course dictated by natural good sense, that the statute book shall

be revised and expurgated, weeding away all those enactments that are no longer in force, and arranging and classifying what is left under proper heads, bringing the dispersed statutes together, eliminating jarring and discordant provisions, and thus getting a harmonious whole, instead of having, as at present, a chaos of inconsistent and contradictory enactments.' How he intends to deal with the unenacted law he states in the following words:—'I hope, concurrently with this, that the corresponding parts of the common law extracted from the reports may be added, so that in that shape you may have a digest of the present law both common and statute.' We are not told by the Lord Chancellor whether this digest is to have the authority of law to the exclusion of the unarranged material of which it is to be composed; but we think it may be gathered from the tenour of his speech that this is his intention. Such an intention, we have seen, is stated plainly by Sir James Wilde. Both Lord Westbury and Sir James Wilde are unwilling that what they propose should be described as a code, or even, says the former, 'as an approach to codification.' They call it a digest. But a digest, as distinguished from a code, is a mere arrangement of existing law, not being itself the law, but only a statement of it, more or less complete. The work, if its result is to receive authority from Parliament, falls manifestly within the definition of codification given by Mr. Austin, namely, 'a re-expression of existing law; the reduction of judiciary to statute, and the arrangement of both into apt divisions and subdivisions.' This being so, it is most important that the end of the scheme—the formation of a code—should from the beginning be clearly and steadily kept in view.

A scheme involving changes so great as those that would be caused by the codification of the law must, of course, excite much opposition. Although it cannot be doubted that a complete body of statute law would, in the abstract, be vastly preferable to such a mixture of unenacted and enacted law as we now possess, yet it is quite possible that in carrying the scheme into effect it may be found that the advantages to be gained are more than counterbalanced by the loss of much that is useful and by the evils of the change. A perfect code may be admitted to be the most desirable form of law; and yet to the proposal to introduce such an imperfect code as must be the best that we can hope to obtain, many weighty objections may be made.

It is mentioned by Bacon as having been objected to his



intended digest of the law, that it would be a great innovation, a disturbance to property and existing rights. This argument, he says, is 'a common-place against all noble reformations.' It is not probable that it will be openly urged against the present schemes, but it seems to underlie many of the objections taken to them. The answer made is that the alteration intended is one of form only, of manner and not of matter, and that consequently no existing rights can be affected. And this is probably true of the present purpose of the framers of these schemes: but it can hardly be doubted that the ultimate effect of their realisation would be to bring about important changes in the substance of the law, changes which, though they might be improvements, would yet have for the time a disturbing influence. It is moreover possible that although no considerable alteration were made in the wording of the law, the re-arrangement of it, and such slight changes in its wording as the re-arrangement would make necessary, might tend to introduce some uncertainty as to its interpretation, and thus far to disturb existing rights. This argument, though not conclusive against codification, may therefore fairly be employed to prove the necessity for extreme care in the performance of the work.

A second objection is made in the following form:—Codification would be the subversion of a system under which all our present lawyers, judges, and legislators have been trained, to which even laymen have become accustomed; and they could not, amidst the pressure of daily occupations, undertake the study of a new system of law. The objection is met by the same answer as is given to the last, namely, that the proposed change is one of form only. It may be said that the answer as applied to this objection is less complete, inasmuch as an alteration in form only would be productive of serious inconvenience to the judges by whom the law is administered, compelling them to adopt in its administration an entirely new method. But the interpretation of statute law has hitherto been as much the duty of the judges as the application of rules of unenacted law; and on the establishment of a code, they would only extend to the administration of the whole body of law the principles and method to which they have already become accustomed in the administration of the statute law. Every improvement is accompanied by a certain amount of inconvenience, and some particular inconvenience at first must be endured for the sake of the ultimate and general good.



It is said that in a state of society so artificial, so complex as our own, new circumstances and relations will be continually arising, for which it is impossible that the framers of a code should sufficiently provide beforehand. This objection supposes the code to be so rigid and inexpandible as to be incapable of receiving additions and alterations; which need not be the case. If the objection has any further meaning, it is one applicable to all law, in whatever form it may exist, because, as human foresight is limited, no law can be perfect and adapted to meet all possible cases. The rules of unenacted law are indeed sometimes assumed to be capable of indefinite expansion. But the fact that it has been found necessary continually to supply their deficiency by the provisions of the statute law, proves that this assumption is a mistake.

The objections that we have mentioned are directed against the code itself; the next relates rather to the method of its formation. Parliament, it is said, cannot bestow the time necessary for the examination, clause by clause, of any proposed code, nor, if it could do so, has it any aptitude for such a work: it must, therefore, place entire reliance on the commissioners by whom the draft of the code is prepared, and must accept their work unexamined, making them in effect legislators. This objection indicates a real difficulty, and a very considerable one, though its importance is sometimes exaggerated. The probability of errors and omissions, which gives part of its force to the objection, might be guarded against by the distribution, before the enactment of the code, of printed copies of its outline, and principal divisions, and sub-divisions, upon which the opinions and suggestions of competent persons might be obtained. And Parliament, though it could not examine the draft word by word, would determine the general outline of the code, and might, by the critical examination of passages chosen here and there, perhaps sufficiently test its accuracy and completeness.

The chief difficulties would arise in the codification of the unenacted law. Either the cases and decisions as now existing in the reports must be set out at length, being only arranged under proper titles; or the rules of law extracted from them must be embodied in abstract propositions, and so declared in the code. If the former plan be adopted, it is hard to understand how the result to be obtained could be worth the labour and time that must be expended; the more so because the bulkiness of the law

would be little, if at all, lessened. An attempt might, indeed, be made to weed out useless cases; but it would be by no means easy to show that any cases are useless. The direct reversal of a decision, corresponding in effect to the repeal of a statute, very rarely happens. And inasmuch as the rules of law are drawn from the decisions by induction or analogy, the rejection of any one of these would render the basis of some induction less wide, or remove some foundation for an argument by analogy, and would thus in effect make the law less certain.

Again, on the embodiment in a code of cases at length, the decisions must either be inserted as they stand, or those of doubtful authority must be reconsidered and amended. In the former case what is erroneous must be perpetuated, and that with the added sanction and authority of the legislature. But in the latter case the commissioners by whom the code is prepared must constitute a new and extraordinary tribunal of appeal, and, sitting in private without any sufficient record of the evidence, and without the argument of counsel, alter or reverse decisions which may be erroneous, but which were made with all these aids to justice, and which have in general at least this in their favour, that they have been acquiesced in by the parties to the cause. But it will be said by many of the advocates of codification that it is not intended to insert in the code either the whole of the existing decisions, or even a selection of the most important and trustworthy, but rather to extract from them the maxims, the leading and governing principles, which do in fact form the rules of unenacted law, and to incorporate these only as abstract enactments, properly arranged, with the provisions of the statute law. Such seems to be the ultimate purpose of the Lord Chancellor; such, as we have seen, is the declared intention of Sir James Wilde. It is somewhat remarkable, that, supposing this to be successfully done, there would be cast aside in the process just what was insisted on by Bentham as forming the great excellency of his code, and what is to be found, more or less perfect, in the unenacted law as it at present exists, namely, the argumentative matter, the rationale or body of reasons which was intended by Bentham to accompany his text, and be to the legislator, the judge, and the citizens, as 'a compass, a barrier, and a support.' But the difficulties of the extraction for the purpose of codification of these rules or principles, *rationes decidendi*, are most formidable in their nature. Comparatively few are to be found formally stated: they are in general to

be ascertained only by a process which Mr. Austin has described as follows:—‘Looking at the general reasons alleged by the court for its decisions, and abstracting those reasons from the modifications which were suggested by the peculiarities of the cases, we arrive at a ground or principle of decision which will apply universally to cases of a class, and which, like a statute law, may serve as a rule of conduct.’ This process is usually performed only by lawyers or judges seeking to ascertain rules applicable to particular and actual cases. The expression of the rule is called forth by the case to which it is applied: the person who requires its direction is of course guided in his search by the previous knowledge of what he needs. For the extraction of one such rule, numerous decisions must often be examined; and from one decision may sometimes be extracted several rules or principles.

Hence it will be understood how very easily the codifier, wandering in a vast maze of unenacted law, with no clear or certain notion of what he is seeking, or what he expects to find, may fall into serious error, framing some rule not warranted by the cases from which he seems to have drawn it, or missing an important principle latent beneath the more obvious purpose of the decision in which it is to be found. There appears but a small probability that he will be uniformly successful in the performance of what Mr. Austin—speaking of it when directed by a foreknowledge of what is sought—rightly calls ‘a delicate and difficult process.’

Such are some of the principal arguments used in opposition to schemes for the codification of the law of this country. On the other hand, the advantages which advocates of codification promise as its result are of vast extent and importance. They insist strongly upon the superior merits of a code as compared with our unenacted law and its supplement of statutes: merits of which the chief are summed up by Bentham in one awkward but expressive word—cognoscibility. In this are implied the advantages of compactness of form, conciseness and clearness of language, consistency in design and orderliness of arrangement, the tendency of which would be to render the law more easily intelligible, more generally and fully known. As a necessary consequence, it is said, of these merits of a code, the inconvenience and injury arising from ignorance of the law would be prevented, litigation diminished, and fraud and crime checked. It cannot be denied that in the abstract codification, even when regarded as an alteration of the

*form* only of the law, appears to be eminently fitted to produce these results; and it is not improbable that by the realisation of a well considered scheme many of them may be attained, though perhaps in a less degree than the ardent expectations of the advocates of the change would warrant us in supposing. For these expectations are partly based upon a misconception of the nature of the difficulties which sometimes arise and are supposed to be occasioned solely by the obscurity of the law. Such difficulties, however, are more frequently caused by the complexity of the circumstances of the case, the rules of law being sufficiently clear, and there being uncertainty only in the application of them to the facts. In a case, for instance, put by Mr Austin,—the difficulty of ascertaining the consequences which the law annexes to the act of marriage arises not from any uncertainty of the law, but from the multiplicity and intricacy of the new relationships entered into. A code cannot remove these sources of doubt.

But there are advantages that may possibly result from codification which have been little noticed by its advocates. Upon the arrangement of the different branches of the law under titles, without regard to distinctions drawn only from the separate jurisdictions of the courts, it would at once be manifest how arbitrary and needless is that present division of the law which arises only from the administration of different portions of it in the courts of common law and of equity; and this division would be removed to make way for a more rational distribution of the jurisdiction of the courts. An arrangement of the law might also lead to a revision and improvement of the rules of many branches of it—such, for instance, as the law concerning contracts of sale, based hitherto upon the statute of frauds; the law of evidence, and the law relating to the liability of partners and shareholders in public companies. The possibility of such results of codification ought in itself to be sufficient to secure for any well considered scheme the thoughtful attention of every lawyer, jurist, and statesman.

No scheme, however skilfully planned and carefully worked out by its originator, can be expected to be successful, unless it be submitted for conviction and addition to other competent persons. It seems to be necessary that the outline should be the work of one mind, but no one person can furnish all the myriad details needed for its completion. These must be supplied by many fellow-workers; each by his own skill and research, but in conformity with the

general plan, filling up the division assigned to him. The work is of such magnitude that it could not be completed in a short period of time; it must be very costly; and it is not improbable that impatience and disgust may be excited by the continuance at the public expense of a commission labouring long without producing any manifest result. It may therefore be well that at an early date a complete outline of the code should be printed and published. This would attract to the work the attention of the public, and show, at the same time, that the labour expended was not fruitless. It might be the means of obtaining for the commissioners very valuable suggestions; and it would serve to keep before the eyes of the labourers in each department the plan of the entire scheme, and thus to secure for their work a consistency which might not otherwise be attained. At the outset there should be published lists of technical words, and other words of frequent occurrence, with accurate definitions. These would be valuable aids to uniformity of expression; and their early publication would afford time for their correctness to be thoroughly tested before their actual employment in the work. In the formation of the code it would be very important that a method of arrangement and division should be adopted, sufficiently elastic to permit future additions and alterations to be made without injury to the uniformity of the design. Having regard in the first place to this, it would also be of no small moment that the plan of arrangement should be such as to admit of simple and easy reference to any part not only of the original work, but also of subsequent additions. From time to time, as the work proceeded, it might be desirable that opportunity should be afforded to all capable persons for examination and criticism of what was done.

A great hindrance to the work would be contemporary legislation, and the continued accumulation of unenacted law during its progress. The difficulty occasioned by this might, however, be lessened by immediate improvements in the manner of legislation, and in the method of reporting judicial decisions, which would continue in operation until the enactment of the code. Some valuable suggestions for the improvement of our legislative machinery may be found in Mr. Mill's *Treatise on Representative Government*: but as they lie without the proper sphere of this article, we can only thus allude to them. Already effort is being made by the Inns of Court and the Council of the Incorporated

Law Society to establish a more perfect system of reporting the decisions of the judges.

The two counter influences which meet all proposals of reform have not been absent from the discussion of schemes of codification. There is on the one hand too profound and unyielding a reverence for antiquity, and on the other too eager and inconsiderate a longing for change. Perhaps it is this latter which at present most requires to be checked. With all their defects, with much that is cumbersome, much that is injurious, the laws of England are yet in the main just and wholesome. They possess moreover a juristical value acknowledged by one who never failed most vehemently to denounce their faults. 'Traverse,' says Bentham, 'the whole continent of Europe, ransack all the libraries belonging to the jurisprudential systems of the several political states, add the contents all together,—you would not be able to compose a collection of cases equal in variety, in amplitude, in clearness of statement,—in a word, all points taken together, in instructiveness, to that which may be seen to be afforded by the collection of English reports of adjudged cases.' But our laws have a deeper and more solemn interest. They supply rules for the guidance of our daily actions, but they also contain the history of our country. They are living memorials of the men who made them, fought for them, died for them. Therefore we cling to them with an affection perhaps greater than they intrinsically deserve, and, while we refuse no right measure of reform, desire that future generations may learn, as we have learnt, to associate with the duties of the present the most precious records of the past.

- ART. VII.—1. *Italy under Victor Emmanuel. A Personal Narrative.* By COUNT CHARLES ARRIVABENE. Two Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.
2. *Brigand Life in Italy. A History of Bourbonist Reaction.* Edited from original and authentic Documents, by COUNT MAFFEI. Two Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.
3. *Brigandage in South Italy.* By DAVID HILTON. Two Vols. London: Low, Son, and Marston.
4. *La Camorra.* Par MARC MONNIER. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères.
5. *Discorsi detti alla Camera dei Deputati nelle Tornate del 4, 5, 8, e 11 Gennaio, 1864, dai Ministri dell' Interno e di*



- Grazia e Giustizia, e dai Deputati MASSARI e CASTAGNOLA, nella Discussione sulla Legge per la Ripressione del Brigantaggio. Torino. 1864.*
6. *Discours sur la Situation Financière prononcé par M. SELLA, Ministre des Finances. Séance du 14 Mars, 1865.*
  7. *Discorso sulle Condizioni delle Finanze del Regno d'Italia, detto da MARCO MINGHETTI, Ministro delle Finanze, alla Camera dei Deputati, il dì 14 Febbraio, 1863. Torino.*
  8. *Discours prononcé à la Chambre des Députés dans les Séances des 17 et 18 Juin, 1863, par M. MINGHETTI, Président du Conseil.*
  9. *The Finances of Italy. A Letter addressed by COUNT ARRIVABENE to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. London: Ridgway. 1865.*
  10. *Atti Diplomatici e Parlamentari concernenti la Convenzione 15 Settembre, 1864, tra l'Italia e la Francia, ed il Trasferimento della Capitale del Regno a Firenze. Milan: Pirola.*
  11. *Discours prononcé à la Chambre des Députés, par LE MARQUIS PEPOLI.—Loi sur le Transfert de la Capitale. Séance du 14 Novembre, 1864.*
  12. *Camera dei Deputati, Seduta del 19 Novembre, 1864. Discorso del GENERALE LA MARMORA, Presidente del Consiglio dei Ministri.*
  13. *Reports of Her Majesty's Secretaries of Embassy and Legation, on the Manufactures, Commerce, &c., of the Countries in which they reside. No. VII. London: Harrison and Sons.*
  14. *Reminiscences of the Life and Character of Count Cavour. By WILLIAM DE LA RIVE. Translated from the French by EDWARD ROMILLY. London: Longman and Co.*
  15. *La Perseveranza Newspaper. Milan.*

WHOEVER shall write the history of Europe during the latter half of the nineteenth century, will have to record events more extraordinary than even those which, during the former half of the same century, startled the nations. Already we can affirm this, though the period of which we speak has still to complete more than two-thirds of its term. Tremendous as were the changes crowded into the fifteen years that ended with the battle of Waterloo, they will not compare, for lasting importance, with those which have happened during the fifteen years since 1850. Great wars are, unhappily, not rare; and those of the First Napoleon had no novel features, but the vast area over which they



raged, and the insatiable ambition of the man who originated them. But with the cause the effects passed away. Napoleon fell; France was restored to her former limits, and scarcely a vestige remained of the conquests which began with the wars of the Republic, and ended with the downfall of the Empire. The Congress of Vienna rearranged the map of Europe, which the wars of Napoleon had disarranged. The old sovereigns were restored to their dominions, without any regard to the wishes of their subjects. Even the minor spoils, captured by the French troops, the pictures and the statues which, taken from every capital of Europe, adorned the Louvre, were returned to their rightful possessors. Save for the heavy debt incurred by the various nations in their struggle for existence, the war left no trace of the immense changes which it had temporarily effected. The new order had changed, yielding place to the old. The old thrones were once more set up, the old land-marks were replaced, and the effect of the settlement of 1815 was to remove all traces of those fierce convulsions which had lasted from the storming of the Bastille, to the occupation of Paris by the Allies.

But while it took half a generation, and required the expenditure of millions of lives and billions of treasure, to reconstitute the European system, far less time, far lighter sacrifices were needed to set that system aside. The solemn compact by which the contracting powers bound themselves to suffer no member of the house of Bonaparte on the throne of France, was entirely forgotten at the first opportunity that offered for breaking it. England, which had been the most urgent in enforcing that provision, was the foremost to recognise the sovereignty of the man who had violated it, and frustrated the object which it had cost such terrible sufferings to attain. The Anglo-French alliance, and the war against Russia, was another blow to shatter the fabric raised at so prodigal an expense. The grand alliance was overthrown, the treaties were torn to shreds. Yet the destruction was not complete. The conflict waged before Sebastopol was to have other results than the propping up of a weak and effete nation. Other interests than those of the 'Orthodox' and the Moslem were concerned in that struggle between Eastern and Western Europe. There was another nation, whose existence depended upon the fortitude of the Allies in withstanding the cold of that bitter winter, and the impetuous attacks of the grey-coated soldiery of the Czar. The wily Metternich, who forty years

before had, by the valour of Austria in the field, obtained at the Congress of Vienna the restoration of her Italian possessions, little thought that his cautious neutrality would lead to the loss of the richest part of them. While he temporized, and lost the opportunity which offered itself, of securing the active alliance of England, in the event of a future attack upon Austria, another statesman, little known, seized the occasion as the first step towards the fulfilment of a youthful dream, in which he saw himself the chief minister of united Italy. While Metternich was priding himself upon a 'masterly inactivity,' Cavour was urging his sovereign to send a body of Sardinian troops to the Crimea. The little sub-Alpine kingdom had not then recovered from the disasters of 1849; and the people who remembered the defeat of Novara, thought it madness to involve the Sardinian army in the doubtful issue of the siege of Sebastopol. These scruples and objections Cavour overcame. Hence it happened that the first battle on behalf of Italian unity was fought not on Italian, but Russian soil, not on the Ticino, but the Tchernaya. The victory of August 24th, due to the bravery of the present Premier of Italy and his troops, saved the Allies from a great danger, prepared the way for the crowning victory of September 8th, and obtained for Sardinia a position in public estimation which Cavour took care to improve every year. He reaped the first-fruits of his boldness and foresight, by obtaining admission to the Congress at Paris, in spite of the insolent remonstrances of Count Buol, who thought that *fainéant* Austria had a right to be present, while brave Sardinia had none. He obtained a further victory when he succeeded, notwithstanding the protests of the Austrian plenipotentiary, in bringing the condition of Italy before the Congress, and in getting her complaints recorded in a diplomatic document. Thenceforth, the Italian was a European question. Italy became something more than 'a geographical expression.'

The Peace of Paris contained the elements of a new war. In 1856, Cavour wrote, 'In three years we shall have war in earnest.' His prophecy was fulfilled almost to a day. He based it on the attitude of France. There had been two parties at the Congress; that headed by England, who, having just got her military resources in order, was loth to make peace, and endeavoured to make hard terms with her enemy; and that headed by France, who, having exhausted her resources, and having lost no fewer than ninety thousand men, (as during the last few weeks has for the first time

been publicly admitted,) was disposed to offer Russia easy conditions. Cavour sided with Walewski, and soon afterwards found to his chagrin that he had thereby deeply offended Lord Clarendon, or rather the English plenipotentiary's superior, Lord Palmerston. Strange as it may seem now, the prime minister of England was nine years ago strongly opposed to the Italian cause; and hence, the Italian minister, after a disappointing visit to England, was compelled to fall back upon France. There he obtained such a promise of support, as emboldened him to predict war in three years. The Orsini plot reminded Napoleon that he could not with impunity neglect his promise; and, twelve months later, on New Year's Day, 1859, he made that memorable speech to Baron Hübner, the Austrian minister, which, among minor consequences, sent the funds tumbling down in every bourse of Europe, and established the reputation of Mr. Reuter, who was then struggling into fame, and who, by transmitting the Imperial speech with unprecedented rapidity, obtained for himself the position of chief purveyor of news. The more important effect of the Imperial Manifesto was the levying of armies, and the preparation for another struggle on the blood-stained plains of Lombardy.

There were not many English tourists on the south of the Alps during the summer of 1859. It was not the heat which kept them away, though that was almost unprecedented. Fahrenheit at 95° in the shade will not deter the British sight-seer, and he will be seen pacing painfully up and down the deserted streets, running into imminent danger of a sunstroke, when the inhabitants are taking refuge in their darkened houses against the fierce heat and blinding glare. Italy had other visitors that year. They came from the west over the Cenis, and from the north over the Stelvio, speaking many tongues, and, encamping on the banks of the Po, soon gave token that they were bent on sterner work than sauntering through picture galleries and lounging in churches. Their movements involved the fate of kingdoms. The whole world watched them, as they passed from town to town and from province to province; for, as they advanced or receded, the world was the gainer or the loser. Those tourists who did encounter the risks and annoyances inevitable in visiting a country where two hundred thousand troops were arrayed for battle, and where, as *Bradshaw* warned them, the trains were 'uncertain because of the war,' found ample reward. 'It is worth all that

remains of life to have lived one year in Italy,' is the sentiment which Walter Savage Landor puts into the mouth of one of his talkers. Certainly it was worth a good many ordinary tours to have visited North Italy during the months of May, June, and July, 1859. It was true that one might go for days without hearing the familiar tones of one's fellow-countrymen; but instead one might listen to the animated conversation of fellow-soldiers of the allied armies, striving to make themselves understood to each other in a lingo half Italian, half French. The English tourist might be the only representative of his nation at the table d'hôte in Bair's splendid salon at Milan; but, instead, he had for company men covered with orders and blazing with decorations, whose conversation was vastly more edifying than the ordinary chat of sight-seers who had been 'doing' the Brera that morning, and were going to 'do' the Ambrosian Library on the morrow. Moreover, even for those who had not the good fortune to witness the sharp conflict at Magenta, or the tremendous struggle of Solferino, there were incidents of the war full of deepest interest. There were the hospitals at Brescia, where thousands of men, suffering from every sort of injury that devilish implement can inflict, lay wrestling with death; or in Milan itself, there were the churches turned into hospitals, where the wounded lay in carven stalls, and the Sisters of Charity glided about from one sufferer to another, soothing their pain, and receiving for reward the look of almost adoring gratitude. Then, though the bearers of the unmistakeable 'Murrays' were few, how full the streets were of life!—life not such as we see it in Fleet Street, steady, uniform, and, though active, not a little prosaic; but joyous, animated, fervent, the life of a people but a few days raised from the death of foreign bondage. All the day long the streets of aristocratic Milan were thronged with people keeping holiday. Wherever a detachment of the familiar blue-coated, red-trousered soldiery of France paraded, there would be a crowd of cheering Italians. Every house fluttered its two tricolours,—the red, white, and blue of France; the red, white, and green of Sardinia,—nay, of *Italy*; for had not the leader of the host sworn to free 'Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic,' and had he not already chased the hated *Tedeschi* out of Lombardy to their fastness of the Quadrilateral? This waking dream of joy, this intoxication of a people newly endowed with liberty, alas! was but short-lived. Even while the Milanese were preparing to do honour in their

glorious cathedral to 'the brave fallen on the fields of victory,' and to him whose sad fate it had been to lead them from the field of seemingly irretrievable disaster, the brave but unhappy Charles Albert, came the woful tidings of the armistice of Villafranca, the incredible news that the victor had stopped short in the path of victory. Not at first would the Milanese, who had but a month before listened with feverish eagerness to the distant roar of battle outside their city, and after a painful suspense seen with indescribable exultation the Austrians flying from the place in which they had so long held hated sovereignty,—not at first would they believe that Venice, the 'poor widowed queen,' as they called her, was still to be left desolate and oppressed, and that the fastnesses on the Mincio and the Adige were to remain in the hands of the German as a perpetual menace against Italy. By degrees the sad truth became known; and although the Italians, remembering the benefits already conferred by France, still attempted to maintain the outward signs of politeness, the cordiality, the overflowing hospitality, which made the most ancient aristocracy in Europe parade in public with the lowest French private, were gone, and they have never since returned. For a great opportunity was thrown away, as it seemed, in the very wantonness of caprice.

It happened to the present writer to be an eye-witness of these events, and how truly the presentiments which they occasioned were justified he has lately had an opportunity of ascertaining. A visit to the Quadrilateral at the present time may well make one despair of the liberation of Venetia. That which was strong before is now seemingly impregnable. All that the skill of the military engineer can devise has been effected to make this fourfold fortress safe against all attack. Line beyond line of intrenchments has been thrown up, so that if this or that were taken, there is still an inner wall of defence. The heights, as around Verona, have been converted into a chain of fortresses, commanding that city and the adjacent plain of the Adige. The very rivers have had their courses altered, as at Peschiera, where the Mincio has been made to strengthen the fortress whose guns now frown over Italian territory. Nor is this all. While the military engineer has been busy, the civil engineer has been equally active, and has accomplished quite as much towards making the Quadrilateral secure. Railways have been constructed with wonderful rapidity, so that all parts of Venetia are now in immediate communication; while a greater

achievement than these will, when it is completed two years hence, be the line that is being carried right into the heart of the Tyrolese Alps in spite of the most formidable obstacles, and which will place the whole of Austria north of the mountains within a few hours' journey of the remaining imperial possessions in Italy. Thus, when we learn, as we have lately been told by General Benedek, that the Austrian army in Venetia will be reduced by 70,000 men, this reduction means not only that Austria believes Italy to be unprepared for another struggle, but that she herself is wholly prepared to resist it, and could, at the first symptom of danger, pour across the Alps a larger army, and with greater speed, than army has ever yet been sent.

But while the incorporation of Venetia into the kingdom of Italy is, we fear, impossible under any other circumstances than a simultaneous revolution throughout the mongrel dominions of Austria, or a voluntary surrender for adequate compensation, both highly improbable contingencies, and while therefore we cannot but lament the sudden drawing back of Napoleon from the work to which he had pledged himself, there is ample cause of satisfaction in the events which have succeeded the armistice of Villafranca. It is not easy to determine what led to that armistice. The arming of Prussia, and the movement of troops across the Rhine, may have determined the Emperor to put the close to a war which threatened to involve the greater part of Europe. Or it may be that he dared not in that season of tropical heat expose his troops to the arduous task of laying siege to the Quadrilateral. Or the carnage of Solferino, in which no fewer than twelve thousand of his troops were put *hors de combat*; or lastly,—but, *pace* Mr. Kinglake, least probably,—personal apprehension, aroused by his narrow escape on the memorable Midsummer day, when, while the struggle was still going on around the hill of Solferino, a shot fell among his staff, and killed the horse of Baron Larrey, who was sitting near him,—may have sickened the French Emperor of war, albeit this campaign of four weeks was his first. Whatever may have been the cause of the armistice, it must always be remembered that Napoleon III. is not, like Napoleon I., a general, but a statesman; and motives equally subtle with those which induced him against the wish of England to make peace with Russia in 1856, may have determined him against the wish of Italy to make peace with Austria in 1859. The event, lamentable as it seemed at the time, has not been without good result.



Experience has shown that 'while France is the only nation which makes war for an idea,' her ideas are very substantial, and are generally realised by the acquisition of domains. The fatal sixth of July, when the two Emperors smoked together in the little village inn their calumet of peace, at first drove Cavour to despair as well as from office. But he speedily recovered himself. His boundless resources, his indomitable energy, soon devised a solace for the disappointment that seemed at first to have destroyed the designs of a lifetime; and since no more help was to be had from France, he was fain to adopt the Mazzinian motto, *Italia fara da se*.

When, in July, 1858, that celebrated interview took place at Plombières, between the Emperor and the Sardinian minister, the first said to the second, 'There are but three men in Europe, and two of these are in this room:' for a year these two men worked in concert, but from July 6th, 1859, they became rivals and foes, none the less deadly that the outward signs of friendship were maintained. The history of Italy thenceforward became a diplomatic struggle, the intensity of which wore out in two years the strength of the combatant whose powers were the more severely taxed, because he had infinitely more at stake. The very last thing which Napoleon intended was that which for thirty years had been the first thing in Cavour's mind, the formation of a kingdom of Italy. The armistice of Villafranca was followed a few weeks later by the treaty of Zurich; and it was determined that while Lombardy should be ceded to Sardinia, the dukes of Central Italy, who had fled from their subjects, should be restored to their dominions. And for France, what was her reward? Nothing, as it appeared, but *la gloire*, and the repayment of her expenses. The Plombières programme had not been carried out, Italy was not free to the Adriatic, and therefore the Emperor could not claim his promised reward, Nice and Savoy. He had nobler game in view. Though the Italian dukes were to be reinstated, he instituted a Napoleonist propaganda throughout the Duchies: skilful agents were sent there to prepare the way, not for Victor Emmanuel, but for Victor Emmanuel's son-in-law, who, by arriving at Solferino just in time to be too late for the fray, had earned for himself a ridiculous epithet. But the persons most interested had no intention of submitting themselves to the rule of 'Monsieur Plon-plon.' They had far other ideas; and it was the business of a middle-aged gentleman



farmer, cultivating his rice fields at Léri, to bring these ideas to good effect. Cavour, though he had retired to his farm, really directed the policy of his country at this time. It was he who resolved to compensate the loss of Venetia by the gain of Tuscany and Æmilia. The Tuscans and inhabitants of the Duchies, which collectively were known under the latter name, were willing coadjutors. The chambers of Modena and Parma appointed a dictator, Farini; and the Tuscan chambers placed Ricasoli in a similar position. They sent deputations, not to Paris, but to Turin, there to seek a sovereign. Fòiled in his attempt to find a throne for his cousin, Napoleon determined to frustrate the annexation of the Duchies to Sardinia. The imperial emissaries in Central Italy having failed, the imperial scribes in Paris were set to work, and the pamphlet *Le Pape et le Congrès* explained the last *idée Napoléonienne*. It came to signal grief. The causes of its failure were threefold: first and chiefly, the resolution of the Duchies themselves; secondly, the skilful diplomacy of Cavour; thirdly, the opposition of England. Concerning this last cause, something should now be said.

The times had greatly changed since Cavour made his visit to London in 1856, and found Lord Palmerston coldly repellent to all appeals in behalf of Italy. Since then, there had been two changes of ministry. The government of Lord Derby had given its sympathy and moral support to Austria during the war, although nine-tenths of the people of England prayed for the success of the allied armies. The foreign policy of the Conservative administration was one of the grounds of accusation raised by the Liberals in the general election of 1859. Lord John Russell succeeded the Earl of Malmesbury at the Foreign Office on the very eve of Solferino; and thus the change of policy towards the combatants, which it was incumbent upon the new Cabinet to adopt, was, by good fortune, coincident with the triumph of the party now favoured. Nor need it be supposed that this change was the result of mere politic prudence. Whatever blunders the present Foreign Minister may have committed during his tenure of the office he now holds, he has always heartily and consistently supported the cause of Italian unity; and that this support, though not given in the shape of bayonets, was not valueless, we have the testimony of the foremost living Italian, who is accustomed to think lightly of

diplomacy,—Garibaldi. There was another reason which prompted our Government to side with Italy. Rumour had begun to speak of the secret convention of Plombières. The triumvirate of Gallophobists, Messrs. Kinglake, Horsman, and Roebuck, had denounced that convention in Parliament with speeches of impassioned bitterness. At that very time, the British and French Governments were arranging the details of the Treaty of Commerce. Nevertheless, so keen was the resentment excited by the contemplated annexation of Nice and Savoy, that our Foreign Secretary declared that henceforth England must seek for new allies; and, as we have reason to know, urgent orders were sent to Woolwich and our dockyards to prepare for hostilities.\* Thus the curious spectacle was presented of two nations on the verge of war, while they were negotiating a treaty which was to bind them more closely together, and render war all but impossible.

Unable to secure central Italy for his cousin, Napoleon was determined that it should not pass into the hands of his ally without compensating for his disappointment. He reverted to the old arrangement of Plombières; and although he had not fulfilled his part of the contract by freeing Italy to the Adriatic, and although, so far from helping Italy to that substitute for Venetia which now offered in the Duchies, he had used his utmost endeavours to prevent the annexation of those provinces, he still claimed his reward. The plebiscite, by which an overwhelming majority of the population of Æmilia and Tuscany voted for annexation to Sardinia, destroyed the last hope of Napoleon. So he was fain to content himself with the inferior prize; and, in place of the city of Lorenzo the magnificent, to be satisfied with the shabby Savoyard capital of Chambéry. To make that secure, the troops, which entered Italy to enfranchise it, remained there to intimidate it. Six months had passed since Solferino when the new year opened; and the victors still lingered in Lombardy. They returned across the Alps in time to witness, but, of

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\* It is to the alarm which then prevailed, that we, in great measure, owe the useless expenditure of three millions sterling upon the now exploded Armstrong artillery. During the height of the panic, three thousand Armstrong guns were ordered before one was tried. It was not till three hundred of them had been made, that it was thought desirable to test them. They were at once found to be worthless; and they now cumber the 'cemetery' at Woolwich Arsenal. This is but one instance out of many of similar recklessness.

course, not to influence, the great moral triumph of a people enjoying free institutions by their own votes becoming the subjects of a despotic sovereign.

The opening of the year 1860 was marked by three events,—the excommunication of Victor Emmanuel by the Pope, the fall of the Rattazzi-La Marmora ministry, and the cession of Savoy and Nice. The first of these was due to the bold policy which had been carried out in that portion of the Papal possessions known as the Romagna, and by which that important province had been liberated from Papal rule, and annexed to the new kingdom of Northern Italy. This feat was due to the energy of Garibaldi. No less than Cavour he had been enraged by the peace of Villafranca, but both soon found new fields to conquer. Elected generalissimo of Central Italy, Garibaldi took up his head quarters at Bologna, and called upon the Swiss mercenaries of the Pope to join him in giving freedom to the unwilling subjects of the Papacy. Volunteers flocked to his standard from all quarters, and a victorious march through the Roman states seemed imminent, when Victor Emmanuel, yielding to the pressure exerted by Napoleon, wrote with his own hand to beg Garibaldi to desist. The last, chivalrously loyal as well as chivalrously brave, after a sore mental struggle, obeyed his sovereign's command, and retired to Caprera, full of bitterness against the crooked ways of diplomatists, bitterness that was to be intensified tenfold a few weeks later, when he learnt that his native province had become a French possession. But while Victor Emmanuel thus restrained those who would have despoiled the Pope of all his possessions, the Pope could not forget that he had lost some, and could not forgive the man who was mainly responsible for the loss. So, resorting to the antiquated weapons of the middle ages, he fulminated an anathema against the 'robber King of Sardinia,' as devout Roman Catholics still call him to this day. Somewhat later the far greater offender, Count Cavour, was included in the ban. Had the bull been directed against a comet, it could not have been more innocuous, at least so far as the subjects of it were concerned. It did the author of it no little damage. It angered the subjects of the *galantuomo rè*. They openly questioned the right of a spiritual potentate to use spiritual weapons in temporal politics. English heretics could not have more vigorously denounced this abuse of power than did the Catholic inhabitants of Turin, the city that but lately was the head quarters of the high clerical

party. Five years have passed since the bull was issued, and the Pontiff has virtually confessed the powerlessness of his sentence by opening negotiations about the appointment of bishops in the Church, with the man whom he had thrust out of the pale of the Church. Jupiter has himself confessed his thunderbolts to be but bread pills, and henceforth he will not get the most credulous of mortals to believe in them. The stern bolt had just been hurled when the man whom it was intended to destroy met the representatives of twelve millions of people in the Palazzo Madama. After the *evvivas* with which the two hundred and seventy deputies greeted him had died away, he addressed them in a speech full of courage, and said :—‘True to the creed of my fathers, and, like them, constant in my homage to the Supreme Head of the Church, whenever it may happen that the ecclesiastical authority employs spiritual arms in support of temporal interests, I shall find in my steadfast conscience, and in the very traditions of my ancestors, the power to maintain civil liberty in its integrity, and with it my own authority, —that authority for which I hold myself accountable to God and my people alone.’

The difficulties that beset the brave king did not lie in that quarter. It was not the curses of Rome but the treachery of France which he had most reason to fear. Before the meeting of the Parliament, Rattazzi had given place to Cavour under the following circumstances. Between the two ministers there was no very cordial feeling, and the premier *in esse* was very anxious to get rid of the premier *in posse*. When, therefore, Lord John Russell expressed a desire to confer with Cavour about the affairs of Italy, Rattazzi urged his rival to accept the mission to England. Cavour consented on condition that Rattazzi would convoke the Parliament, and withdraw from the executive the arbitrary power which had been conferred at the outbreak of the war. Rattazzi’s answer was unsatisfactory, and Cavour refused to go to England. A few days later the king, knowing well that Cavour was the real minister of Italy, accepted the resignation of Rattazzi, and Cavour returned to office on January 19th. He soon found that, although he had but a short time before assured Sir James Hudson that there would be no sacrifice of territory, this sacrifice was necessary; and on March 24th a treaty was signed by which Nice and Savoy were ceded to France. This measure he was soon called upon to defend against a formidable censor. On April 19th, Garibaldi made a powerful attack upon the

minister. The debate that followed was long and impassioned. Cavour could not, as an Italian, urge in defence what, however, was true in fact as regards Savoy, that the people of the transferred provinces were in favour of the transfer, believing that they would enjoy much greater internal prosperity when they were no longer under the necessity of crossing the Alps to find a market for their produce. He was compelled to defend the cession as a political necessity, and as such it was endorsed by the Parliament, and on May 26th the treaty was passed by a large majority.

The game between the French Emperor and the Italian minister was drawn so far. If the latter had taken Tuscany and the Æmilian provinces, the former had won Nice and Savoy. Another and more keenly contested match was now opened. It was necessary to appease Garibaldi and the party of action; and this could be done only by giving them another sphere of action. So in the middle of Victor Emmanuel's triumphal march through central Italy Cavour returned to Turin, had an interview with the General, and a few days later Europe heard the news that Garibaldi had sailed from Genoa with a thousand volunteers. Neither Cavour nor his sovereign heartily approved of the expedition, and the latter used his personal influence to stop it, but in vain. Garibaldi, himself doubtful of success, was so moved by the "cry of anguish" of Southern Italy which made itself heard through General Bixio, that he determined upon the desperate venture; and with a farewell letter to his sovereign, full of simple eloquence and touching devotion, he set off upon his formidable mission of wresting, by the help of his thousand *cacciatori*, the kingdom from a king who ruled ten millions of subjects. We have not space to detail the incidents of that marvellous campaign which began with the landing at Marsala, on May 11th, 1860, and ended with the fall of Gaeta, on February 13th, 1861. Its main incidents will still be fresh in our readers' memory; nor has history ever recorded events more astonishing, or in which the means were so utterly disproportionate to the result. The events of these nine months elicited more clearly than ever the hostility of France and the friendliness of England. The latter was shown in many ways, and in services whose value Garibaldi heartily acknowledged during his visit to this country. It is not too much to affirm that the presence of Admiral Mundy and the Mediterranean squadron was well nigh the only thing which prevented the active intervention of the French squadron

under Admiral Tinan in the siege of Gaeta. This increasing opposition of the French Emperor was the source of intense anxiety to Cavour. So completely had Napoleon, in the spring of 1860, laid aside the veil of generosity which he assumed in the spring of 1859, that when the news of Garibaldi's expedition reached Paris, our ambassador, Lord Cowley, was, on May 15th, informed by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, that if any further annexations were made to Sardinia, France, which had just got Savoy and Nice, would require further compensation. The threat, it is said, did so far succeed, that Lord John Russell wished to prevent Garibaldi from passing into Naples; but he was overruled by Lord Palmerston. To all threats and remonstrances Cavour replied that Garibaldi was out of his jurisdiction, and that if the general chose to invade the dominions of the King of Naples, that was nothing to the minister, nor to the minister's master. Of course this answer was a mere pretext; for the Sardinian fleet was giving no concealed aid to the Garibaldians. Then came that supreme day, that ever memorable September 8th, when the conqueror entered the Neapolitan capital, not at the head of an army, but in an open carriage, and amid the deafening applause of nearly half a million persons. Even then the conqueror of the Two Sicilies was not satisfied. His cry was, 'On to Rome,' and at the same time a Sardinian army appeared in the Marches. Thoroughly alarmed, and in imminent danger of ignominious defeat, it became necessary for the diplomatist of the Tuileries to make terms. An interview took place at Chambéry between Napoleon on the one side, and Farini the ex-dictator of Tuscany, and General Cialdini, on the other. It was then agreed that no opposition should be offered by France to the annexation of the Two Sicilies to Sardinia, and that General Cialdini should be permitted to do battle with the Papal troops in the Marches under Lamoricière, and should take possession of Ancona and the surrounding district on behalf of Victor Emmanuel, provided that Garibaldi were kept from marching upon Rome. The agreement was carried out; Garibaldi was once more sacrificed to the necessities of statecraft, and, having bestowed two kingdoms upon his sovereign, he once more, with heroic self-sacrifice, but with renewed protests against the crooked ways of diplomacy, retired to Caprera. Thus Cavour won this game: but the struggle cost him dear. The Emperor, to mark his displeasure, withdrew his ambassador from



Turin. The new Parliament, the first Parliament of Italy, assembled there early in 1861,—February 18th; and the minister of Italy felt that at last the dream of his childhood was all but fulfilled. To carry it out more fully he drew up a convention for the evacuation of Rome by the French troops, similar to that which was adopted three years and a quarter later. But in vain, so far as his part in it was concerned. A well informed writer upon Italian affairs has declared \* that at this time Napoleon wrote a despatch to the courts of Vienna and Madrid, suggesting that Austria, Spain, and France, as the three principal Catholic powers, should guarantee the temporal possessions of the Pope, and that the knowledge of this despatch brought on Cavour's fatal illness. We cannot say how far this is true, but it is certain that the diplomatic conflicts of the past two years had told greatly upon him, and that his powers gave way under the strain. His indisposition, at first serious, was soon made desperate by the Sangrados, who attempted to restore the overwrought powers by repeated and exhausting depletions. He died on June 6th, a day of clouds and thick darkness for Italy; and ever to be remembered as a day of mourning and lamentation for the great statesman who had achieved the greatest triumph which history records, the establishment of the kingdom of Italy.

By this calamity Napoleon was relieved of the only antagonist whom he feared. One of the only 'three men in Europe' ceased to vex him. Himself the second, he could now pursue his own ends without let or hindrance, fearing nothing from the third, (who, we presume, was Lord Palmerston,) inasmuch as English foreign policy had of late committed itself to the doctrine of non-intervention. The successor of Cavour was not a minister whom the French intriguer could tolerate. So having generously sacrificed to the manes of the departed statesman, by renewing diplomatic relations with Italy, the Emperor utilised his generosity by plotting the downfall of the Florentine premier. This device was not difficult of accomplishment. Baron Ricasoli had none of the worldly wisdom of his predecessor. He was no disciple of that other Florentine whose name has become a synonym for statecraft. And while he was no match for Napoleon, he was also no courtier. Victor Emmanuel, with all his noble qualities, has faults, and, unhappily, like many other sovereigns, has a reputation for

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\* In *Blackwood's Magazine*, October, 1862.

gallantry in the evil as well as in the honourable sense of the word. Ricasoli, while he could not outwit the Emperor, would not pay court to the mistress. His austerity made him unpopular with his sovereign, and, as a consequence, he soon found his followers deserting him. The end of his rule was not long delayed. In unmistakable words, free from all diplomatic reservations, he declared that Rome was the necessary capital of Italy, and indignantly denied the rumours of any further cession of territory to France. So Rattazzi, after a confidential visit to the Tuileries, where he was always in high favour, obtained Ricasoli's place, in March, 1862.

Rattazzi had great difficulty in forming an administration, in spite of the experience which he had gained as premier in two previous cabinets. At last, however, he succeeded in getting together a practicable set of colleagues. He entered office with the firm conviction that all attempts upon Rome or Venice, without the help of France, were useless. He also believed that it would be better for Italy to consolidate the dominions which she had already acquired than to seek to acquire more. At that time the Southern provinces were so devastated by brigands, that an army of eighty thousand men was necessary to suppress them. This policy was probably the soundest that could be adopted, and had it been boldly advocated and consistently maintained, Italy might have been spared the calamity which will for ever make August, 1862, disastrously memorable. But, unfortunately, the new minister endeavoured to satisfy the party of action at the same time that he was opposed to their designs. The Sarnico attempt was suppressed by him, although, as Garibaldi afterwards declared, it had been secretly favoured by him. There is no doubt that Garibaldi at least believed that his attempt upon Rome would be indirectly supported by Rattazzi, as that upon Naples had been by Cavour; but Rattazzi was not Cavour. Knowing well enough that the curse of brigandage would never be removed from the South so long as the French troops in Rome protected the sovereign who commissioned the brigands, and upheld the sovereign who blessed them, he yet was quite incapable, either by arguments or diplomacy, of obtaining the evacuation of Rome by the French army. At the same time he attempted to divert Garibaldi and his friends from their attempt to settle with the Pope as they had done with the Bourbon, by pointing to Venice as the next object of their operations. It is possible that even

Cavour might have failed to obtain either Venice or Rome, but he would have forced some smaller advantage out of his adversary, and would most assuredly have avoided that overwhelming defeat which was inflicted at Aspromonte. Rattazzi, however, permitted Garibaldi to set out with the full persuasion that, if not supported, he would not be opposed by the government of his sovereign: and it is most probable that that was the course which the minister intended to take. He soon found that neutrality would not be permitted him. His predecessor had made the landing at Capo d'Armi a means of extorting concessions out of Napoleon, but the landing at Reggio was the signal for the Emperor to show how completely the Italian minister was at his mercy. Threats of a dispatch of French troops to Civita Vecchia were held out; and to give force to them, the transports at Toulon were kept under steam, ready to start at an hour's notice. Rattazzi succumbed. An Italian force, under Colonel Pallavicini, was sent against 'the first soldier of Italy;' he, seeing that his sovereign had failed him, forbade his soldiers to fight, and received, without a word, the fire directed against him. Wounded, and the captive of the man to whom he had given a crown and ten millions of subjects, Garibaldi went to prison, and there was joy at the Tuileries over Italy fallen so low. The avenger was at hand. The instrument of this disgrace speedily felt the popular indignation. He pointed to Venice as the proper field of action, and the nation, outraged by Sarnico and Aspromonte, laughed at this attempt to fool them. Urged with imperial importunity to bring Garibaldi to trial, Rattazzi endeavoured to fulfil the behests of the Emperor; but this was more than the *galantuomo* *rè* could endure. He refused to put into the dock of the felon the man who had given him a kingdom; and taking advantage of the marriage of his second daughter, Maria Pia, with the young King of Portugal, he pardoned the hero of Volturno and his associates. In the mean while the wrath of the Italians had waxed so hot against the minister that, in order to avoid an overwhelming vote of censure, he was compelled, in December, to announce his resignation, after nine months of office. During those nine months he succeeded in adding heavily to the national debt, and in diminishing largely the national prestige. He spent a large sum in increasing the army, which, instead of doing battle with Austrian, Papal, or Bourbon troops, shot down Garibaldi. He failed equally in diplomacy; and, having obeyed the behests of France, in

keeping Garibaldi out of Rome, failed to ask, or, at all events, to obtain, the reward of his obedience—the voluntary evacuation of Rome. Thus, the year 1862 closed darkly and gloomily for Italy, with her bravest soldier in prison; her minister disgraced; her ‘faithful ally’ maintaining, by his bayonets, the men who commissioned and consecrated the vilest wretches that ever ravaged and murdered in the outraged names of patriotism and religion.

The ministry which succeeded Rattazzi’s luckless cabinet gave promise of better things. It was, after much delay and difficulty, composed of some of the best men of all parties. Farini was placed at the head of it; for though his mission in Southern Italy had been a failure, his administration of the affairs of the Æmilian provinces during nine critical months had been such as to inspire confidence in his abilities. He associated with him Minghetti, as Minister of Finance; Pisanelli, as Minister of Grace and Justice; Pasolini, as Minister of Foreign Affairs; General Della Rovere, as Minister of War; and, besides these, Amari, Peruzzi, Menabrea, Manna, and Cugia, joined the Cabinet as Ministers respectively of Public Instruction, the Interior, Public Works, Commerce, and Marine. Four of these statesmen had been colleagues with Ricasoli, and one was a member of Rattazzi’s government. They entered office at a critical time. The party of action was full of indignation at the established government, and was prepared to adopt revolutionary measures. The army was intensely unpopular with the people, on account of its recent antagonism to Garibaldi. Southern Italy was a prey to brigandage, which had now assumed the dimensions of a civil war. The nation was intensely irritated against France, which, by its continued occupation of Rome, not only deprived Italy of its capital, but fomented the machinations of Francis. The national debt was heavily increasing: while, to crown all, Napoleon suddenly dismissed M. Thouvenel, the Foreign Minister, who was known to have favoured the evacuation of Rome, and substituted M. Drouyn de l’Huys, who was believed to be a strong supporter of the temporal power of the Pope. Thus, the only reward which the late Italian Ministry had for its servile compliance with the demands of France, in using force against Garibaldi, was the indefinite postponement of that measure which Napoleon had repeatedly promised to execute. In 1860 he refused to carry it out because of Garibaldi’s successful enterprise against Naples; in 1862 he made Garibaldi’s disastrous attempt at

Aspromonte his excuse. The true cause of his tardiness was that the French elections were close at hand, and that he feared to offend the clerical party, by leaving the Pope to his fate.

Three months after the formation of the ministry, its head, Farini, was compelled to resign, on account of ill health, and Minghetti took the chief direction of affairs. Pasolini, the Foreign Minister, also resigned, and was succeeded by Visconti Venosta, a young Milanese, who has shown superior abilities, and who is still at the Foreign Office. In June, 1863, Rattazzi, who had so signally failed to obtain any concessions from France, vehemently assailed his successor for having been unsuccessful in solving the Roman question, and also for alleged weakness in the administration of internal affairs. Minghetti defended himself with ability, and said that the proposition which Cavour proposed, and which he himself approved, was, that France should evacuate Rome on the condition that Italy should guarantee the Pope against armed invasion of his dominions. This proposal, Minghetti added, might have been carried out in May, 1862, before the affair of Aspromonte and the dismissal of Thouvenel; but it was now no longer practicable. He hoped, however, to bring about a military convention with France for the suppression of brigandage. In the mean while France was maintaining herself in Rome in defiance of her own principles.

The Minghetti ministry was the longest-lived administration of any which had been formed since the establishment of the Italian kingdom, and, indeed, since the treaty of Villafranca. It acceded to office in December, 1862, and to it was allotted the important duty of drawing up the famous Convention of September 15th, 1864. That Convention did in the main carry out the policy set forth in the ministerial defence to the attack of Rattazzi, in June, 1863. Unfortunately for the Cabinet, it had to assent to the insertion of a condition which was not then contemplated, and which led to the downfall of the administration. This catastrophe was, however, not due immediately to the Convention. The announcement of the removal of the capital to Florence led to popular excitement and hostile manifestations, which unhappily terrified the government, and led them to call out the troops; who, upon a very slight provocation, fired upon the people, and killed and wounded a large number of unarmed citizens. We have reason to believe that the fatal results of this collision have been much under-estimated,

and that close upon two hundred lives were sacrificed in this most unnecessary encounter. The indignation which it excited was so great, that the king was compelled to dismiss his ministers; indeed, he appears to have shared the indignation, and of his own free will to have required the resignation of those who had stained the records of his reign with this lamentable bloodshed of his subjects. The excitement caused by the events of September having subsided, the Turinese were soon convinced that the sacrifice which they were required to make was for the good of their country, and the better part of them submitted to the painful necessity with patriotic unselfishness. Some few malcontents remained, whose irritation was artfully fostered by certain designing persons; and on the night of January 30th, the visitors invited to the royal ball were, on alighting at the palace, grossly insulted and maltreated. This conduct so angered the king, that a few hours later he left Turin for Florence, with the full intention of not returning to his favourite city. It soon appeared, however, that the outrage was not committed with the privity or the approval of the Turinese generally; and a petition full of sorrow, praying their sovereign to come back, brought him very speedily to spend the residue of the short time that was left to him in the city of his affections, and which it had cost him many a pang to forsake. He made his final departure from it quietly, and arrived in Florence in time to take part in the sixth centenary of the birth of Dante. The celebration of that event, and the removal of the court to Florence, happened simultaneously, by an undesigned coincidence; and thus while gloom has been spreading over the city which saw the meeting of the first Italian Parliament and its dissolution, the brightest sunshine has been poured upon the new capital of Italy, the city of Dante, and of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

The history of the Convention is full of interest, and we are enabled to lay before the reader a narrative of the negotiations which preceded it. So long ago as 1861, there had been communications between the Italian and the French governments for the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome. A few days before the death of Cavour, a treaty was drawn up, embodying the two main conditions of the treaty of 1864; viz., that France should evacuate Rome, and that Italy should engage neither to attack the Papal States, nor to suffer any attack upon them. The death of Cavour prevented the treaty from being carried out.



Ricasoli came into office, and openly announced his belief that the possession of Rome for the capital was a necessity for Italy. The Emperor, in an autograph letter to the King of Italy, dated July 12th, 1861, said: 'I shall leave my troops at Rome so long as Your Majesty is not reconciled with the Pope, or so long as the Holy Father is menaced, by seeing the states which remain to him menaced by troops, regular or irregular.' With Ricasoli, it was clear, the French Government could effect no arrangement. The Garibaldian attempt of 1862 was made the excuse for not renewing the proposal, during the brief administration of Rattazzi. During the first six months of the Minghetti ministry, nothing was done; but the violent attack of Rattazzi upon the inaction of his successors led them to renew the negotiations. This attack furnished the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the young and accomplished Visconti Venosta, with an excuse for re-opening the subject; and, accordingly, three weeks after the debate above mentioned, he wrote to the Italian ambassador at Paris, the Cavaliere Nigra, a very able despatch, in which the arguments in favour of the evacuation of Rome were set forth with much force. He pointed out that since the subject was first mooted, Italy had, in spite of all obstacles, in spite of the embarrassments created by the court of Rome, and the brigandage favoured by the Bourbons, established her independence, and carried out the work of unification; that, notwithstanding the abnormal occupation of Rome, which the Emperor of France had himself regretted, Italy had maintained her friendly relations with France, and given another proof of her moderation. He concluded by repeating the former promises of evacuation made by Napoleon, and by showing how inconsistent with the Emperor's political principles was the continued occupation. Nearly a year passed before the Italian government could persuade Napoleon to pay attention to its representations. In June, 1864, however, the negotiations began to assume a definite character. Visconti Venosta, on the part of his sovereign, offered to pledge himself that Italy would not invade the Papal states, nor suffer them to be invaded. Napoleon demanded a guarantee that this promise should be kept. The Italian government at once replied that it was unable to give such guarantee, if the permanent occupation or possession of any part of Italy by France was intended. Here the negotiations seemed on the point of being broken off, when the Marquis Pepoli went to Paris,

in order to assist the efforts of the ambassador, Nigra. The marquis suggested that the Italian capital should be transferred to Florence, and this was quickly accepted by Napoleon as a sufficient condition. Accordingly, on September 14th, the articles of the Convention were drawn up; and on the 15th they were signed by the ambassador, Nigra, the Marquis Pepoli, and M. Drouyn de l'Huys, French Minister for Foreign Affairs. They were five in number, as follows:—

‘Article 1. Italy engages not to attack the existing territory of the Holy Father, and to prevent, even by force, all attacks coming from without against the said territory.

‘Article 2. France will withdraw her troops from the Pontifical States gradually, and in proportion as the army of the Holy Father is organized. The evacuation shall, nevertheless, be accomplished within a period of two years.

‘Article 3. The Italian government renounces all objection against the organization of a Papal army, although it should be composed even of foreign volunteers, sufficient to maintain the authority of the Holy Father, and tranquillity both in the interior and upon the frontier of his states, provided that this force shall not degenerate into a means of attack upon the Italian government.

‘Article 4. Italy declares itself ready to enter into an engagement, to make itself responsible for a proportional part of the debt of the former States of the Church.

‘Article 5. The present Convention shall be ratified, and the ratifications shall be exchanged within a fortnight, or sooner if possible.’

These articles were followed by a protocol, to the effect that the Convention should not take effect until the removal of the capital had been decreed by the king, and that the removal should take place within six months. Afterwards a declaration was added, stating that as the king had thought it necessary to consult his Parliament, and obtain its approval of the Convention, the time for the removal should be prolonged, and the date of the evacuation of Rome should be two years from the royal assent to the bill authorizing the transfer of the capital.

Of these five articles the first four were almost identical with those of the Convention drawn up by Cavour just before his death, except that Cavour suggested a limit to the strength of the Roman army. The fifth clause was an addition made by the Emperor, no doubt in consequence of the Garibaldian attempt of 1862. In explaining the Convention to the Parliament, the Italian Government took care to point out that they had not renounced the ideas of their great predecessor; that the national aspirations would still tend towards Rome as the capital of Italy, and to the

fulfilment of Cavour's programme of 'a Free Church in a Free State.' This declaration led to earnest remonstrances on the part of the French Government, and at one time the Convention was in danger of being disclaimed by Napoleon. But in the diplomatic contest which followed, the Italian Government succeeded in winning a victory. It not only preserved the Convention, but it left a permanent record of its abiding hope, that Rome would still become the Italian metropolis, not by force of arms, but by force of civilisation, by force of the 'sweeter manners, purer laws,' which would encompass the Papal territory, with its artificial and immoral code established by a priestly form of government. Thus while M. Drouyn de l'Huys, on behalf of the Emperor, denied that Florence was to be considered as a resting-place on the way to Rome, General La Marmora would not admit that Florence was the final capital of Italy. More than this, while indignantly repudiating the insinuation that his country would make use of 'subterranean' means to get possession of the Papal provinces, the Italian Minister reserved to his Sovereign the right of action, should the course of events lead to the downfall of the Pope as a temporal Sovereign; at the same time he would rather reckon upon the contingency of a reconciliation with the Papacy than upon a revolution of so formidable a kind. Recent events have proved that the Italian Government is thoroughly loyal to its engagements, and has sufficient confidence in the moral influence of good government and liberal institutions to trust to them the regeneration of the Papal states or the unification of Italy. In the meantime it can afford to wait. The possession of Rome is no mere sentimental idea, which it is necessary to adopt in order to please the party of action; but it will be the completion of that great work which was begun when constitutional government was granted to the Sardinians, was carried on when one by one the other states of Italy received the like blessing, and will be completed when the whole of that peninsula, which for two thousand five hundred years has been the scene of the grandest events, is brought under one rule, and has become one nation.

Simultaneously with the negotiations entered into with Italy, the French Government communicated with that of the Pope, and informed it of the change which was impending. Three days before the Convention was signed, M. Drouyn de l'Huys wrote to the Count Sartiges, French

minister at Rome, a long despatch, to the following effect:— It commenced by stating that the position occupied by the French in Rome had long been a source of the greatest 'preoccupations' of the Emperor; and that the juncture having seemed favourable for an examination of the real state of affairs, the Emperor had arrived at a result which he now desired to make known to his Holiness. The despatch then went on to say, that so long as the objects for which the French troops were sent to Rome were not fulfilled, France would not abandon her post of honour: nevertheless, it was never considered that the occupation could be permanent, and the Emperor had stated this at the Congress of Paris in 1856, and had since renewed the expression of his intention to withdraw his troops whenever he could do so with safety to the Pope. In 1859 Pius IX. himself proposed to fix a term to the occupation; and on the war of 1859 breaking out, the Emperor hoped to carry out the suggestion; but the events of 1860, by which the Papacy was threatened, prevented this. In the mean time the inconveniences of the continued occupation increased. It was manifestly inconsistent with the promise given to Piedmont, to free Italy from foreign arms. Moreover, there arose constant conflicts of jurisdiction between the French troops and the Papal officials; and still more grave conflicts arose between the French and Papal Governments, upon questions of state policy, in which it was necessary either for France to insist upon the adoption of her views, and so sacrifice the independence of the Pope, or for France to yield, and so become responsible for a policy which she did not approve. Still France could not move so long as expeditions against the Papacy were set on foot, and so long as the ministers of Italy openly declared that Rome must be the capital of their country. But, continued the despatch, 'the government of the Emperor is astonished at the happy change which has arisen in the general condition of the peninsula. For two years the Italian government has discountenanced those revolutionary attempts which were always directed against Rome, and has ceased to claim Rome as a necessary acquisition. That government,' M. Drouyn de l'Huys continued, 'is now ready to transport its capital to Florence, an event of the greatest importance both to Italy herself, in giving her a new seat of government, unlike the old, strategically untenable; and to the Papacy, as being a pledge that the government was prepared to respect the rights of the Sovereign Pontiff. Of

this it has given a further proof by its assent to the formation of a Papal army, which will render the Pope independent of the armed assistance of France.' Such is the substance of one of the most remarkable despatches of the present day. It was not to be expected that negotiations of such importance would long remain secret. To Englishmen who had made Italian politics their study, it was known some time before the authoritative announcement that arrangements were in progress for the evacuation of Rome. Unfortunately there had been so many previous negotiations which had failed, that the success of those of September was not credited. But startling proof of their reality was not long in coming. As we have already stated, Turin, the model city of Italy, rose in tumult to protest against the compact by which it was to lose its rank. For two days the streets were a scene of bloodshed, and the hearts of the reactionists in Rome and England rejoiced. Measures, unnecessarily and unwisely severe, restored order; but the Minghetti ministry was not allowed to complete the work it had begun; it was forced to resign, and to leave to its successors the duty of explaining the Convention to the Chambers.

The ministerial crisis led to the postponement of the new Session from the 5th to the 24th of October. The debate on the Convention did not begin until a fortnight later. On November 7th the Chamber of Deputies presented a scene of the greatest excitement: it was thronged to the utmost by members and strangers, with expectation raised to the highest pitch. The rumour had gone forth that the Convention had sacrificed Italy as well as Turin, and that the entry into Rome was finally renounced. This charge was speedily made by one of the members of the Left; but General La Marmora, the new premier, skilful in statesmanship as in war, had provided against the attack. In the middle of the sitting the official gazette was brought in wet from the press, and containing the premier's despatch, dated that morning, in reply to the despatch of M. Drouyn de l'Huys, and expressly reserving to Italy the right of action in the event of the downfall of the Pope, through the revolt of his own subjects. This document completely outflanked the Opposition, and deprived them of their point of attack. The main defence rested with the premier, La Marmora; the Foreign Minister, Visconti Venosta, who, though a member of the late ministry, joined the new; and the Marquis Pepoli, who had conducted the negotiations at

Paris. Several of the Piedmontese members spoke against the Convention, being influenced by local considerations; but the most illustrious of them, including Buoncompagni, supported the government, and in doing so rendered homage to that great Piedmontese, by whom the Convention was originally framed, Count Cavour. Some powerful speeches were made by the independent members. Ferrari especially denounced compromise with Rome. With much wit he pictured the Pope installed in the Vatican, and the king on the Quirinal, the deputies in one palace, the senate in another, and both jostling cardinals and priests in the streets; the commissioners of the Inquisition located close to the Minister of the Interior, the ambassadors of the two sovereigns living in the same houses, and the same money spent in enlightening public opinion and in paying the Jesuit Propaganda. Such a situation he believed would be intolerable; yet by accepting the Convention they would make a moral warfare against the Pope, and compel him to work a miracle for his own salvation. A new turn was given to the debate by D'Ondes Reggio, the eccentric spokesman of the clerical party. He declared that Rome was not necessary to Italy. Italy did not possess Nice, nor Corsica, nor Malta, nor the Canton Ticino, and yet the kingdom did exist. Rome never was the capital of Italy. Under the emperors and under the Roman republic it was a capital, but Italy was then only a province like others. When Italy was a kingdom, Ravenna was the capital. Moreover the Pope could never be the chaplain of any sovereign. After a strong appeal in behalf of Catholicism, which he declared to be synonymous with Christianity, he concluded by saying, 'Rome is a creation of Italian genius and of cosmopolite genius. From Rome the blessing of the Pope proceeds through Christendom. It is impossible for you to have Rome, you would defy the whole Catholic world if you had it. If you cannot be Catholics, at least be Italians.' This remarkable speech caused great excitement, which was increased when General La Marmora rose. With the frankness of the soldier, and at the same time with the wisdom of the statesman, he declared at the outset that he was no orator, but would state in plain language the course he had taken. He said, 'At first I was opposed to the Convention. I did not believe it could be sustained. I feared it would be an apple of discord which would lead to the renewal of the strife of Aspromonte. I expressed these doubts to M. Drouyn de l'Huys, and to the Emperor himself.' He



added that, summoned to Turin in the midst of the lamentable events of September, and called upon to succeed the late ministry, he felt himself in a condition of great embarrassment. But soon a revolution was wrought in him. The Convention was an accomplished fact, signed by the emperor and the king, and proofs were hourly coming in to show that it would be well received by the country. He found that, with all loyalty to France, the Convention might be interpreted without compromising the future of Italy. Moreover, he was bound to tell the Turinese that their city could not, for military reasons, remain the capital. He then entered into a defence of Napoleon, who, he declared, always sincerely wished the unity of Italy. He also thought with D'Ondes Reggio that there was an incongruity in having Rome for the capital, and that it would be impracticable to have a Pope and a temporal sovereign reigning there simultaneously. But he had faith in time to solve that difficulty, and also to decide the fate of Venetia. He hoped that the example which England had set in surrendering the Ionian Islands would be followed by Austria's surrender of Venetia. In a second speech the premier said, that by the withdrawal of the French troops the Pope would be left face to face with his subjects, and that that was a great step in advance for Italy. He denied that force was the only way to get to Rome. Force was the weapon of barbarians. Rattazzi supported the bill for the transfer of the capital, believing that, though involving considerable expenditure at the outset, it would, from the fact that Florence was more central than Turin, prove a truly economical step. At length, after a ten days' debate of rare excitement and eloquence, marked, however, by a commendable self-restraint on the part of the speakers, which should serve as a pattern to us phlegmatic Anglo-Saxons in our fiery discussions about legislation for the preservation of game, the house divided by two hundred and ninety-six votes against sixty-three, to take into consideration the proposal of the government. Of the minority, thirty-seven were Piedmontese, who were mostly, no doubt, influenced by a regard for Turin, and twenty-two were members of the party of action. In the senate a debate of nearly equal interest followed, and General Cialdini, the capturer of Gaeta, made a remarkable speech to show that, from a military point of view, Turin was wholly untenable as the capital. The division in the senate gave one hundred and thirty-four votes to forty-seven; and on December 11th the official

notice, decreeing the change of capital, appeared, and £280,000 was voted for the expenses of the transfer. By December 11th, 1866, the French army will, under the conditions of the Convention, have returned to France.

Even if the events of September had not brought about the fall of the Minghetti administration, that ministry would scarcely have lived out the year. The head of it was Financial Minister, and the failure of his financial policy was daily becoming more apparent and more alarming. The deficits had continued from year to year, and there was no hope of checking them. Each year the minister repeated the mistake of over-estimating the receipts and under-estimating the expenditure, so that the fair promises made in one budget were sure to be falsified by the next. In this respect, indeed, Minghetti was not the only offender. The budget for 1861 estimated the revenue at £360,000 more than it yielded, and the expenditure at £1,200,000 less than it proved, making a difference of more than a million and a half sterling. In 1860, the first year of the new kingdom of Italy, the deficit was only two millions. The enormous cost of the huge standing army, and the heavy outlay upon the construction of an Italian navy, and the expense of the brigand war in Southern Italy, made the deficit of 1861 much larger; and it amounted to no less a sum than twenty millions, which, however, by a loan, was nominally reduced to one million. In 1862, the military expenditure still continued, and was increased by the expedition against Garibaldi, which cost £600,000. The deficit for that year was over fourteen millions. It was in such a critical financial position that Minghetti made his very able and eloquent speech in the Chamber of Deputies, on February 14th, 1863. He did not attempt to disguise the seriousness of the occasion. He said that in the three years of the Italian regeneration they had spent forty millions more than the revenue, and that the deficit of 1863 promised to be sixteen millions. 'The Italian debt,' he added, 'is already doubled; the taxes will decrease, the permanent expenses will increase; it is time to stop, it is time to see whither we are going, it is time to repair this grave position. If there is any one who does not feel the gravity of this situation, let me tell him that he does not love his country.' He then went on to show that a considerable portion of this excessive outlay was of an extraordinary character, such as that on the construction of railways and roads: and it was neither necessary, nor would it be fair, to throw upon the present generation the whole burden of improvements

by which posterity would benefit. He believed that the expenses could be reduced at the rate of four millions a year, and that by 1867 the balance of revenue and expenditure would be restored. In the mean time, rather than dry up the sources of revenue by excessive taxation, he proposed to borrow twenty-eight millions. He also recommended to the consideration of the Chamber the advisability of appropriating the property of the religious houses, which he estimated to be worth eighty-eight millions sterling; and he stated that that measure in Spain had led to an immense increase in the prosperity of the country. Eventually the loan was granted. In the budget for 1864, the deficit was estimated at from ten to twelve millions sterling, which it was proposed to meet by the balance of eight millions due on the loan, by an income tax estimated to produce £1,200,000, and by the sale of state lands. Other financial measures of great importance were carried out by the same minister, including the unification of the various state debts, twenty three in number, and the inscription of them in the Great Book, and the equalisation of the land tax, or tax on real property; a most important change, one of the minor advantages of which was an increase of a million in the produce of that tax. Nevertheless, in spite of these improvements, it was clear that, to use the words of Mr. Sackville West, Her Majesty's Secretary of Legation at Turin, in his very able report on the condition of Italy, 'financially speaking, Italy is living from hand to mouth; and although her existence as a nation, and the natural resources she possesses, are now acknowledged facts, her credit may at any time be seriously compromised.'

The budget for 1864-5, the last which Minghetti framed, estimated a deficit of about ten millions sterling. When the new ministry came into office, they found that their predecessors had as usual over-estimated the revenue, and under-estimated the expenditure. The new Minister of Finance declared that the promise of the restoration of an equilibrium in 1867 could not be realised; and the utmost he could hold out was a reduction of the deficit, in 1866, to four millions. To meet the present wants, he was compelled to resort to the two favourite resources of Italian financiers, a loan, and the sale of state property. He also proposed to raise two years' property tax in one year by voluntary subscription. The loan was the fourth in less than five years. On the annexation of Lombardy and the Duchies, a sum of fourteen millions sterling was borrowed, in order to defray

the expenses of the war. In 1861, no less an amount than twenty millions was thus obtained, and, in 1863, twenty-eight millions; while Sella, the present Minister of Finance, proposed to borrow seventeen millions. Thus more than seventy millions was added to the national debt since Italy became a nation, in spite of the higher taxes that were levied, and, above all, in spite of the large sales of state property which had been effected. The revenue had been twenty-four millions, while the expenditure had averaged thirty-six millions annually, thus leaving an average annual deficit of twelve millions sterling. It was clear that Italy could not continue on such a course as this. The frequent loans had so injured the credit of the country, that it had to pay nearly eight per cent. for the money it borrowed; and with the sale of the railways, almost the last remnant of State property was sacrificed. It is creditable to the present Minister of Finance, that he set resolutely to work to reduce the expenditure. Italy was supporting an army of 375,000 men, beside a national guard of 132,000. Such a force as this was sufficient to drain the resources of a much wealthier country, and could be justified only under the prospect of impending war. Minghetti, indeed, did expect war. He believed that the Dano-German quarrel would lead to the intervention of the Western Powers, and that they would be glad of the assistance of Italy in blockading and capturing the Austrian port of Venice. But that cloud had blown over, and Sella had no longer any excuse for maintaining such an unwieldy military force, and he reduced it by about 100,000 men. The people also did their part towards overcoming the financial difficulties. In a fortnight, the whole of the extra property tax was voluntarily subscribed. They bore without a murmur the increased salt tax, and the duty upon tobacco; and when the loan was opened to subscription, they subscribed nearly eleven times over the amount which was allotted to the public.

This readiness on the part of the Italians shows that they put full confidence in the stability of their government. Other nations manifest greater diffidence, which, considering the rapid increase of the national debt, is not surprising. Nevertheless, if the Italian financiers will hereafter practise moderation and thrift, there need be no fear for the solvency of their country. It must be remembered that a large portion of the expenditure hitherto has rightly been termed extraordinary. It is reproductive as well as extraordinary.

When the war of 1859 broke out, there were but about nine hundred miles of railway in the States which now constitute the kingdom of Italy; by the end of 1863 there was more than twice that distance opened. Railway communication is now complete to Ancona; and, when the Cenis tunnel is finished, that port will be a formidable rival of Marseilles for the overland traffic to India. Private capital is being extensively employed in the establishment of manufactures, the growth of cotton, and other remunerative investments. The increasing exports and imports testify to the growing productive power and consumptive power of the kingdom; and so great has been the increase of shipping in the South of Italy, that Naples has ceased to be a military port, and is now a commercial port. All these circumstances ought to dispel suspicion with regard to the pecuniary position of Italy; and to these Count Arrivabene has added another of considerable weight, in a recent letter addressed to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. He says, that of seven of the principal states of Europe, Italy is taxed the third lightest. Her inhabitants pay but twenty-five francs per head of taxation, while those of Spain pay thirty-seven, those of France fifty, those of Great Britain and Holland fifty-eight. There is, therefore, still ample power of supporting increased taxation, without destroying the energies of the tax-payer; and we may hope to see Italy emerge from her financial troubles, as she has emerged from the far more formidable ones of armed hostility and diplomatic jealousy.

The two greatest difficulties which Italy has had to encounter, have been the French occupation of Rome, and Neapolitan brigandage. The first, indeed, would have been of small account without the second. One by one the leading Italian statesmen are coming to admit that it will be quite possible for their country to organize itself, even though the Pope should still continue Sovereign Pontiff, provided the Vatican is not made the resort of conspirators against Italy. It has been made so hitherto, and the history of brigandage during the past four years will be another chapter to add to the long history of the crimes of the Papacy against Christendom.

At the time that Francis left Naples, the country had become thoroughly demoralised. The policy of his father, during the thirty years of his reign, had been to make light of all offences, save political. Assassins were allowed to be at large, when Poerio and Settembrini were confined in noisome dungeons, for no other crime but that of desiring a

constitutional government. Thus encouraged, brigandage increased so greatly, that the Bourbon king at last found its suppression impossible, however he might desire to suppress it. Religion had degenerated into the worst form of superstition, and the people were governed entirely by their fears. They had no sense of right or wrong, but judged of the heinousness of a crime solely by the severity of its punishment. The only way to reach the conscience of the Neapolitan, was to denounce his offences as mortal sins. The notion of the Deity, as inculcated by the priests, was that of a hateful tyrant anxious to torment and to destroy, deliverance from whom must be obtained through the Virgin. Thus, to use M. Marc Monnier's forcible words, 'A god of vengeance and anger was substituted for our God; a god crucifying took the place of the God crucified.' So thoroughly rotten was every department of the State, that the organized band of robbers known as the Camorra were looked upon by the people as their protectors; who, although they rigidly exacted one-tenth of all that their captives had in their possession, at least protected them from the extortions of the government officials. When the Camorra was abolished, the lower class of Neapolitans were the first to complain, and to express their regret that their only guardians were taken from them. So thoroughly had they been taught to look upon the government officials as extortioners.

Under the generic term of brigandage, there were two species of this plague; that known as the Camorra, and brigandage proper. The first had its stronghold in the large towns, especially Naples; the second infested the rural districts. The first was a society with secret rules, and with rites of initiation, ruling by the dagger; the latter consisted of armed bands, at times approaching the dimensions of armies, led by chiefs, and fighting not seldom in the open plain, but more often among the hills. In fact, the one was civil, the other military. The origin of the Camorra is a disputed question. The word itself is believed to be an adaptation of an Arabic term, signifying 'jacket;' and the thing it represents is supposed to have existed in Spain at the time of Cervantes, who makes distinct reference to it in *Don Quixote*. It has prevailed in the South of Italy for many years, but attained to its greatest power in the reigns of Ferdinand II. and Francis II. 'The Camorra,' says Count Maffei, in his admirable work on *Brigandage in Italy*, to which we shall have occasion to refer more freely,



'had chiefs in the twelve districts of Naples, in every town of the kingdom, and in every battalion of the army. They reigned unopposed, wherever they considered it worth while to exercise their secret and irresponsible authority. They levied a tax on the fare of your cab driver, they watched the markets, and had their share of the profits, and in every gambling-house they gathered a contribution from the winner.' M. Marc Monnier defines the Camorra in two words, 'organized extortion.' Two circumstances tended to give it its extraordinary power: the supineness of the government, which took note only of political offences; and the extreme measures which the society adopted to make itself feared. The neophyte, on his reception, was bound to prove his fitness by performing some atrocious crime, generally murder. If he refused, he did so at the peril of his own life. If he obeyed, he might reckon with tolerable certainty that he would suffer at the most the penalty of imprisonment; for his death would have been avenged by his associates, and no judge could be found who would condemn a Camorrista to death, nor executioner who would put the sentence in force. Every Camorrista wore two clasp-knives; and, when he used them, he always struck *nella cassa*, to the hilt of the knife into the heart of the victim. When in prison, the Camorrista was still to a great extent his own master. He could obtain luxuries which were denied to other prisoners. He had a secret store of weapons, which the gaolers, however diligent, could never discover. He made all the other prisoners contribute to his support, and he derived the rest of his maintenance from the shopkeepers of Naples; who, though he was in prison, dared not refuse to pay the toll demanded by his wife, knowing that if they demurred they would have to pay dearly in another way. He presided at all the games of chance, which are the great amusement of the prisoners; and as he always exacted a tenth from the winners, he alone never lost, but always won. Commonly he might commit a crime in open day, but no one would venture to inform against him; and instances have been known, in which a murder has been committed in broad daylight, in a crowded street, and in the presence of countless witnesses. Yet none would give evidence, but all carefully kept out of the way! The Camorriste sometimes resorted to less violent means to obtain a livelihood. They abounded at the ports, and levied taxes on the goods imported; so that at last the chief merchants of Naples used to regularly employ

Camorriste to land their goods ; and by so doing they paid a duty to the Camorra, varying from one fourth to three fourths of the regular duty, and thereby evaded all payment of the proper customs. In despair of suppressing the Camorra, the Bourbon government attempted to utilise it. Liborio Romano, the Chief of Police, appointed Camorriste to the police ; and the experiment was to a certain extent successful, although it did not help to avert the destruction which was fast overtaking the wretched Bourbons.

Such was the state of society which prevailed in Naples when Garibaldi entered that city. Fortunately the Camorra favoured him, thinking that they saw in the red-shirts kindred spirits. They would, no doubt, have acted differently had they foreseen that he was but the precursor of a strong and vigorous government which would show them no mercy. The first step was to get rid of the Camorriste from the army ; and instructions were issued, the purport of which was to hunt out all such persons, and to make them ridiculous, and to destroy their prestige. But much more vigorous measures were required to get rid of the race altogether. Signor Spaventa, the head of the police, arrested eighty Camorriste in one night ; and the *octroi*, which on the previous day had yielded but twenty-five sous, the next day yielded three thousand four hundred francs. In September, 1862, Naples was in a state of siege, and General La Marmora was the military governor. In concert with Signor Aveta he determined, if possible, to root out the Camorra. With surpassing courage, and well aware of the danger to which he exposed himself, Aveta himself seized some of the most formidable of the band. But the most extraordinary acts were performed by Signor Jossa. At the time that the Camorra was at the height of its power, and street murders were of daily occurrence, he accosted one Camorrista after another, asking him whether he was not such a person, calling him by name, and on receiving an affirmative reply ordered him to march in front to prison. Thoroughly cowardly at heart, though he had so long reigned by inflicting terrors upon all other persons, the Camorrista always obeyed, and betook himself to the gaol. Nor did Signor Jossa confine himself to the city ; he went into the rural districts, where he incurred even greater danger. Armed with an ordinary fowling-piece as though out for sport, he went to a place where he knew he should meet with a well-known Camorrista. Having overtaken him, he ordered him not to move ; and the latter, seeing an enemy,

raised his pistol to fire, but, before he could do so, himself received a shot, and in a panic of fear besought his pursuer to spare him. 'Then march to the *vicaria*,' (the prison,) was the reply; and the two set out, one bleeding and in an agony of terror, the other carrying his gun on his shoulder, as though he were returning from a day's sport; and as they passed, the villagers, who had always held the Camorra in extremest awe, looked on amazed. The results of these vigorous measures were not so great as they deserved to be. The Camorriste, although in prison, were still in power, and enforced their exactions by the agency of their wives, or other relations. Eventually it was found necessary to transport them to the smaller islands in the Italian waters, and to Piedmontese fortresses, where communication with their associates was cut off, and the terror excited by their name was destroyed. At the present time the Camorra is almost extinct.

A far more serious difficulty even than the Camorra was the armed brigandage which infested a large portion of Naples, especially the provinces joining the Papal territory. Brigandage has long prevailed in this part of Europe, and has had at least three centuries of existence. There are many districts of Naples, especially the Tavoliere di Puglia, where, owing to the existence of the old feudal system, the population is so miserably poor, that it is almost forced to resort to robbery as a means of livelihood. Whenever political disturbances have broken out in Naples, brigandage has always been made use of by one of the contending parties. It was so by the Bourbons, during the Parthenopeian Republic, and the reigns of Joseph Bonaparte and Murat. The celebrated and infamous Fra Diavolo, of whose capture a most graphic account is given in the autobiography of Victor Hugo, was captured and hanged in the uniform of Ferdinand, and was styled the Duke of Cassano. In 1815, on the restoration of the Bourbons, strong measures were taken against the brigands, and a large number fell victims to treachery. Ferdinand II. came to the throne in 1830, and reigned thirty years. During his reign brigandage became the employment of half the nation; with the other half it was exceedingly popular, and a brigand was considered a hero worthy of imitation. To keep down the evil, Ferdinand made terms with some of the leading brigands; and a notorious chief, Talarico, laid down his arms, on condition that he and his followers were permitted to reside, at the expense of the government, in

the island of Ischia, one of the most beautiful places in the world, and which Bishop Berkeley has styled 'the earth in epitome.' Of course such terms as these encouraged rather than repressed brigandage, which, moreover, had an important source of strength in the absence of roads. But there were other circumstances which tended to aggravate the evil, after the accession of the Two Sicilies to the kingdom of Italy.

When Garibaldi entered Naples, the prisons were thrown open, and the prisoners, whether confined for political offences or for crimes of violence, were set free. Many of the latter joined Garibaldi, and fought under him at Capua; and when the government of Victor Emmanuel was established, they offered their services for employment in the army: the king and his ministers refused to accept the offer in all cases where those who made it had rendered themselves liable to the name of felon. The decision was probably wise, being dictated by a regard for morality; but the immediate effect of it was unfortunate. A large number of these men, finding their overtures rejected, at once took to the mountains and brigandage. Chief among these was La Gala, who, having offered in vain to put down the brigands, himself became one of the most formidable of them. Nor was this the only measure which tended to estrange the people. The Neapolitans were heart and soul devoted to Garibaldi; and when he gave way to Victor Emmanuel, and departed to Caprera, their animosity was excited against the new government. This was increased by the unwise measures which the Piedmontese party took to absorb Naples into the kingdom of Italy. They at once increased the excise duties, altered the laws so as to assimilate them to the Piedmontese code, and, with most precipitate eagerness, degraded the largest city in Italy, and the capital of the largest of the seven Italian governments, into a provincial town, inferior to the poor and shabby capital of Piedmont. 'In almost every branch of administration,' says Count Maffei, in the work above quoted, 'the *consorti* changed the names, without altering the existing state of things; whilst, on the contrary, the secret of governing a new country, in such a manner as to obtain the confidence of all classes, is to change the old system without altering the names. In effecting these changes, too, instead of making them gradually, and in such a manner as not to arouse the jealousy of the people, they were determined on and executed at once. Without

the slightest deference to the feelings of the Neapolitans, the central jurisdiction of Turin was increased, while Naples was deprived of much of that official authority which it once exercised.' Another circumstance which led to the increase of brigandage was the two months' leave of absence given to the Bourbon soldiers who surrendered at Gaeta, and who, after that interval, were required to join the army. Before that period had expired they had spent the indemnity which they received at Gaeta, and began to feel embarrassed for the means of livelihood. Under such circumstances brigandage is always the first pursuit which suggests itself to a Neapolitan, and to that the Bourbonists betook themselves. Lastly, the clergy, appreciating the bigoted devotion of Francis II., were almost unanimously opposed to the new rule, and openly preached against it. Somewhat later, when brigandage was at its height, a preacher in one of the principal churches of Naples spoke in his sermon of 'our brothers the brigands,' who are 'fighting against a usurping king;' and another priest, preaching in another church of the same city, in honour of the Immaculate Conception, broke out into the following apostrophe:—'O Immaculate Virgin, I will cease to believe that thou art a virgin if thou dost not immediately restore to us our adored sovereigns, Francis and Maria Sophia.' The clergy blessed the brigands, offered up litanies in their behalf, and early in 1861 rosaries blessed by the Pope, and symbolic rings and buttons, bearing a crown, a poignard, and the motto *Fac et spera*, were distributed as symbols of recognition.

The ex-king of Naples was not slow to avail himself of these new allies. His father, Ferdinand, who was the great object of his admiration and imitation, had said, twelve years before, that if compelled to abandon his dominions, he would leave fifty years of anarchy as a legacy to his successor. The same amiable feelings prompted the worthy son of that sire. The guest of the Pope, who himself was kept on his throne by the French garrison, he made use alike of the spiritual powers of Pius IX. and of the temporal assistance of Napoleon III. to organize bands of wretches who were commissioned to ravage and destroy, to outrage the women and murder the men among his late subjects, whom he hoped by these means to regain. The complicity of the Papal government in these crimes is incontestable. Count Maffei has published despatches, containing instructions to the brigand leaders, bearing the

stamp of the Pontifical gendarmerie. The recruiting of brigands took place openly in Rome. The brigands, when hard pressed, always fled across the frontier into Papal territory, where they were not only safe, but welcome. The Pontifical gendarmes repeatedly insulted the Italian troops. When making an attack, the brigands always cried, 'Viva Francesco II. ! viva Pio IX. !' When captured, they always claimed to be soldiers of the *Santa Fede*; and the correspondence found on Pasquale Romano, a brigand who was slain, included the oath of enlistment, by which he and his colleagues swore to defend 'the supreme Pontiff Pius IX. and Francis II. king of the Two Sicilies;' and also to 'crush that infernal Lucifer, Victor Emmanuel.' Lastly, by the side of every dead brigand a musket bearing the Pontifical arms was found, thus giving credibility to the assertion that the brigands were paid out of Peter's pence.

What kind of warriors they were who thus enlisted in the service of the Bourbon and the Pope, we have unhappily too much reason to know. Making war in the name of loyalty and religion, they committed atrocities exceeding those of Indian Sepoys, and paralleled only in warfare among the American Indians. These patriots were cannibals: the men in whom some of our members of Parliament felt so warm an interest not only murdered their victims, but ate them. They inflicted nameless tortures upon their unhappy captives. They attacked not the troops of Victor Emmanuel, but cities full of peaceable inhabitants. The recent trials of some of these monsters have revealed a depth of savage wickedness which seemed utterly impossible in those who laid some claim to civilisation, still more in those who pretended to be fighting in behalf of the Christian religion. What sort of wretches they were we learn from one of the few brigand leaders who entered upon the war against Victor Emmanuel with honest intentions, and who carried it on, so far as he was able, according to the rules of civilised warfare. General Borjès was a Spaniard who received instructions to land an army in Calabria for the purpose of reinstating Francis II. He entered upon the mission in the full belief that regularly disciplined troops qualified to take the field would be placed under his command, and that he would be able to conduct his operations after the recognised military rules. How bitterly he was disappointed we learn from his own most interesting diary. Compelled to serve with and under a bloodthirsty coward like Crocco, he soon learnt that the war, professcdly main-



tained for political purposes, was nothing more than wholesale pillage and plunder, carried on for the benefit of the murderers. A brave man, he met his death without flinching, while his wretched companions, some time afterwards, displayed the most abject despair.

The first outbreak of the brigand war was in the autumn of 1860. On the evening before the plebiscite, a large number of brigands descended from the Abruzzi into the plain, and did great mischief. General Pinelli, who was in command in that district, issued a proclamation, that all brigands found with arms in their hands would be shot. This vigorous measure had the effect of completely stopping brigandage in that district: but the pseudo-philanthropists of London and Paris, pretending to believe that these brigands were lawful troops fighting in behalf of their fallen sovereign, made such noisy protests, that Pinelli was recalled, to the great disaster of Italy. In the spring of 1861, brigandage broke out with greater force than ever. The brigand generalissimo was Chiavone, an infamous man, who had formerly been drummed out of the Neapolitan army, and whose services in suppressing brigandage were declined by the Italian government. He was a great coward, and never dared to go far from the Papal frontier, to which he always hurried back at the least sign of danger. The appointment of General Cialdini, as Lieutenant-Governor of Naples, had a favourable effect. He was conciliatory towards the Neapolitans, vigorous against the brigands. By the close of 1861, brigandage had been so greatly suppressed that the people of Naples hoped it had finally disappeared. The spring is always a critical season for the tranquillity of Southern Italy, as the robber bands which have been quiet during the winter generally reappear soon after the beginning of the year. So it proved in 1862, and throughout that year Naples suffered grievously, and it was doubtful whether the King of Italy would be able to maintain his authority. General La Marmora tried the somewhat hazardous experiment of ordering a conscription in order to put down the brigands. It was perfectly successful: thirty-six thousand troops were obtained without difficulty, and the national guard was mobilised.

At the beginning of 1863, a committee was appointed to inquire into the state of Southern Italy, with special reference to brigandage. The investigations proved, beyond doubt, the complicity of both the Pope and Francis II.

They showed, also, that the brigands obtained assistance from the inhabitants; and that the latter, sometimes through real sympathy with, but more often through real fear of them, constantly deceived the royal troops as to the position of the bands, at the same time that they were supplying the bands with accurate information respecting the movements of the troops. At the close of 1863, brigandage had increased rather than diminished; and it became necessary to take measures of exceptional severity. A bill had been introduced into the Italian Parliament in August, giving the government power to place the infested districts under martial law; to shoot those persons found fighting against the government; and to sentence to penal servitude the *manutengoli*,—the persons who supported brigandage, by supplying the brigands with food or information. The powers conferred by this bill expired at the end of 1863; but they were renewed for 1864, and again for 1865; and will, no doubt, continue in force until the curse has been removed. During the autumn of 1863, the most horrible crimes were committed; chiefly by the band of Caruso, one of the most diabolical of the brigand chiefs. It is stated that, during the month of September in that year, he put to death, with his own hands, no fewer than 200 persons. He committed the most frightful atrocities in the neighbourhood of Beneventum, and the utmost terror prevailed in that district. In consequence of this, General Pallavicini, who had led the Italian troops against Garibaldi the year before, was intrusted with the more arduous and honourable task of hunting down the cannibal soldiers of the Bourbon and the Pope. Hitherto, the war had been conducted with considerable energy; and while, during less than two years, the royal troops had lost 307 killed and 86 wounded, the brigands lost 3,451, and 2,768 made prisoners. But, for all this activity, the robber chiefs had not lost their boldness; and it was necessary to follow them up more closely. Count Maffei adds to the value of his book by appending General Pallavicini's narrative of his own campaign. It is too modestly written to give more than a faint description of the perils and hardships which he underwent, but which were well repaid by the capture and execution of the monster Caruso, and by the liberation of Beneventum from the terror which his atrocities inspired. By the end of 1864, the 500 brigands who had held the country at the beginning of the year, were reduced to 49; and, during the latter part of the year, large numbers were

so hard pressed by the royal troops, that they surrendered in order to avoid the death which would have been inflicted upon them, had they been taken with arms in their hands. Within the last few weeks, there has been a slight revival of brigandage; but as the brigands always make their appearance in the spring, it is probable that this is nothing more than a manifestation of the feeble remnant who remain; and that Italy is nearly rid of the terrible evil which, fostered by legitimacy and the head of Roman Catholicism, seriously imperilled her existence.

The last session of the first Italian Parliament was most eventful. After the debate on the Convention which we have described, several matters of the greatest importance were brought forward; and were discussed at great length, and with much animation. The report of the Committee of Inquiry into the conduct of the late ministry during the lamentable riots of September, would, it was feared, give rise to serious political complications; but the tact of the present ministry, supported by the prudence of the more moderate members of the Chambers, prevented any embarrassment: and the report, which was of a mild character, was allowed to pass almost without discussion. Far more prolonged was the controversy provoked by another topic, seemingly far less calculated to produce excitement, the sale of the state railways. The debates on this proposal lasted several weeks; and were protracted, by reason of an alleged legal difficulty, in dealing with certain English bondholders; and it was only when the ministers declared that they would make this a question of confidence, and resign, if it were not passed, that the chambers endorsed it at the very end of the session. Capital punishment was another topic much discussed, both within Parliament and out of doors at what the Italians, borrowing from us, call *i meetings*. The lower Chamber voted the abolition of the punishment of death, but the upper reversed this decision; at the same time, however, reducing the number of capital offences. The legalisation of purely civil marriages was much, but unsuccessfully, opposed by the clerical party. The unification of the law and administrative reform gave rise to long debates. The secularisation of the monasteries was one of the measures which excited the greatest interest; and of this it is desirable to speak more fully. A committee had been appointed to investigate the whole question of church property in Italy. This committee comprised some very able men, including Ricasoli.

They proposed a measure for dealing with the whole ecclesiastical property of the kingdom: to capitalise the income of the Church; to make the state give a guarantee for that income; and, it being calculated that the state would gain 25 per cent. on the transaction, to determine the application of the annual income thus funded, according to the most urgent wants of the nation.

By this measure the whole of the monastic property would have been placed in the power of the state. This property greatly resembles our charitable trusts; and Baron Ricasoli contemplated that it should be devoted, so far as possible, to the objects designed by the original founders, namely, education and charity. For this purpose he proposed to give large powers to the communes to deal with the local institutions; and where, as, for instance, in Sicily, the monasteries were performing well their two-fold duties of instructing the young and maintaining the poor, to continue to them their functions. This proposal, however, did not meet with the approval of the ministry. Being sorely in need of funds, they desired to have complete control of the ecclesiastical funds, and were by no means disposed to leave to the communes the distribution of money which was wanted by the central government. Two-thirds of the whole of Sicily is ecclesiastical property, and therefore the amount of money at stake was considerable; indeed, it is stated that while the ministry hoped to gain forty millions sterling by the transaction, Ricasoli's scheme would have given them only sixteen millions. The government pressed on its measure, resisting all amendments, and deaf to all expostulations, until it was suddenly withdrawn, and the session was closed, and Parliament was dissolved, under the following remarkable circumstances:—

The Pope had from the first refused to take cognizance of the Franco-Italian Convention, in spite of the clear advantages which it offered him, in the shape of a guarantee against invasion, and the relief of a large portion of his national debt. His answer to the Convention was the Encyclical letter which was published about three months after the Convention, and which was criticized in the last number of this Review. During the first quarter of the present year he maintained the same stolid imperviousness to advice and warning. Reminded that the French troops would be shortly withdrawn, and that it behoved him to supply their places, he replied petulantly 'that they might

leave Rome as soon as they pleased.' Suddenly, and for reasons which have not yet been explained, he completely altered his policy. To a letter written by the excommunicated king of Italy, he made a friendly reply: an envoy who was thereupon sent from Turin received the most cordial welcome; and the novel spectacle was presented of the aged Pontiff walking and leaning on the arm of a diplomatist who was not only the representative of a sovereign under the ban, but the friend and colleague of that statesman to whom Rome bears especial enmity. Friar Giacomo had a narrow escape of an inquisitorial dungeon, for daring to administer the last rites of the church to the accursed Cavour; yet Cavour's friend, Vegezzi, was, less than four years afterwards, admitted to close and familiar conference with the Pope who pronounced the curse. It was no wonder that the world was astonished, that the 'faithful' were scandalised, and that the Ultramontanes gave out that the 'robber king of Sardinia' was about to restore all the territory of the Church which he had stolen, to do penance in St. Peter's, and to retire into a monastery, there to keep himself on short commons, and to wear a hair shirt for the rest of his days. On the other hand, it was not surprising that the Liberal party were rendered apprehensive that in order to obtain a reconciliation with the Papacy, a sacrifice was about to be made greater than the resulting gain. This apprehension was increased when the ministry suddenly withdrew their Monasteries Bill. The surrender of this measure, one of the most popular of the session, was looked upon as not only a grievous loss in itself, but as the forerunner of more serious compromises, fatal to the independence of the country, and, above all, to the realisation of the dream of one Italy, from Susa to Syracuse, from the Alps to the southern shores of Sicily. These fears were, in some degree, calmed by the publication of an address from the Minister of the Interior to the prefects, in which Signor Lanza stated that the bill had not been abandoned, but was only postponed. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that at the time we write the Italians are by no means satisfied, and are likely to show their dissatisfaction at the approaching elections, by making strong manifestations in behalf of the famous bill. To put against the delay which has occurred in passing it, there is a gain of no small advantage. In spite of the attempted revival of the doctrines of the middle ages which the Encyclical displayed, the Pope has, by his negotiations with Victor

Emmanuel, given a remarkable proof of his amenableness to nineteenth century opinions. Neither the king of Italy nor his subjects had been in any way disquieted by the sentence of excommunication uttered against the former; and so far it had proved to be mere *brutum fulmen*; but now we have a confession from the wielder of these terrors that they are powerless. Jupiter himself has acknowledged that his thunderbolts are innocuous, and he cannot expect that mortals will estimate them more highly than he has done. Let the result of the still-pending negotiations be what it may, let them come to nothing, so far as the ostensible object of them is concerned, they will have had this result, that the Pope has renounced his claim to punish political offences by spiritual penalties, has confessed that he has no longer the power to put out of the pale of the Church sovereigns or subjects who differ from him in matters of state.

This result has Victor Emmanuel obtained for Papal Christendom. But he has won far greater triumphs for Italy. Far beyond the grand political achievement of the establishing of a new kingdom, of converting a 'geographical expression' into a glorious reality, of adding to Europe a new power, based on the suffrages of twenty millions of people; far greater than these are the moral victories which he has obtained. Freedom most thorough, both political and religious, has been established in all parts of the Italian kingdom. For fourteen years the ruler of France has been building up the edifice of liberty, and the 'crowning' seems as far off as at the *coup d'état*. In less than six years, and in spite of enemies without and within, the treachery of Francis and Pius, the jealousy of Napoleon, and the open warfare of Chiavone, Crocco, and the other brigand leaders, the Italian kingdom has been formed, consolidated, and guaranteed, by the best of all pledges—the hearty loyalty of a thoroughly free people. Where men dared not even whisper their political sentiments, there they may now utter them from the house-top. Englishmen are not more free than are now the late inmates of those prisons whose horrors the most eloquent of English statesmen exposed to the gaze of scandalised Europe. Englishmen do not enjoy a more constitutional government than do the people who, five years ago, were groaning under a government that was the 'negation of Providence.' With free political institutions has come greater religious independence. Even in Naples, the most superstitious country in



Europe, the light of a better day has dawned : schools and colleges and normal institutions have been established. The university of Naples, closed during the reign of the last of the Bourbons, now has twelve thousand students. Corruption, which was once universal among the judges and government officials, has been extirpated, and with the boon of trial by jury has been conferred the blessing of untainted justice. Francis II. left fourteen thousand beggars in his capital ; there are there now but a few hundreds. The prisons have been made wholesome and healthy, and prisoners are now brought to trial within reasonable time, instead of languishing for years in fetid dens, ignorant even of their accusers, and of the charges brought against them. Nor are the physical improvements which have been wrought to be overlooked. Many hundreds of miles of railway have been constructed ; the telegraph spreads its network over every part of the kingdom ; roads have pierced the savage mountain districts, where of old no traveller dared to venture, for fear of the brigands ; a great work, the Cavour canal, is in course of construction. Trade and commerce have vastly increased, and with them the enjoyments and comforts of the people.

What may we not hope from the future of a country which has thus turned to noble account its present opportunities ? If Italy has thus triumphed over almost insuperable obstacles ; if she has thus, to use Burke's fine words, 'found that her antagonist is her helper ;' what may we not expect from her now that she is able to put forth all her powers ? There is good reason to hope that the national religion will be purified from much of its superstition ; and that while some of its gorgeous services may still be cherished by the 'objective' minded Italians, its priests will no longer be able to enslave and terrify, nor pervert the glorious liberty of the Gospel into the engine of despotism. No sooner was Milan freed from the Austrian yoke by the victory of Magenta, than the Scriptures in the vernacular were openly sold beneath the very shadow of the cathedral ; and the free course now given to the Book that giveth life and liberty, insured that which is already begun, and will doubtless before long be completed,—the downfall of priestly domination. It may be that the present generation will not live to see the 'widowed queen of the Adriatic' comforted, nor the king of Italy crowned on the Quirinal ; but neither Austria nor the Papacy can resist the influences which beset them on every

side. Victor Emmanuel may feel bound by the terms of the Convention of September to remain content with the city of Dante as his capital; but though he has undertaken not to invade Rome, he will still lay siege to it, as Cavour declared, by the railroad, by the telegraph, by liberal institutions; and thus, compassing it about on every side, compel the surrender of the ancient stronghold of despotism over the bodies and souls of men; and thus, as the youthful dream of the great statesman was fulfilled, and he lived to be the Minister of Italy, so will his dying vision be realised, that glorious vision of which he spoke in his very last words, '*Libera chiesa in libero stato*,' 'A free church in a free state.'

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ART. VIII.—*The Case of the Lord Bishop of Natal.* Reported in the New Reports. Vol. V. London. 1865.

ECCLESIASTICAL causes come thickly upon us. We have scarcely had time to recover our breath since the Privy Council imposed upon the Church of England a liberty in doctrinal teaching which she is not very willing to accept, and which has certainly staggered many of her stoutest outside supporters. The last year has been spent in earnest controversy as to the effect of the decision in the case of the 'Essays and Reviews.' We have seen the Anglican Establishment laid bare to its foundations. We have seen the least popular theological party in the Church stand boldly for the defence of the faith, and the man whose name was a bye-word received again into the sympathy of all disciples of evangelical religion. But the discontent and agitation of the orthodox High Churchmen has only gone to show how firmly their Church is set in her framework of civil polity. She is incapable now of theological movement, and can do nothing but strain a little to test the elasticity of her fetters. She must sit still and wait for better times. The result of the whole controversy has been to convince most minds,—those which grieve as well as those which rejoice at an unbounded licence to clerical vagaries,—that the doctrinal standards of the Church being what they are, her constitutional position only imposes on her a Court for their interpretation which is perhaps as good a Court of interpretation as could be devised, and which the temper of the times, at all events, will not allow to be altered. It seems to be forgotten by the party who agitate for a new Court of Final Appeal,

that other qualities are necessary to a good judge than a scientific acquaintance with the subject of dispute; and that the history of the English Reformation will not permit the benefices of the clergy to rest in the discretion of a clerical tribunal.

This is one of the difficulties of an Established Church:—the Church of England has at least the advantage of a Concordat which rests on domestic law, and not on international compact. But it is not a difficulty peculiar to Established Churches. In every ecclesiastical body it is a matter of serious concern. Voluntary societies have their clergy, their standards of faith, their crises of heresy. The more extensively organized they are, the more they find themselves imitating the fixed institutions of the older establishments. Federate Churches have regular courts of ecclesiastical justice, in which they try questions of fact, of law, and, if necessary, of construction. Guarding themselves by a formal contract of submission, they rely on the civil power to give to their sentences civil effect. Within their own bounds they have established their own idea of what ecclesiastical judicature ought to be. Taking for examples,—as we have often taken them before,—the two principal voluntary federal Churches in this country,—the Free Church of Scotland, and the Wesleyan Methodists, we find their Courts of Final Appeal to represent a different principle from that which prevails in the English Establishment. It is a difference which corresponds to a different idea of the Church altogether. A public, national Church treats an ecclesiastical offence like other offences; defines it, according to the course of civilisation, with growing strictness; tries it by judges of trained acuteness, and of notorious impartiality, and gives to the offender, as the subject of a civilised state, the benefit of all doubts, ambiguities, and informalities. A voluntary Church in its commencement is analogous not so much with a public society as a private club. Its bond is not the political tie, but rather the cath of fraternity. Its offences—especially among its clergy, who are in fact its nucleus—are not only crimes, but breaches of faith. Its penalties culminate in expulsion. Its courts are rather vigilance committees than tribunals. Its accusations are more like impeachments than indictments. Contumacy is treason.

Of course this is the extreme case, and is only fully shown in a Church formed from the very beginning like that of the Wesleyans. As a voluntary religious body grows in numbers and importance, and in the sense of its own responsibility

to the Christian world, it becomes more and more anxious to throw off the forms of irresponsible power, and adopt a regular procedure. The law is promulgated, and tribunals are established to administer it. Liberty of action within the law, and the certainty of a fair and skilled trial whether it has been broken or not, come into favour. The analogy of civil courts exerts more weight, and the forms which mankind have adopted as likely to secure justice in secular matters are studied. The extent to which this process of consolidation is carried depends on the traditions of the church, and the ecclesiastical feeling prevailing in it. The Free Church of Scotland, copying nearly the model of the establishment from which it seceded, possesses much regularity and solemnity of procedure: the Methodists, whose constitution has grown, like that of England, from the necessities of the moment, still retain more of the simple machinery of the society, the committee, and the vote of expulsion. A voluntary community, however, never can be assimilated fully to the organization of the State Church. For various reasons, this ought not to be expected. Such an assimilation, in fact, would relax all the vigour of a voluntary Church. Moreover, the dependence of the Church on voluntary support, and in particular of the ministers on the laity, furnishes a counterpoise to the despotic authority of the supreme governing assembly altogether wanting in the case of an Established Church.

We have not allowed ourselves to wander into these matters because we have here opportunity to discuss the advantages and defects of a highly organized system of ecclesiastical judicature. The tendency of all educated minds is, of course, to use the best-known forms of justice, but perhaps we are to learn from the examples around us that heresy is too subtle for forms, and must be met by higher than mortal contrivances. But these are some of the questions which are brought to our minds by the breakdown of the second trial for heresy which has lately occupied the public mind. As Dr. Williams and Mr. Wilson escaped last year, so Dr. Colenso has escaped this year. The Church of England feels that the success of the unorthodox at home has materially widened her pale: has that of Dr. Colenso effected a similar extension abroad?

In the forty-first number of this Journal, we reviewed this subject upon a text taken also from the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and consisting of the sentence of that Court in a dispute between the Bishop of Cape Town and one of his clergy. Our readers may remember, from what

was there stated, that Dr. Gray, the supposed Metropolitan of South Africa, had followed the example of some other Colonial Churches, in endeavouring to form a system of synodical church government; but that Mr. Long, one of his clergy, resisted the innovation, and was supported in his views by the Privy Council. The reason was that there was no Established Church in the Cape Colony; that Dr. Gray had, therefore, no ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and that Mr. Long had not consented to yield obedience to his bishop in any such matter as attending a synod. We took occasion, in the article referred to, from Mr. Long's case, to call our readers' attention to the principles of law which guard the freedom of voluntary Churches, and to the difficult position of those voluntary Churches in the colonies which avow sympathy and claim communion with the United Church of England and Ireland. Finally, we hazarded some conjectures on the probable result of the case of Dr. Colenso.

Dr. Colenso has now been heard before the same tribunal which was invoked by Mr. Long, and his case has been dealt with professedly on the same principles. It has not taken precisely the form which we anticipated, and the principles on which it has gone are, as it appears to us, an advance upon those which governed Mr. Long's case. And we therefore feel ourselves bound to revert to this not very easy or popular subject, in order to explain the reasons why our former conjectures have been displaced, and to leave the task which we before undertook as complete as the state of the law seems to permit.

We have nothing to do here with Dr. Colenso's theological position. We can only deplore that the peculiarity of his views, involving questions so much more prominent to the eyes of the Christian world than those of ecclesiastical system, should interfere with the interest which ought to attach to the constitution of the Colonial Church. A great number of persons who would, under other circumstances, admit readily that a Church must have a government and discipline of some kind, are so anxious lest any check should be put to the spread of rationalism, that they throw their interest into the scale of anarchy. And almost every one looks upon the recent contest as a simple theological battle between a High Church bishop and a Broad Church one. We think our own sympathies too evenly balanced to lead us astray. Of course, we should rejoice to see Dr. Colenso removed from the government of a Protestant diocese. Of course, we have no sympathy with the Anglican tendencies of Dr. Gray. But, like many others

of his party, he at least stands the higher in our esteem for his firm defence of the orthodox faith, and his resolute determination to sacrifice his position and everything else for it; and he has proved himself a statesman not incompetent to the duty of reorganizing the South African Church.

Dr. Gray and Dr. Colenso both acquired their offices by Letters Patent from the Crown,—a form of appointing colonial bishops which first came into use under the authority of the Acts of Parliament creating the Indian bishoprics, but which continued by inadvertence to be employed without the authority of Parliament, and sometimes for colonies whose constitutions excluded the arbitrary power of the Crown. The Cape Colony and the settlement of Natal were amongst these; and Dr. Gray, as metropolitan, and Dr. Colenso, as bishop, accordingly started in 1853 without any real jurisdiction. This point, it will be remembered, was decided in Mr. Long's case, and it has now been re-stated in language which it may be worth while to cite:—

‘After a colony or settlement has received legislative institutions, the Crown (subject to the special provisions of any Act of Parliament) stands in the same relation to that colony, or settlement, as it does to the United Kingdom.

‘It may be true that the Crown, as legal head of the Church, has a right to command the consecration of a bishop; but it has no power to assign him any diocese, or give him any sphere of action within the United Kingdom. The United Church of England and Ireland is not a part of the constitution in any colonial settlement; nor can its authorities, or those who bear office in it, claim to be recognised by the law of the colony otherwise than as the members of a voluntary association.....

‘The same reasoning is, of course, decisive of the question, whether any jurisdiction was conferred by the Letters Patent. Let it be granted or assumed, that the Letters Patent are sufficient in law to confer on Dr. Gray the ecclesiastical status of metropolitan, and to create between him and the Bishops of Natal and Grahamstown the personal relation of metropolitan and suffragan as ecclesiastics; yet it is quite clear that the Crown had no power to confer any jurisdiction or coercive legal authority upon the metropolitan over the suffragan bishops, or over any other person.....

‘Pastoral or spiritual authority may be incidental to the office of the bishop; but all jurisdiction in the Church, where it can be lawfully conferred, must proceed from the Crown, and be exercised as the law directs; and suspension or privation of office is matter of coercive legal jurisdiction, and not of mere spiritual authority.’

So far we had got two years ago. Mr. Long also was free from ecclesiastical ‘jurisdiction;’ but Mr. Long had accepted Dr. Gray as his bishop, and seemed, therefore, to be as much bound to submit to his authority as if it had been



compulsory. Only it was to submit to him in matters in which a priest submits to his diocesan in England; and the defect of the Synod was that an English bishop would have no power to convene one, or at least to insist upon attendance at it. Now, applying this principle to the case of Dr. Colenso, it did seem to us likely that a similar submission to the metropolitan authority of Dr. Gray would be inferred from a ten-years' enjoyment of a patent which enjoined it. Dr. Gray's patent ran thus:—

'We will and grant to the said Bishop of Cape Town and his successors full power and authority, as metropolitan of the Cape of Good Hope and of the Island of St. Helena, to perform all functions peculiar and appropriate to the office of metropolitan within the limits of the said sees of Graham's Town and Natal, and to exercise metropolitan jurisdiction over the bishops.....And we do further will and ordain that in case any proceeding shall be instituted against any of the said bishops of Graham's Town and Natal when placed under the said metropolitan see of Cape Town, such proceeding shall originate and be carried on before the said Bishop of Cape Town, whom we hereby authorise and direct to take cognizance of the same.'

And it gave an ultimate appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Dr. Colenso's patent declared,—

'That the said Bishop of Natal and his successors shall be subject and subordinate to the See of Cape Town, and to the bishop thereof, and his successors, in the same manner as any bishop of any see within the province of Canterbury, in our kingdom of England, is under the authority of the archiepiscopal see of that province, and of the archbishop of the same.'

So that, if the instruments under which both officers had for ten years been acting could be fairly held to be the basis of a contract between them, at least the terms of the contract were as clear as words could make them. In fact, both parties at the recent trial spent much time in debating the point, whether an English archbishop has power to deprive his suffragan for heresy; and we at least erred in good company, in suggesting that whatever might be the strict coercive force of the patents, Dr. Colenso was not in a position to deny that he stood to Dr. Gray in the relation which the Bishop of London holds to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The judges of the Privy Council have decided otherwise; and on two grounds: first, that no such contract was in contemplation of the parties, when they accepted the patents; secondly, that they had no right to enter into it:—

'The argument must be that both parties being aware that the

Bishop of Cape Town had no jurisdiction or legal authority as Metropolitan, the appellant agreed to give it to him by voluntary submission.

'But even if the parties intended to enter into any such agreement, (of which, however, we find no trace,) it was not legally competent to the Bishop of Natal to give, or to the Bishop of Cape Town to accept or exercise, any such jurisdiction.'

It is true that these were not the main points decided, and that the argument offered on Dr. Colenso's behalf against the supposition that he was committed by his acts to a voluntary submission was stopped by the court; but, however curtly expressed, the judgment above quoted is perfectly clear, and it covers an argument which, if successful, would have displaced all the lengthy reasoning directed to the negation of a compulsory jurisdiction. We must therefore take the two propositions involved in this part of the decision, as deliberate and settled law; and we think them of so high importance, and pregnant with so serious consequences to the Colonial Church, that we shall venture, in spite of our previous experience, and of the difficulty of treading new ground, to develop them a little, and hazard some conjectures on the effect which they may have upon the law, as supposed to be settled by Mr. Long's case, and upon the prospects of the disorganized religious bodies at the Cape of Good Hope and elsewhere.

The first proposition seems to stand thus:—that as both Dr. Gray and Dr. Colenso were presumably under the impression that their respective Letters Patent were instruments of legal validity, and conferred on each of them an actual coercive authority within the limits of his office,—an authority as real as that of the Governor or Chief Justice of his colony,—no possible contract can be inferred to have existed between them, with reference to the supremacy to be exercised by the one over the other; for no such contract would, as they must have supposed, be necessary. And, further, if any contract were in fact entered into, then neither of them ought to be held bound to it, because he made it under a material mistake as to his position. It does not seem easy to impeach this reasoning. How can a contract be implied, where none was expressed, and the situation did not, as everybody thought, call for one? And, how can it be implied in terms, to which one of the parties says, credibly, that he never would have assented? But, however reasonable, this decision certainly appears to us to transgress not a little some of the positions which were taken up the same Privy Council, in Mr. Long's case. Mr. Long,

it was said, had no doubt submitted himself to Dr. Gray in all matters coming within the usual Anglican relation of bishop and priest. What was the act of submission which was then thought sufficient to form a basis for so extensive an implication? Simply, that Mr. Long had been ordained a priest by Dr. Gray. Desiring to ascend from the diaconate to the higher degree, he availed himself of the services of the only episcopal functionary within his reach. Supposing that Dr. Gray had assisted at the consecration of Dr. Colenso, is it possible that the Privy Council would have decided his case otherwise? What higher or more explicit act of submission is the personal reception of orders, than the acceptance of a patent, which in distinct terms describes the nature and extent of the jurisdiction submitted to? We take it to be clear that the approval of Dr. Colenso overrules the dictum upon which Mr. Long was said to have voluntarily acquiesced in the claims of his superior. Henceforth, a life-long consent to ecclesiastical usage will not confer on the usage a binding force, if the need of that binding force be not distinctly understood *ab initio*. And, in particular, the usages of a sect supposing itself established derive no force from the lapse of time.

The effect of this conclusion, if it be a legitimate one, extends far more widely than the occasional disputes between a bishop and his metropolitan, or his inferior clergy. And we think it must invalidate another proposition enunciated in Mr. Long's case, and upon which the supporters in this country of the colonial Churches have for some time been relying. The judges in that case certainly said,—what no one disputes,—that the members of a religious communion, not established, might by the law of the British empire adopt rules for enforcing discipline within their body, which would be binding on those who expressly or by implication had assented to them; but they also said that the Episcopal Church at the Cape was no part of the Church of England, but a *voluntary society, like any other sect*, and that its rules lay in a general understanding to carry on, as nearly as might be, the same sort of Church as is established in this country. The sentence of deprivation, passed by Dr. Gray on Mr. Long, was declared void, because a diocesan synod was no organ of the English Church. Now, as we pointed out on a former occasion, there is quite sufficient difficulty in ascertaining the nature of 'a general understanding to carry on, as nearly as may be, the same sort of Church as is established in this country.' The sort of Church established

in this country is very difficult to describe at home. Its rules, though theoretically ascertainable by the law, are only, on many points, evolved by a process of stormy controversy and tedious litigation. Ecclesiastical law is proverbially uncertain and obscure. It depends very much upon finding precedents for the use of canons, which stand clear enough in the Book of Canons, but whose legal validity depends altogether upon proof that they have been enforced before. And what sort of a code the law of the English Church would make when denuded of all that pertains to its establishment, no lawyer will venture to say. No ecclesiastical courts, no freehold benefices, no Church Discipline Act, no church-building acts, no parish rates,—who knows what? And yet, perhaps, in spite of the limited scope of English restrictive statutes, no convocation, certainly no synods,—generally, no church action which is unknown to the sluggish Establishment at home, and yet very little of the power which that Establishment enjoys. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, junior counsel for Dr. Colenso, has published in *Fraser's Magazine* that portion of his prepared speech which applies to this question of submission by contract, and the delivery of which was stopped by the court. The argument is very clear and very able; but we think that he has altogether overlooked the difficulty of which we are now speaking. He admits that the ecclesiastical law is obscure, but argues that it is nevertheless ascertainable, and is the exact measure of the contract (if any) into which Dr. Colenso can be supposed to have come. Of course we must agree with him that it is by English law, and not by any vague hypothesis of a rule of the Church Catholic,—whether tested by four Councils or by five,—that the contract must be administered; but Mr. Stephen does not notice—it was not for his argument to notice—that neither is the rule required furnished by the English ecclesiastical law, as it stands in England, but only by a chymical process which shall first sublimate every thing in it which savours of civil establishment. We do not believe the process possible, or that the Colonial Church can have its course guided by so speculative a test. And we think that the new judgment evades this grave difficulty, by altogether displacing the theory which made it requisite to resort to so painful an investigation. According to our view of the effect of the recent decision, the Episcopal Church at the Cape (subject, of course, to any recent movements) is *not* ‘a voluntary society, like any other sect.’ We do not believe that it constitutes a

society at all, upon any definite basis. There is not a member of it who gave in his adhesion,—unless, perhaps, quite lately,—under any idea that any contract was necessary to supply the legal defect of establishment. It is no part of the Church of England. Every one thought, until lately, that it was; and no one had the least notion that he was joining a voluntary society, ‘like any other sect.’ He would have scorned to do it. The very reason, in most cases, for joining,—if the quiet acceptance of the Church Services can be construed into an adhesion,—was that it was part of the Church of England. We apply the instance of Dr. Colenso. Not only the bishops, but every Churchman in the two colonies, acted under the mistaken belief that the episcopal patents conferred an actual legal jurisdiction. He declared himself a Churchman,—that is, a member of the Church of England,—a Church possessing real queen’s bishops, in which the liberties of the clergy were secured by freehold tenure, in which he was to be protected by restrictive statutes of historical fame against sacerdotal usurpation, in which the Church life was not to be too lively, nor the discipline too strict; above all, and probably without thinking of all these things, the Church of England, of the queen, and of the government. It follows, then, that if Dr. Colenso be under no contract, no member of the supposed Church of England, in South Africa, is under any. If the long exercise of episcopal functions does not attach the bishop to the now sectarian Church of South Africa, what mere attendance on public worship, what mere reception of the common Christian sacraments, could import a more solemn tie? Our argument goes to show that no one is under any engagement; for no act of adhesion sufficiently explicit can be proved against any; and, if it could, all proceeded under the same mistake. There is, therefore, no contract of association, and, therefore, no society at all.

This conclusion, startling as it is, we think clearly pointed to by the case of Dr. Colenso. While the leaning of the former judgment was to construct a Church on a basis as near to that which was once supposed to exist as possible, the effect of the present one is to destroy it altogether, and leave the African colonies, and all colonies similarly situated, to reconstruct for themselves such sects as please them. Whichever be the more strictly juridical view, we cannot but lament the tendency of the later decision. In the first place, however erroneous may have

been the views with which these Churches grew up, at least the members of them have long acted on the belief that they were united by a principle, as well as by the practice, of association. It is a great misfortune to shake loose the allegiance of the adherents of a religious communion. Again, it is now two years since the non-establishment of these Churches was legally decided. Even before that date, necessity had driven most of them to attempt some sort of independent action, which practically repudiated establishment. Establishment, and the freedom of the Church to act by convocation, synod, or other ecclesiastical assembly, are considered, in modern British ideas, as incompatible. The labour of the last few years may now turn out to have been wrongly directed. If it have proceeded, as we believe to have been the case, upon the principle that there already existed, in each colony, an independent voluntary sect in sympathy with the English Church, our reasoning impeaches the correctness of that assumption; and, if we are right, there has been another mistake,—another association *de facto* based upon a total mistake of the true position of its members. We cannot but hope either that difficulties of this kind may not present themselves, or that some means may be found of evading what we cannot but treat as the logical consequence of the recent decision.

In the mean time, one course only, as we pointed out before, seems open to the Churchmen of South Africa. If never before, they must at least now begin to frame a definite Church. They long ago commenced a complete synodical form of Church government; but it is not binding on any priest or layman who does not like it. Moreover, it proceeds upon the theory that the whole population are included within its scope, although the Church franchise is not equally universal. It is founded upon the plan of a national and established Church; and it hardly seems likely that a constitution, new in its working and based upon a theory so much at variance with the real facts of the case, can work smoothly. Perhaps, moderation and administrative skill may avert danger. But two difficulties seem almost insurmountable.

One is presented by the second reason, given by the Privy Council against the notion of a submission by Dr. Colenso to Dr. Gray. If he had, in fact, entered into any such contract of submission, it is said, he would have gone beyond his rights, and done that which he was not



competent in law to do. Dr. Colenso is an officer appointed by the Queen; and, although it appears that Her Majesty could give him neither authority nor even a diocese, yet the Great Seal, at least, prevents him from entering into an agreement to be suffragan to the very metropolitan to whom the royal letters purported to assign him. There seems, then, to be something magical about the personal status of a bishop, which remains in all its vigour, though all ecclesiastical administration be taken away. We suppose Dr. Colenso is, in some sense, a bishop *in partibus*. Of course, it is clear that his consecration gave him the legal right to admit the Queen's subjects to deacons' and priests' orders, and to perform confirmation and the like; and this must, we suppose, be the meaning of the Privy Council in that passage quoted above, in which mention is made of 'pastoral or spiritual authority;' but, of course, that episcopal authority which has really no power over the clergy will be of a very useless kind; and if our conclusion be sound, that there is really no voluntary Church of which Dr. Colenso can be bishop, it does not seem worth while to tie him up from helping to make one. We take it to be clear that a Church, if it exist, governed by such parts of the English Church laws as are not concerned with the civil power; and having no power of supplementing its constitution, is a very sorry Church indeed; and we have no hope for these South African Churches, except in reconstruction. And it is, therefore, a very curious thing if their bishops, who are a most integral part of their system, are tied out from consenting to any new device for maintaining Church order. If Dr. Colenso may not do so innocent and conservative a thing as recognise a metropolitan, even with such leave as the Crown can give him, how much less may he, without compromising his office, contract to submit to the decrees of a synod,—a thing unheard of for two centuries in the pattern Church at home! Is it not the result of the two decisions to which we have so often referred, that Dr. Gray is as much legally incompetent to call or preside at a synod, as he was to force Mr. Long to attend it?

The second difficulty, attending all plans of reconstruction, is that they necessarily abandon all the ecclesiastical material which has been, for so many years, accumulated. The cathedral at Cape Town,—for whose use is it? The parish churches, schools, parsonages, which pious hands have scattered scantily over the wide plains, and attached,

often from the mere sense of doing the regular thing, to what was supposed to be the Church of England, what is to become of them? The trust-deeds, by which they were held, will speak, no doubt, in the simplest terms of the Church, the incumbent, the bishop, the parish; every word pointing to the Church of England. The Colonial Bishopricks' Fund, to what Bishops is it to go? If a 'schismatical,' synodical Church has to be founded, must it relinquish those endowments? or will some broad theory, that, after all, there was really a Church, though it somewhat mistook its rights; that a contract to live together in religious communion may, without injustice, be implied from long usage, even in spite of the mistake; that the bulk of an existing society, plunged into legal difficulties, may extricate itself by framing such new regulations as may be expedient, and that without dissolution and forfeiture; or, perhaps, some charitable *cy près* doctrine, applying the trust-property as nearly as altered circumstances will permit, according to the designs of its donors, relieve the position from embarrassment? Or is it possible that the Colonial Parliaments will take a new turn, and help these unfortunate sects out of their dilemma?

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- ART. IX.—1. *Het Evangelie naar Johannes: kritisch-historisch Onderzoek.* Door J. H. SCHOLTEN, Hoogleeraar te Leiden. Leiden: Akademische Boekhandel van P. Engels. 1864.  
 2. *Commentary on the Gospel of St. John.* By E. W. HENGSTENBERG, D.D., Professor of Theology, Berlin. Translated from the German. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1865.

THESE two works are the latest contributions to an abundant monograph literature devoted to St. John's Gospel. They are also representatives, and worthy representatives, of two diametrically opposite schools of biblical science and interpretation; of two schools which in their collision give our theological age a specific character, and which offer their broad and all-important alternative to every individual student of holy writ. Professor Scholten is a Dutch rationalist of the most advanced type; Dr. Hengstenberg is a veteran defender of the faith. Both are accomplished with the resources of the requisite learning; both have evidently made St. John their earnest study; and here they may be

said to join issue, the former delivering the last word of destructive criticism, the latter expressing the sentiment of the purest Christian faith, on a book which the devout in all ages have regarded as the inmost sanctuary of Holy Scripture. We have examined both with care; and shall make them the basis of a few observations illustrative of the controversy which has had the fourth Gospel for its battle ground during the last half-century.

That controversy is of modern date. In the earliest and purest ages of the Church the Gospel of St. John was universally accepted, at least by all who continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship. The obscure and heretical *Alogi* rejected it on doctrinal grounds; but they formed a solitary exception, in the times preceding the settlement of the Canon, to the general confidence with which orthodox and heretics alike received the fourth Gospel on its own testimony as St. John's. Its concluding words, without which no copy was ever circulated, were its earliest authorisation; their guarantee was universally admitted, for otherwise it would not have passed unchallenged. Although in the very earliest Christian writings composed after the date of the Gospel the writer's name is not mentioned, yet his words mould their diction, and are sometimes quoted with as much verbal accuracy as was customary in that age. The Gnostics in the second century, not long after its publication, were acquainted with it; some of them refer to its very words as apostolical; and Heracleon wrote a commentary on it, fragments of which are still extant in Origen. Tatian, the disciple of Justin, composed his *Diatessaron* before the second century ended; and there St. John's Gospel ranged with the three, his own sentence 'In the beginning was the Word' commencing the Harmony. The Montanists borrowed and perverted the leading terms and ideas of the Evangelist. Towards the close of the second century, St. John began to be expressly and generally named as the writer; and from that time onwards his authorship was uncontested throughout Christendom. The several Councils of the fourth century, those of Laodicea, Hippo, and Carthage, which vindicated the place of St. John's Gospel, only ratified the concurrent testimonies of three centuries.

For twelve centuries this last fruit of apostolic inspiration reigned in Christian literature as a supreme authority: accepted with the same faith as the other evangelical records, but always regarded with a deeper love, as reflecting more

lustrously than all others the Person of Christ, and bringing Him nearer to the believer's heart. St. Augustine expressed the common feeling of the whole Church down to the revival of criticism when he uttered these glowing words: 'In the four Gospels, or rather in the four books of the one Gospel, the Apostle St. John, not unaptly with reference to his spiritual understanding likened to an eagle, has lifted higher and far more sublimely than the other three his proclamation, and in lifting up that proclamation he has aimed to lift our hearts to the same height. For the other three Evangelists walked, so to speak, on earth with our Lord as man; of His Divinity they saw but little; but St. John, as if it irked him to walk on earth, has opened his discourse in a tone of thunder, has soared not only above earth and every sphere of sky and heaven, but even above the hosts of angels, and every order of invisible powers, reaching up to Him by whom all things were made. *In principio erat Verbum*. He had preached all else in accordance with the sublimity of his commencement, and spoken of the Divinity of our Lord as no other person has spoken. He pours forth that into which he had drunk. Not without reason is it stated in his own Gospel, that at the feast he reclined upon the bosom of our Lord. From that bosom he had in secret drunk in the stream; but what he drank in secret he poured forth openly.' These words have their echoes in a long catena of similar testimonies running through the middle ages, down to the sixteenth century. The great leaders of the Reformation vied with each other in their enthusiasm for St. John. Even Luther, whose specific affinity for St. Paul appears in all his writings and all his labours, assigns the fourth Evangelist the highest place among the writers of the New Testament, as showing beyond any others how faith in Christ vanquishes sin, death, and hell. Calvin speaks in very eloquent terms of the lofty design which the theme of inspiration had to accomplish by St. John for the benefit of the universal Church. His Gospel was not among the writings on which the criticism that sprang up with the Reformation expended its first feeble efforts. The hands that rudely touched St. James, and the Second Epistle of St. Peter, profoundly respected St. John. Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, his sanctuary was almost unviolated. The concluding chapter was timorously suspected by some, as for instance by Grotius; but with this exception the Gospel was unassailed by the spirit of scepticism. Beyond all the Scriptures it asserted its own

claims, and bore witness to itself. Almost every other book in the New Testament was put on its probation before the questioning spirit of these last days assailed the testimony of the 'beloved disciple.'

But this devout acceptance of the supreme Evangelist was not to last for ever. Modern criticism arose; and, after having made its first essays on the Greek original of St. Matthew, and the Synoptists generally, boldly entered the hitherto sacred precincts of the last Gospel. The first note of the challenge that contested the authenticity of St. John was heard in England towards the end of the seventeenth century. To our country also belongs the melancholy distinction of having first given articulate utterance, in Evan-son's tractate on *The Dissonance of the Evangelists*, to the ruling theory of all those assaults on the fourth Gospel which the last half century has witnessed. Repudiated in England, that theory took refuge in Germany; and the ingenious Herder, in 1797, gave a decisive impulse and shape to controversy. He was the first to represent the Evangelist John as having stripped his remembered Master of all earthly attributes and Jewish peculiarities, and made Him the glorified heritage of our common humanity. But his was a feeble and almost affectionate assault: he did not deny the *genuineness* of the fourth Gospel, nor did he think it a disparagement of its *authenticity*, that the Evangelist, who penetrated most deeply his Master's spirit, should transfigure His words, reproduce them in his own language, and give them to the world in the form which his own long and fervent meditation had stamped upon them. But this ideal Christ, whose mystical presence in the letter of the Gospel was sufficient to Herder, and so enchanted him that he cries, 'It is written by an angel,' could not save its integrity from the attack of more ruthless critics. Its authenticity was impugned by a series of writers whose names it were tedious to mention, and with an industrious virulence which scarcely any other book of Scripture has had to sustain. Reserved for the last attack, it was reserved also for the most severe and unscrupulous treatment. Bretschneider, in his *Probabilia*, 1822, led the way, and was soon outstripped by a scepticism ravenous and insatiable. Each new critic adopted his predecessor's objections, and added new articles of his own to the impeachment. Meanwhile, the defenders of the Gospel were not idle. Among German theologians there has always been a large number of writers who, like Schleiermacher, have felt a special affinity with the spirit of St. John. These

came with great zeal, and equal learning, to the rescue; and, although themselves for the most part not free from Rationalist leanings, they put forth in the defence of the Fourth Gospel such energy that some of their opponents were forced, like Bretschneider, to recant their views; others, like De Wette, were reduced to suspense; and there seemed some good reason to hope that the controversy would expire, leaving St. John in the serene possession of the Church's ancient confidence.

But in 1835 arose a great troubler of Israel. Shortly before the publication of his *Leben Jesu*, Strauss uttered his threat that he would bring the fourth Evangelist to a severer account than had ever been exacted of the three Synop- tists. After his manner he kept his word. He said over again all that had ever been said against St. John's Gospel, and added much of his own. To him that production was a gigantic incredibility: the Evangelist's presentation of the person of Jesus, with all its appendages of mystical words, and colossal miracles, was utterly unhistorical in itself, and, moreover, throughout and everywhere inconsistent with the records of his three predecessors. Strauss's criticism has a cold, subtle, and thorough consistency entirely its own. With the same merciless rigour he held up to contempt the natural explanation of the miracles given by Paulus, and the mystical interpretation put upon them by Olshausen and others; the labours of the harmonists who had reconciled St. John and the Three he strove to convict of frivolity; and the whole sacred history on which the immovable pillars of Christendom rest he consigned to a mythical region where faith cannot follow it without being transmuted into frenzy. But this work, while its destructive tendency alarmed the orthodox, demanded by its great ability all the resources of their defence. Evil as were its effects, it roused more and nobler spirits than it unsettled. Tholuck, Neander, Hase, and even De Wette, wrote powerfully in vindication of the authenticity of the fourth Gospel, although, in many matters of detail, and in much of their exposition, they made serious concessions to the spirit of scepticism. The searching refutation which he encountered made Strauss himself waver for a season; but, after sundry oscillations, he at last settled into that final attitude of unbelief on this as on all other points which will give him his permanent notoriety.

Strauss's daring experiment not only excited the zeal of sound theologians, it stimulated also the ingenuity of other



freethinkers. A few years after the *Leben Jesu* appeared, Weisse came forward with an attempt at compromise. His theory was,—for nobody regards it now,—that John the Evangelist wrote with a free and somewhat imaginative pen certain ‘Studies’ of a life of Jesus, which other congenial fellow-labourers elaborated into a dialogue form, and interwove with certain historical data; the result being in their unskilful hands that incongruous, monotonous, and tedious product which our Gospel appears to such eyes as his. But Bruno Bauer and Schwegeler carried the irreverence of destructive criticism to its utmost possibility of daring. The former was not content with ascribing the authorship of the Gospel to the pious fraud of a later age; he made a desperate attempt at originality by tracing the blunders of the forger from chapter to chapter, and did this with a recklessness that scepticism itself was ashamed of. Schwegeler’s Dissertation had in it more dignity, but not less folly: he endeavoured to establish the theory that the Gospel was composed towards the close of the second century in Asia Minor, when the disputes about the Easter celebration were rife; that its aim was cunningly to compose those differences, and to conciliate Gnosticism,—the name of John being appended to it in order that the Jewish Christian readers might be silenced or attracted. Other theorists, such as Schweizer and Lutzberger, set a few flippant variations to the same strain; the tendency of the whole being to make the Gospel an intentional fiction, its author a forger assuming the sacred name of John, its date far on in the second century, and its character a medley of lofty meditation and garrulous imbecility.

At this point, that is, about the year 1843, Lücke did good service to the cause. In the third edition of his Commentary he vindicated the genuineness of the Gospel against the assaults of the school of Strauss, in a very effective manner; all the more effective in Germany because it was exceedingly moderate and concessive in its tone. His sacrifice of the twenty-first chapter, his occasional laxity in exposition, and, above all, his want of a fixed creed and standard of interpretation, will always prevent in our country a recognition of his high claims as one of the very first who brought to exposition the pious spirit of the revival.

The Tübingen school, with Ferdinand Christian Baur at its head, began, in 1844, that assault upon the Canonical Gospels which has been continued with unabated vigour and with never-weary industry for the last twenty years. The

offspring of Strauss as a negative critic, Baur claims to be the father of a new school, which prefers the name of 'historical,' as professing to give an historical account of all the phenomena which previous criticism abandoned to chaos. Baur's zeal was kindled by Lücke's elaborate defence of the authenticity of St. John, and he brought to the opposite side all the resources of his learning and skill. He first collected together, and placed in luminous and striking order, the whole series of negative results attained by former criticism. The old objections which would have lost their influence after Strauss's failure were revived by his school, and stated with more precision. The assumed contrariety between the Apocalypse, undeniably St. John's, and the Gospel; the contradiction between the evangelist's date of the paschal feast and the traditional practice of the apostle in Asia Minor; the utter want of harmony between the synoptical Christ and the Johannean; the impossibility that such an unlettered disciple as John could ever have written such a production, or that in his old age he could have remembered such long discourses as he has put into Christ's lips;—these and many other often refuted arguments were made to renew their youth and do service afresh. But Baur's school has not won its peculiar influence by reviving and strengthening the old negative criticism. It has sought, and perhaps was the first of modern sceptical schools to make the attempt, to assign a definite time, place, and scope, to the fourth Gospel, in the history of the development of the Christian Church, or, as these writers would prefer to say, 'in the historical development of Christian ideas.' Strauss and his progenitors had gone no further than to show what the fourth Gospel was *not*: Baur's ambition is to show precisely what it *was*, and how it came into existence. His investigations, elaborately assisted by his pupils, determined—for the school is by no means merely a 'negative' one—that the Gospel commonly attributed to St. John was a production of the second half of the second century; not by any means an historical work, but a methodical system of Christian ideas, or speculative exhibition of the person of Christ, as the centre of His great work, written in the form of history. The materials of that history were found in the current traditions of the second century; and, where these were insufficient, it was legitimate for the writer, with so pious a design, to create them. It represents the position occupied by Christianity when, after St. Paul had first com-

menced the great conflict with Judaism and Jewish-Christian tendencies, she finally renounced and discarded them both. The immediate occasion for its composition is to be sought in the anti-Judaistic gnosis which had begun to encounter Judaism in Lesser Asia, and which found its expression in the Logos-Gnosticism of Valentinus, the Paraclete doctrine of Montanus, and the opposition steadily shown to the Jewish passover. According to the Tübingen school the authority of John, a name highly regarded in Asia Minor, was attached to a document which contained the true Christian gnosis, in which were represented, by some most skilful writer, the principles of Valentinus, Montanus, and all the enemies of Judaism. The one single virtue that redeems the folly of this account of St. John's Gospel and its origin is the persistency with which these critics uphold the unity, integrity, and perfection of this last product and finished development of early Christian thought.

Some of the greatest names in Germany, France, and England have devoted their strength to the refutation of the Tübingen school. Scholars of almost all shades of sentiment in relation to Christian orthodoxy generally are found united in the defence of St. John: between Hengstenberg, Ebrard, Bleek, on the one hand, and Ewald, Reuss of Strasburg, and Rénan, on the other, there is a wide interval in many respects; but it may be safely said that in regard to the authenticity of the fourth Gospel, and its general integrity, they will be found to be more or less at one. Differing among themselves on many points of great importance, their collective labours have demonstrated that the fourth Gospel was received as an apostolical document, not only by the Gnostics, but by the Jewish Christians and Quartodecimans in Asia Minor whose opinions it contradicted; that not a single voice was raised in Christian antiquity against its authenticity, save that of the heretical *Alogi*, whose opposition was an argument in its favour; that the writings of Justin Martyr cannot be understood without the supposition that he was familiar with St. John's writings, the words of which he quotes, although, after the manner of the age, in a loose manner; and that the silence of the earliest post-apostolical writers as to the name of John can be abundantly accounted for on other grounds than the non-existence of his Gospel, or their ignorance of it. They have also laboured, and successfully laboured, to clear up the interminable difficulties thrown around the paschal question by the assailants of the fourth Gospel, proving

that the Evangelist John is neither at variance with the Synoptists as to the time of the last paschal supper, nor with the traditional John of Asia Minor. They have also disposed of the dilemma,—that St. John is either the author of the Apocalypse and therefore not of the Gospel, or the writer of the Gospel and therefore not of the Apocalypse—by showing that he wrote both; the assumed difference in the style of the two works, and in their relation to Judaism, being accounted for by the interval that elapsed between their respective dates, and the great events affecting the Jewish economy that occurred in that interval. Lastly, they have shown—at least, those antagonists of the Tübingen school whom we should call orthodox have shown—that the contrariety between St. John's representation of the person and works and words of our Lord and the representation of his predecessors has no foundation but in an utter misconception of St. John's relation to Christ, of Christ's relation to the Trinity, and of the Holy Spirit's relation to both.

No work owing its origin to the Tübingen controversy has caused that school so much dismay as Ewald's recent treatise on the writings of St. John. No man living combines such vast acquirements in sacred literature, and so much historical ability, with such freedom from all 'orthodox' trammels. Ewald has declared himself an uncompromising advocate of the authenticity of St. John's Gospel; into the origin, design, and historical surroundings of which he has entered with all the energy and learning of his accomplished mind. He treats the theories of Baur, and Baur himself, with unmeasured contempt. But his reasoning is as close as his words are harsh. To the arguments of the older defenders of the authenticity he gives his full sanction; and then proceeds, in the most exhaustive manner, to trace the relation of the fourth Gospel to the Synoptists, to the disciples of John the Baptist who abounded in Asia Minor towards the latter part of the first century, and to those earliest Gnostics whose speculations, a conglomerate of Jewish, Christian, and heathen elements, were rife around the last Evangelist when he wrote his Gospel, and were silently refuted and superseded by his inspired words. The influence of Ewald's work has been, and must continue to be, great in Germany. His might in beating off the enemy from the threshold of the sanctuary deserves all honour. But when he enters the sanctuary itself he is an unsafe expositor of its mysteries,

Like too many others he forgets the Spirit who was the inspirer and is the interpreter of every word in the Gospel he defends. He concedes so much that his opponents wonder at him, and would claim him for their party against his will. We almost share their wonder when we find how lax he is on many points of vital moment. He admits that the apostle was not rigidly scrupulous in the reproduction of our Lord's words, and that the Baptist must not be supposed to have uttered all the sayings attributed to him in chap. iii. 27-32. He gives an altogether too artificial account of the manner in which St. John's memory may be supposed to have been assisted to retain so much down to old age, and makes a needless distinction between the fire, power, and fulness of the younger evangelists' record of those words and his. He dwells also too much on the mechanical art of the Gospel. Having a great desire to establish the theory, beautiful in itself, that St. John gives seven leading and typical miracles of our Lord, exhibiting symbolically the characteristics of His great work in the world, Ewald finds the healing of a demoniac wanting, and would interject a lost narrative between chaps. v. and vi., or displace in its favour the needless miracle of chap. vi. 16-21. Had it been so in the original, we should also have gloried in the series of seven miracles which, beginning with the festal miracle at Cana, found their consummation in the resurrection of Lazarus, presenting typical examples of all the works by which our Lord is making the world the object of His mercy. But, whatever holy art the evangelist expended upon his work, this was not part of his design; and it is marvellous temerity to enforce it on him contrary to the evidence of all testimony. Of a piece with this is the notion that St. John, having learned Greek in his later age, sought the free aid of younger assistants who placed their own contributions in the Book, and whose hands now and then suspiciously appear. In the interpretation of many of the supernatural events, also, Ewald betrays the laxity of his principles. Like the rationalists generally, he accounts for our Saviour's beholding Nathanael under the fig-tree by the supposition that, while the two friends thought He was far away, He was outside the house, and naturally saw what He described. The miracle of the water made wine was a change in the domain of matter which the apostle does not explain, and which is not explained elsewhere; but that 'something' of this kind may have taken place Ewald thinks undeniable, and lays

stress upon the fact that nothing is said of any impression produced upon the company by the miracle. His symbolical interpretation of the miracle, as of some others, sacrifices too readily the literal reality; and, when he comes to the resurrection scene of Lazarus, and the open sepulchre and risen appearances of our Lord, we scarcely know whether to wonder more at the mysticism or the rationalism of his account.

The only work of the Tübingen school which deserves further mention is that of Hilgenfeld,—the last and ablest representative,—who in 1854 added one more to the many German essays on the origin of St. John's Gospel. He found that his party had been going too fast, and admits that the Gospel must have been in existence about A.D. 120, inasmuch as it was so early used by the Gnostics. But, having made that one concession to truth, he has no more to make; on the contrary, he out-Baurs Baur. The latter had hinted that the Epistles, however similar to the Gospel in style and form, receded too far from the Gospels in their dogmatic contents to have come from the same author. He finds the substance of the Gospel in the Gnostic ideas of Valentinus. The words 'your father the devil' and 'he is a liar and the father of it' suggest to him the idea of that *demiurgus* who was held by the Gnosticism of the day to be the father of the devil. He detects the same anti-Jewish Gnosticism in the writer's hatred to Judaism and his reducing even Moses and the prophets to thieves and robbers who entered the sheepfold of the children of God. But if 'We know what we worship, for salvation is of the Jews,' seems to discountenance that idea, Hilgenfeld's cunning hand will mould the Greek to conformity: 'Ye worship ye know not what' includes both Jews and Samaritans; 'We know' has Jesus alone, the only true worshipper, for its subject; and salvation being of the Jews means only that Jesus, the Author of 'salvation,' was of Jewish origin. This writer attaches no historical value to the doctrines or facts of the Gospel: it was simply designed to represent certain speculations of the second century. Whereas other Rationalists have traced the tremulous hand of age in its style, Hilgenfeld expresses his opinion that no old man could ever have written such a book. He elaborately strives to prove that the writer nowhere assumes to be the apostle. But enough of him.

From Hilgenfeld the transition is very easy to Professor Scholten, whose Inquiry into the Gospel according to St.



John has just appeared. The author is professor of theology in Leyden, the Dutch university whose Rationalist tendencies have been so ably represented by Bishop Colenso's coadjutor Kuenen. He has been for many years an industrious writer; and, like very many others on the Continent and in England, has written himself further and further from the orthodox faith with which he set out. He describes, in his Preface, the process of the change that has come over his ideas concerning Christ since, in 1836, he wrote his *Disquisitio de Dei erga Hominem Amore*. Then he seems to have been a disciple of Schleiermacher, whose followers always regarded the fourth Gospel as the depository of the truest knowledge of the Redeemer. Under the influence of the Platonic philosophy, he says, he made no scruple to hold all the utterances of the Johannean Jesus concerning Himself, and concerning His pre-existence, as truth; with the Evangelist, he contemplated the Son of God as not derived from humanity, but as having descended, equipped with truth, from a higher region. But as his acceptance of the fourth Gospel depended on his Platonism, a change in his 'psychology' and 'philosophic view of the world' superinduced a change in his views of the great idea exhibited in St. John. The process was a painful one. But the disenchantment was thorough. He gave up the historical Jesus of St. John, and accepted, instead, an ideal Christ, depicted by an anonymous Mystic or Gnostic in the middle of the second century, whose strange distinction it has been, by his theosophic subtleties, for ages to degrade and displace the more worthy representatives of Christ who wrote the synoptical Gospels. 'That the results of this new Inquiry, the substance mainly of my academical lectures, are now presented to the scientific public, is due to my firm conviction that, until the fourth Gospel is explained with the greatest precision and critically investigated, it is useless to think of any historical knowledge of Jesus. There are many who, because of their preconceived notions, will not, as I have done, resolve to review their former conclusions; but I, having a regard for others who think it better to receive the bread of life from the historical Christ, as the Synoptists describe Him, than to hear Him talking about Himself in the fourth Gospel as the bread of life, am assured that I have undertaken a task which will set Christianity as a Divine cult, and Jesus as the leader of our faith, in their true position, stripped of the garniture of

a Jewish or Greek speculation. Jesus has already been long enough an object of fruitless speculative thought. Is it not high time to bring historical realities in relation to Him clearly before us, and to exchange the metaphysical Son of God of the biblical and ecclesiastical dogmatics for the Son of man, as history presents Him to us in all the dignity of His moral elevation?'

Such is the melancholy task which a theological professor of Leyden undertakes for the benefit of his students. That task he thinks he has accomplished in this treatise, which is as finished a specimen of critical investigation as we have seen for a long time, and perhaps the most subtle attack on the Fourth Gospel now extant. Although written in Dutch,—a language on which English translators have not yet spent their energies,—we have reason to fear that it will not long be unknown to the English public. We are only doing our duty in exhibiting some of the salient points of its attack, and showing, although briefly, the utter baselessness and inconsistency of its arguments.

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The work is divided into five parts. It first presents a rapid sketch of the history of criticism on the fourth Gospel. It then proceeds to an examination of its original form; arriving, after a very fair consideration of the evidence, at the satisfactory conclusion that we have the document as nearly as possible in the form which the writer gave it. Then comes a sketch of the doctrinal system contained in it: the Gospel is carefully analysed as presenting a sublime, compact, and independent philosophy of religion, in which the relations of God to the world through the Logos, and of the Logos to the world through the Paraclete, are unfolded by a nameless writer who must have been one of the deepest thinkers of mankind. The fourth part is an examination of the historical bearings of the Gospel as compared with the Synoptists; the result being that it is not in any sense history, but rather a dramatic conception historically wrought out. The last part deals with the origin of the Gospel, and consists mainly of negations: the writer was not John, not an apostle, not a Jew, not a Christian of the first century, but an unknown and mysterious thinker of the middle of the second century, who borrowed the name of an idealised John to give dignity to his lucubrations and insure their acceptance in the Christian world.

We shall not exhibit at length the author's view of the writer's doctrinal system: that is a domain into which

our present object does not lead us. A few notices, however, will be interesting, as showing the reader what philosophers find in our simple, sublime, and spiritual St. John. The system of doctrine contained in this anonymous Gospel is made to revolve around the Logos as the medium of God's revelation in the world, and the Paraclete as the medium and continuation of the influence of the Logos. The critic shows very great skill in his analysis, and gives a most complete and exhaustive view of this supplementary Gospel of the second century. But he makes it altogether 'another Gospel.' Setting out with the principle that he has before him a document containing the subtle speculations of an uninspired thinker, he interprets his words from beginning to end according to his own theory of what such an eclectic speculatist would necessarily mean. Hence we have the strangest conglomerate of doctrines derived from the pure and heavenly words of St. John. Although not without some misgiving, and betraying some consciousness of forcing the words of the first chapter, he makes the apostle introduce his Gospel with the notions of Philo and the Alexandrian Jews. Of the 'world' in this Gospel he gives the most contradictory views: so far as it constitutes the sum of the human race, he makes the Evangelist divide it into a portion for ever unsusceptible of life, and doomed to annihilation, and a portion whom the Logos came to save. In his exposition the 'prince of this world' is a Manichean rival of God, the principle of evil from eternity. The 'Paraclete,' as the critic interprets St. John, is purely an invention of his own: known not to St. John, utterly unlike the Holy Spirit of the New Testament, and a being whom even Montanus would not have recognised. In this summary all the glory of the Gospel is gone. The miraculous birth of the Son of God into human nature is entirely discarded, and no theory of the incarnation is substituted. All is resolved into a Sabellianism which in its confusion Sabellius himself would have disavowed. In fact the germs of every heresy that ever perverted the faith are detected in the apostle's words, or forced upon them. And the Lord's own discourses, as reported by the Evangelist, are subjected to so arbitrary an interpretation as almost to shake our confidence in the good faith of the writer. We need only mention that all the Redeemer's testimonies to the universal love of God to man,—testimonies which shed their glory upon the entire Gospel, from the conversation with Nicodemus down to the sacred prayer at the close,—

are interpreted away without reason and without scruple. An undertone of meaning is assigned to the Lord,—or rather to the ideal Jesus of the anonymous Evangelist,—which is abhorrent to every Christian mind, and a sufficient refutation of the whole work.

In the fourth section the critic occupies two hundred pages with the most thorough comparison yet published of the fourth Gospel and the Synoptists. Setting out with the foregone conclusion that whatever elements of truth still lingered in the Christian tradition concerning the person and work and words of Jesus, are to be found in the three earlier historians, and that the fourth knew nothing of their accounts, the critic industriously strives to prove that the author of St John's Gospel, when compared with his predecessors, differs from them entirely in every circumstance that gives an historical stamp to the accounts. We shall hereafter notice a few of the obliquities which are here arranged in such melancholy procession. At present we are only giving an account of the work; and our best service is to show what issues this destructive conclusion arrives at.

After having established to his own entire satisfaction that St. John and the Synoptists are essentially, hopelessly, everywhere at variance, Professor Scholten girds himself to the task of proving that the fourth Evangelist had no historical aim in writing his book. This point he sets himself to demonstrate in a very systematic and elaborate way. He first considers the question, whether or not the writer might have owed his entire narrative to a popular tradition that had gradually departed from historical truth as to the life and doctrine of Jesus. This he thinks impossible, because a doctrinal system so carefully developed could not have been formed on popular tradition; and he, therefore, solves the question at once by assuming that the writer placed his own thoughts in the framework of the life of Jesus. As to the facts which he relates, the critic cannot find in them any traces of that indistinctness which is an invariable concomitant of popular tradition; on the contrary he perceives everywhere such marks of exactitude as suggest an eyewitness or betray an inventor. Not only days are specified but even hours, and that in scores of passages; numbers are given with singular precision; minute circumstantialities are thrown around every narrative; and, generally, from the first dramatic moment when Jesus turned around and saw His first disciples, down to the last scene with Peter and

John, he finds such an affluence of elaborate detail as can be ascribed to nothing but the hand of invention. The critic cannot deny that the synoptical account furnished many points of contact for the facts of the fourth Gospel; in the honest enumeration of these he occupies several pages; but by the most perverse and tortuous handling of the passages themselves he seeks to prove that the facts and the words borrowed from the earlier accounts are interwoven by the pseudo-John with his own narrative in an arbitrary manner, without the most cursory regard for historical truth, and simply and solely to serve his own purpose.

What then was that purpose? Professor Scholten thinks, and here this his theory has surprised him into truth, that it was his sole design to lay down the great truth that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Only-begotten of the Father, incarnate for man's redemption; in order to show that all who believed in Him might be partakers of His higher life. But this assertion of the Evangelist himself he recklessly perverts into an assurance, that he did not purpose, like St. Luke, to transmit a history of Christ's life, but to exhibit a religious dogmatic truth in the way best adapted for the quickening of spiritual life in his readers. Absorbed in this design, historical truth was no part of his ambition. The writer had one idea, to set in the most perfect light his own grand conception of Jesus the Logos, the Only-begotten. Facts were nothing to him, save as contributing to that end. He had a 'great drama to unfold, in which Jesus was made so to act and so to speak, as to display the supreme Logos-glory.' He had 'learnt to behold the historical Jesus with the eye of the spirit;' (chap. i. 14;) and to that spiritual beholding Christ was no longer the Messiah of the Jews, but the Saviour of the world; no longer a son of man, but the Only-begotten of the Father, the incarnate Word, who was *with* God and was—for not short of this did his daring theory vault—*God*. This idea, which St. Paul (it is refreshing to find such a writer bearing such involuntary testimonies) had before prepared for the pseudo-John, was the centre of his faith; and to throw all the rich light of his genius around it was the sole object of his ambition. In accomplishing this object, he had many precedents of a plan, and a wide variety of styles from which to choose: he might like St. Paul have adopted the medium of epistolary writing; like the writer of the Clementines he might have spoken *about* Jesus in a dialectic style; he

might, like the author of the Apocalypse, have chosen the form of a drama in representation, with its scene laid in heaven. He selected, however, the form of an *historical drama*. But in making this selection he did not forfeit, the Professor is careful to show, the character of an honest believer: under the influence of the actual historical Jesus he had become a steadfast votary of the doctrine that the Logos had appeared as the light and the life; he believed that all which he put into the lips of Jesus He *might* have uttered; that, although the Lord had not performed the miracles by himself related, yet He had performed wonders of a similar nature, by which He had manifested His Logos-glory as the life and light of the world, and had sealed all His wonders, appearing alive after this fashion to His disciples. All this the Professor supposes the writer to have firmly believed; but withal that he took the liberty to work up what was possible, on his view, and had a certain historical foundation, in the form of an historical narrative. The Professor—sorely pressed by his own theory—asserts that this daring inventor was only doing what in the Old Testament dispensation the writers of the books of Job, Jonah, the Canticles, and Daniel, had done before him, and what the New Testament had given him a precedent for doing in the Apocalypse. For all these writers had adopted either earthly or heavenly scenery in which to set their own religious ideas. There was this difference, however, between those writers and their imitator in the Fourth Gospel, that the latter had, what they had not, a true, historical basis for *his* drama; and, while conscious that he was not exhibiting Jesus historically *after the flesh*, that is, as regards the external form of the deeds and words,—a matter which the pseudo-John, like St. Paul (2 Cor. v. 16), thought slightly of,—he yet felt assured that he was so exhibiting them, in word and deed, as *after the spirit* that in Him lived He *might* have spoken and *might* have acted.

We shall not waste time, and sin against the dignity of the fourth Gospel, by refuting this monstrous hypothesis. Nor should we have introduced it at all, or at any such length, were it not for the noble testimony it involuntarily bears to the doctrine that reigns in the Book which we reverently hold as the last testimony given by the Holy Ghost to the Person of Christ through the instrumentality of the greatest apostle. As to the theory itself its very speech bewrays it. This imaginary writer of the second century, the unknown genius who wrote the sublimest



document that ever influenced the thoughts of men, and yet was unrecognised by all his contemporaries, who wrote of the most sacred things of heaven and earth in the words of intentional imposture, who ostentatiously announces himself as a witness of what he saw not, hands down a series of 'testimonies' that were deliberate inventions of his speculative piety, and seals the long hyperbole of deceit by himself forging, or inducing others to forge, a guarantee of his perfect truthfulness at the end,—is the greatest mystery in literature. But, the theory has one element of truth glimmering in its chaos. Such as this disciple of Strauss and Baur has sketched him, the forger is at least perfectly orthodox in the main. Professor Scholten, and all the later critics, read him aright; and their interpretation of the St. John whom they reject is, at least in the great essential of Christ's own claims, incomparably more sound than that of many other more orthodox men.

It is curious to observe how this theory is applied to the text of the Gospel as compared with the Synoptists. We must, simply as indicating the drift of the comparison, cull a few specimens. The dramatist finds the historical Baptist of the earlier accounts a cold personage with a feeble function; he is therefore transformed from a mere herald of the Messiah into a witness of the Incarnate Word, who should take away the sins of the world. The scene of Christ's manifestation is transferred from the humble Galilee of the Synoptists to Jerusalem, and the great demonstration of the temple-cleansing is brought into the frontispiece of the history. The miracles of Jesus are elevated from mere acts of healing and general benevolence, which they historically were, into *signs*, not merely of the power of the Logos over the visible world, but of His spiritual *δόξα*, as the light of the true supernatural life. In the same interest the traditional fact that the risen Lord appeared to the disciples is invested with new and unhistorical details, in order to exhibit symbolically the process by which faith in the glorified Redeemer was changed from a belief dependent on sense into a faith which needed no sensible evidence. And as the writer subordinated all historical facts to his own dogmatic object, so also he took care to suppress or omit all those which in his judgment lent no assistance to the Logos idea, or came into collision with it. Hence everything is omitted from this presentation of Christ which in the most distant manner might suggest the idea of a human development of Jesus in knowledge and moral excellence. His

Christ is, as Logos, perfect from the beginning in knowledge and holiness. The fourth Evangelist's principles would reject the thought that Jesus was mistaken in the choice of Judas: hence it is carefully intimated that Jesus knew from the beginning who would betray Him, and chose the traitor into the apostleship in order that the Scripture, that is, the Divine counsel expressed in Scripture, might be fulfilled, a counsel which He Himself subverted as the supreme disposer of the traitor's lot. All those narratives which might tend to exhibit Jesus as the great descendant of David—the registers, the details of the birth at Bethlehem, the greeting offered by the wise men from the east to the new-born King of the Jews,—have no more fascination for the Evangelist than the miraculous birth of Jesus after the flesh. A picture like that of Matt. iv. 1-6, describing the temptations which Jesus encountered, had no meaning for this writer, whose theory was a Logos vanquishing the world indeed, but not subject to temptation from it, and eternally above any influence that it might exert. His Logos needed no voices from heaven to attest that He was the Son of God: such voices were not needful for His disciples or for Himself, but for others. He did not see, John the Baptist alone saw, the Spirit descend and bear witness that Jesus was the Son of God. Hence also that skilful dramatist, so observant of the unities, concealed the fact that Jesus was baptized and consecrated to His office by John the Baptist His inferior. And at the end of His course, in the history of the Passion, the artist's changes and omissions are very observable. If the Logos came into the flesh in order to die for the sins of the world, it was obvious that the supper at Bethany must be transposed from the 13th to the 14th Nisan; and, in harmony with the paschal idea, the word of Jesus to the woman who anointed Him must be changed. If the practical type was fulfilled in Jesus—an idea already broached by St. Paul, 1 Cor. v. 7—then He could not Himself have eaten the passover on the 14th, but must as the true passover have died on the 14th. If the Supper was originally the paschal meal, then the institution, and the fact itself on which it was based, must have already passed; the writer dissevers the words then spoken from their historical connexion and inserts them on another more apposite occasion. On the same principle must be explained the unhistorical notion of the bones of Jesus not being broken; and the blood and water which flowed from his dead side. The Evangelist was not concerned with the

facts themselves, but wholly and alone with the great dogma of his creed, that 'Jesus was the true passover, the Saviour of the world, through His blood and through His Spirit.' It was of this truth, and not of the fact which represented it, that he said, in order to elevate his readers to a believing conception of its meaning, that he had seen it (with the eye of the spirit), and that his witness was a true one. The Synoptists represent Jesus to have been recognised by the band in Gethsemane in consequence of the sign given by Judas; but the fourth Gospel omits the Judas kiss. The Logos was not indicated from without; He pointed to Himself; and was not, could not have been, the victim merely of treachery.

The same dramatic propriety, our critic thinks, caused the writer of the great drama to omit the prayer offered by Jesus in prospect of His final woe. He makes Him on the contrary decline to pray for any deliverance, and say, 'The cup that My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?' Hence the omission of the agony in Gethsemane. So also the dramatist's idea could not tolerate the Lord's avowal before Caiaphas and Pilate that He was the Messiah in the sense of 'King of the Jews.' He is therefore transmuted into a King presiding over the domain of truth. This supreme idea likewise caused the Evangelist to reject the assistance of Simon the Cyrenian: the Logos bore Himself that cross which He had foreseen from the beginning, (chap. iii.,) which He voluntarily carried, (chap. x.,) and by the choice of Judas brought on Himself. Hence also He received the vinegar, not for the alleviation of His pain, but in order that all things might be accomplished and He be able to cry, *It is finished.* Hence, further, the exceeding bitter cry, 'My God, my God,' could not ascend to God in the last act of St. John's drama. And all those other accessory demonstrations of the Saviour's greatness which might suit the Synoptical Messiah—such as the darkness, the earthquake, the rending of the veil, the resurrection of the saints—are all dropped from his page as worse than superfluous. The solemn and costly embalming, which according to the Synoptists did not take place, and, on their chronological principles, could not have taken place on account of the great Sabbath, is by the fourth Evangelist carefully recorded, in order that the history of the passion of the Only-begotten of the Father might have a worthy conclusion. In the history of the resurrection, the critic points again and again to the consummate art of the Evangelist

in making Jesus dispense with the angel heralds, and announce Himself first to the Magdalen and then to the Ten (not to the *Eleven*, as Luke tells us: so thirsty for contradictions is this kind of criticism): his purpose being to reserve an appropriate scene in the last act for Thomas's unbelief,—an incident which his fine imagination invented in order to present a type of the unbelief which must have, and will not be satisfied without, the evidence of eyes and hands.

From the tenour of these illustrations, it will be seen that the dramatist who presented the last exhibition of the life of Jesus, must have been better acquainted with the great mass of Christian tradition concerning the Lord, and especially with the three earlier evangelical records, than the Tübingen hypothesis would desire to admit. It must have been one of his subordinate objects, at least, to condemn by omitting those portions of the accepted legends which militated against his own theory, and to approve as true only what might be thrown gracefully around the person of his central Figure. But we take the liberty of thinking that the dramatist, on that supposition, was not always so fine in his discrimination as the critic imagines. Indeed, he must have betrayed such a want of dramatic instinct as is almost fatal to the theory. Surely the miraculous birth of the Logos into human nature, with all the attestations that flooded the earth with the glory and the harmonies of heaven, might have irradiated his first scene. And would the Evangelist, with such a theme and such a design, have omitted that first great victory after the conflict of forty days and forty nights? or that Voice from Heaven at the baptism, in which the human voice of John was merged and lost? or the transfiguration night, when the Logos was beheld in a richer glory than earth had ever witnessed before, or will ever witness again, until the day shall come of which that night was the earnest? Would he have failed, with true dramatic instinct, to have invented, if he found it not, a record of the Ascension, the last revelation to man of the Logos glory? The St. John to whom we hold records none of these things; and his silence proclaims loudly in our ears his truth. But what of the figment-dramatist of this hypothesis?

These notices would be imperfect without a specimen of the manner in which our critic regards the miracles in the Johannean drama. He rightly sees that they are always or nearly always introduced as demonstrations and evidences

of the Divine glory of the Son of God. But here again there is a fruitful field for licence to range in. And the critic who does not scruple to make the Evangelist put his own words into our Saviour's lips, and invent for Him an appropriate life, would not be likely to shrink from imputing to Him the invention of a few illustrative miracles. But the records of these wonderful works have such a stamp of authenticity upon them, they are so elaborately set in the framework of narrative reality, they so mightily appeal to the reader's faith, that they occasion the critic endless difficulty. Hence the necessity for *à priori* demonstration of their unhistorical character, running in the following style: First of all, they are of such a kind as to present insuperable difficulties to the most orthodox and submissive understanding. Whatever force they may have as revelations of the Logos, they are in manifest contradiction to the revelation of God's power in the order of nature. But the great dramatist was consistent; and, having a Divine glory to illustrate, he made his miracles transcend all the limits and laws that regulate human thought. To our Professor it seems marvellous that any one can fail to see through the Evangelist's design. For instance: what can be more obvious than the contradiction of the first logical laws of thinking in the miracle at Cana? 'Let water be *a*, and wine *e*. Then, as water is a substance quite different from wine, "water made wine" means "*a* become *e*," that is, "*a* becomes nothing—*a*," which is in conflict with the first logical law of identity; ( $a=a$ ;) according to which, *a*, without the co-operation of something else, remains *a*. If it be said that the factor *a* has added to it another factor of almighty power, *m*, so that  $a \times m$  becomes *e*, it is overlooked that in nature *e* (wine) is not  $a \times m$  (omnipotence), but  $a \times b, c, d, \&c.$ , representing other substances and organical powers.' But we cannot proceed with this: the subject is too solemn for mirth. It were an endless task to follow all the critic's objections to the historical truth of the miracles. How baseless they are, and how hardly pressed scepticism is to reconcile its own contradictory principles, will appear from a rapid selection. It is thought fatal to the truth of the Cana miracle, that Mary *expected* Jesus to perform an unusual act, although this was the *first*; and that, while her Son declares that His hour was not come, He immediately performs the desired miracle: difficulties these with which such a dramatist as the pseudo-John ought not to have encumbered his narrative, but which

a deeper view of the entire relation of the Redeemer to His mother solves at once. Jesus repels the desire for a visible miracle like that of the manna, and yet performs a miracle of a similar kind; but it needed more subtilty to detect a difficulty here than to remove it. It is deemed 'illogical' that Jesus should heal a man born *physically* blind, because He was the light of the world *spiritually*; that Lazarus should be raised in the *body*, because Jesus gives *spiritual* life: these objections also—which stand as representatives of a great mass—our readers will spare us the trouble of seriously refuting. The holy anger, and the weeping, and the prayer of the Redeemer at the grave of Lazarus, are to the critic historical incongruities which the dramatist's scope required. Jesus could not have been angry because the people wept, (and to this we assent,) but it was a fine opportunity to show the indignation of the Logos that His promised intervention should be doubted; Jesus could not have wept at the loss of a friend,—that supposition was a mistake of the Jews,—but the Evangelist makes Him weep over the people's unbelief; Jesus' declaration as to the reason of His prayer could not have been historically spoken, as being at variance with His human character and His prayers in the Synoptists, but its invention suited the design of the Evangelist, to whose ideal Logos all supplication was superfluous and even unbecoming. The fact that in the feeding of the thousands the historian of the Logos coincides with the humbler narrators who preceded him, involves the critic's theory in great embarrassment. He does not attempt to extricate himself, save by giving his 'view,' that, whereas popular tradition had elevated or translated Christ's feeding the multitudes with the bread of life into a feeding with earthly bread, the Fourth Evangelist condescended to adopt the tradition, but used it only as an illustration of the bounty of the Logos in feeding the souls of men.

The difference between the miracles of the fourth Gospel and those of the Synoptists is, as might be expected, elaborately urged to the disparagement of the historical character of the former. We will briefly epitomize five classes into which a long array of impeachments are thrown, replying as we go. 1. While the Synoptists narrate multitudes of cures of all kinds, the fourth Evangelist selects, for his purpose, or invents, or at least embellishes, one example of each kind in which the power of the Logos appears in its most exaggerated form: a paralytic of



*thirty-eight years* is healed; a man *born blind* receives his sight; the nobleman's son is healed *at a distance*, but without his own desire; and a man *four days dead* is raised to life. Undoubtedly there is a difference between the miracles; it pleased the Divine Spirit to distribute to every writer severally as He would, of the things of Christ to be revealed to us. But the difference is not by any means so absolute as the critics assert. In the Synoptists also a Divine Power, transcending all limits, shines out; they are not without their records of miracles performed *at a distance*; and they also have their raisings of the dead, unconscious that they less exalt the Redeemer's power because *their* resuscitated ones are not left longer under the transitory power of death. 2. The silence of the Synoptists as to an event so notorious as the raising of Lazarus must have been,—a silence which is thought to be utterly inconsistent with many of their allusions to Lazarus and Bethany,—may surely be better accounted for than by the assumption that the dramatist of the fourth Gospel invented an incident or exaggerated a legend to glorify his Hero. Does St. John ever allude to the well-known resurrections recorded by his predecessors? Can no reason be suggested which would naturally account for their silence? Failing obvious reasons, might not reasons have existed which we can never know? 3. It is not strictly true that the fourth Evangelist makes the one only factor in Christ's miracles His omnipotence; at least it is not true that He never appeals, like the Synoptists, to the faith of His patients. No less in St. John than in the others, the Redeemer's power is limited by the unbelief and obstinacy of His enemies. This point is strongly pressed; but the charge is transparently frivolous. A glance at the feeding, at the lame man of the Porch, at the blind man's eyes filled with clay, will suffice to secure its dismissal at once. The recipients' faith, in all the four Gospels, is absolutely the same. 4. There is no disparity between the Synoptists and the Fourth,—rather, if we seek it carefully, a subtle harmony between them,—in the fact that our Lord approves His Divine mission by miracles, on the one hand, while He, on the other, disparages miracles as sought in a wrong spirit and perverted. 5. It is true that the fourth Gospel contains no one instance of the ejection of demons; but may it not suffice to say that the other Evangelists had sufficiently registered that class of miracles, which were mysteriously limited to one sphere of our Lord's ministra-

tion; and that the Divine Spirit reserved St. John's pages for the contest between Jesus and other demoniacs, not bodily possessed, for the great final encounter between the Conqueror and the prince of the devils?

But enmity to the Gospel miracles has a deeper root than the inconsistency between the Synoptical accounts and those of the fourth Gospel. Witness the following result to which the critic's careful investigation of the origin of these miraculous legends guides him. The Synoptists, under the influence of the love of miracle reigning in that age, magnified many of our Lord's works, and here and there exhibited as facts what was originally matter of parabolic utterances: such, for example, as the stilling of the tempest, the miraculous draught of fishes, the multiplying of the loaves, the cursing of the fig tree. That is the extent of their offence: they did not represent Christ as a thaumaturgist or miracle-worker, but as the Creator of light and life in humanity wasted and ruined by sin. But the Christ of the Johannean Gospel is in the highest sense of the word a Wonder-worker who has at his disposal the boundless resources of the omnipotence of God; although he does not represent the visible aspect of the miracle as attracting and uniting to Jesus, but the idea of which it is the symbol and exponent. The fourth Evangelist represents, partly, the period when many of the works of Jesus, to which He Himself had attributed no specific Divine character, had already been invested with the character of signs of His Divine mission; but he rises above his contemporaries in that he does not linger in the visible wonder, but regards it as the expression of the Divine glory in the Logos, and of that energy in the spiritual domain which was symbolized by the wonder in the physical. It is hard to shape his theory into our own words without sacrificing perspicuity. Plainly expressed, the notion is that all the four Evangelists made Christ's legendary physical miracles serve the purpose of illustrating His spiritual power, but that the pseudo-John, having a higher spiritual energy to 'sing,' exaggerated those physical miracles to the highest point which human credulity or faith could possibly admit. The difficulties and absurdities that rise up as legion to rebuke this hypothesis at every step of the process of its argument are either evaded by the critic, or by the special pleader overlooked. To us it seems far more natural and honest and 'logical' to abandon these documents altogether, filled as they are with the fantastic variations of

dramatic genius upon a few slight strains, than to hold them fast in order to force upon them such utterly incomprehensible theories of origination.

The best-sustained attack upon the historical character of the fourth Gospel derives its weapons from a comparison between the form and substance of the Redeemer's preaching in its account, and that given in the three predecessors. With regard to the form, it is urged that the fourth Evangelist has undeniably given the Saviour his own style; and that there are in his pages comparatively few traces of the terminology of the Synoptists. The further objection urged against the connexion in the Johannean discourses of our Lord does not deserve serious consideration; but the peculiarity of thought and diction stamped upon every paragraph of St. John is undoubtedly remarkable, when he is compared with his predecessors in the original. Here we find this fact exaggerated even to burlesque: in such a manner, happily, as to defeat its own object. The terse sayings of the Sermon on the Mount are wanting; the rich drapery of the parables is gone; the speeches that distinguish characters are sought in vain; all is one level of dull monotony. Its dialogue is the stereotyped form in which, on occasion of the most unnatural perversion of His words on the part of His enemies or disciples, Jesus invariably develops His longer discourses. Not only do Jesus and the Baptist speak like each other, and both like the Evangelist, but all the personages of the dramatic story—from the woman of Samaria down to Pilate—resort to the same mintage of words, and utter the same phrases which are familiar to us on the lips of Jesus. Moreover, the same theme is continually repeated, and the infinite charm and variety of the Synoptists lost: in short, everything is excluded which suited not the rigid system of dogma that the Evangelist aimed to set forth. It is noted also that some of the discourses of this Evangelist were uttered without the presence of witnesses; or, as in the colloquy with Pilate, before witnesses incapable of understanding them. Putting all these things together, modern criticism rejects the claim of the fourth Gospel to be an historical memoir of the Redeemer's life and words. The Jesus of the Synoptists at least speaks in the style of His own age; but in the fourth Gospel He is displaced by a Jesus who speaks in the terminology of Greek philosophy, and has laid aside all that is distinctively Jewish in His language and deportment.

Then as regards the substance of the preaching in the

fourth Gospel, the first thing that outrages the critic's sense of propriety is, that Jesus everywhere and always preaches Himself, the manifestation of the Logos, as the Way, the Truth, and the Life; and he thinks it more reasonable to suppose that a fervent admirer should thus exhibit his departed Master, than to suppose that our Lord could thus exhibit Himself. It is affirmed that the Jesus of the Synoptists does not preach Himself, but 'the kingdom of heaven.' The Good Shepherd of St. Luke is not like the Good Shepherd of St. John, the speaker of the parables, but God. In the earlier three He never places Himself in the foreground: whereas in the fourth Gospel prayer is commanded 'in the name of Christ,' in the great prayer of the Synoptists His name does not occur. In the former, the only irremissible sin is blasphemy against the Holy Ghost, while the name of Christ might be dishonoured without unpardonable offence; but in St. John we read, 'If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins.' Here, also, the Son must be honoured even as the Father is honoured, and Jesus suffers Himself to be saluted, 'My Lord and my God!' but in the Synoptists that Lord rejects all demonstrations of personal honour, as when He said, 'Yea, rather blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it,' and when He refused the 'Good Master.' It is surprising with what plausibility this point is pursued page after page; and, apart from the conclusion to which the whole leads, the criticism is exceedingly interesting, and even profitable, as dealing with one of those points in the internal economy of the four Gospels which are not sufficiently prominent in our Commentaries. But the ominous *resultat* here, as usual, follows, to wit, that the moral grandeur of Jesus in the Synoptists consists in this, that He does not place in the foreground Himself, but the cause to which His life was devoted; while it is a necessity of the Logos-idea in the fourth Gospel that Jesus must for ever preach Himself. Judged from a human standpoint—the critic speaks truly here, 'from a human standpoint' indeed!—the Jesus who speaks evermore of Himself, and makes salvation dependent on the reception of His person, is not a great Personage. Hence it is not unfair to this criticism to say that it makes the decline of the Gospel keep pace with the elevation of the person of Jesus. The original preaching of God and the kingdom of heaven degenerated in St. Paul's writings, and in the later preaching of the apostles, into a preaching of *Christ*. The fourth Evangelist took up the same strain;

but he is distinguished from the others by the fact that, in harmony with the dramatic form which he chose, he does not preach like them *about* Christ, but makes Jesus Himself bear the responsibility, and preach His own person as Divine. That the Lord should most inconsistently call Himself 'Jesus,' and use 'Christ,' and 'Jesus Christ,' as His own personal designation, seems to these cold hearers proof absolute of the unreality of His person as set forth in the fourth Evangelist.

Here we have the heart of the controversy concerning the fourth Gospel. All the other articles of impeachment are comparatively frivolous, and may be dismissed with one simple answer: a large proportion of the petty difficulties, harmonistic, linguistic, and archæological, disappear on close examination; and all the rest would disappear if we could, what is now for ever impossible, transpose our minds into the first century, and know all the circumstances amidst which these holy histories were written. But that the Christ who speaks in the first three Evangelists is not the same, either in the manner or in the matter of His preaching, as He who discourses in the fourth, is an assertion that strikes at the very root of Christianity. That there is an apparent difference, and that most of the above illustrations of that difference are truly set forth, or at least based upon facts, may be conceded, and, indeed, has never been denied from the beginning. But if those differences are fairly considered, they tend to establish a conclusion precisely the opposite of that in support of which they are adduced.

The argument based upon the *form* of our Lord's discourse in the fourth Gospel may very soon be dismissed. Three things seem to be forgotten by most of the assailants of its veracity: first, that all the records of our Lord's words, whether in the Synoptists or in St. John, are, after all, no other than translations of His *ipsissima verba*; secondly, that each of the reporters preserves, as all the writers of the New Testament preserve, his own identity and peculiarity, in all that constitutes style and phrase; and, thirdly, that the whole fabric of the Gospels is bound up with the doctrine that the Holy Spirit overruled, directed, and guarded those writers, both in the reproduction of their Master's sayings, and in the arrangement of their own sentences. St. John's diction, like everything else pertaining to him, was moulded by his Master, in whom he lived, and moved, and had his being. Whatever tincture his thought and language may be supposed to have received from his later study and inter-

course with oriental philosophy, his thought and phraseology could never cease to reflect the thought and phraseology of his departed Master. Hence, while the keenest criticism cannot deny that there is a sharp line of distinction between what Christ says of Himself and what St. John says of Him, it may be admitted with confidence that the style of the Master and that of the disciple are alike; and not only so, but that St. John also gives a Jesus-like tone to all that he records in every page. But when it is marked with what most sensitive and reverent care the Evangelist notes the transitions from the human speaker to the Divine, showing everywhere the deepest anxiety to keep the sayings of the Sacred Person distinct from those of all others, the entire objection not only falls to the ground, but is converted into a strong argument of historical fidelity.

As to the matter of our Saviour's discourse in the fourth Gospel, its alleged contrariety to that of the synoptical records is simply a special pleading of scepticism. In refutation, we have only to utter the simple converse of every proposition contained in the attack. There is no real disparity, to *those who know Him* and His communications, between the Jesus of the Mount of Beatitudes and the Jesus of the threshold of Gethsemane. When we pass from the three exterior Evangelists into the inner sanctuary of St. John, we find the same holy persons and holy doctrines, irradiated doubtless with a richer light, transfigured but not changed. We have the same Persons of the Holy Trinity: the same Father, the same Son, the same Holy Ghost: in short, the God of the Bible. We meet with the same doctrines of sin, redemption, repentance, faith, pardon, and salvation. The 'kingdom of heaven' is not changed when it is made the 'kingdom of God.' The Ransom of the world is the same Ransom, and with the same precious ransom price. The Redeemer speaks with the same central, all-commanding authority in all the Gospels: He is not more prominent as the sole Foundation of human hope in the Fourth than in the other three; the ear must be deaf that does not hear Him proclaiming Himself as the Alpha and Omega of human destiny in the Sermon on the Mount, in all the parables, and in all the prophetic utterances of the Synoptical Gospels. It is true that in St. John He preaches Himself; but it is not true that He suppresses self in the other three.

The ear of the Tübingen criticism is indeed deaf, and its eyes are closed, to the testimony of Jesus. This is the



secret of all this unhappy controversy; and the most effectual defence against all their attacks is the exposure of that fact. It is not Jesus Himself whom they hear in the four Gospels. It is an ideal personage whose name lingered in Jewish traditions, as the utterer of certain lofty words, and the performer of many beneficent acts, until the enthusiasm engendered by His tragical end, and fed by tender meditation, gave Him a local habitation and a name. Many a loving disciple took in hand to dramatize and embellish the narrative; the last, the greatest, the most daring of all being the pseudo-John, who set the final seal to the legendary history by investing Jesus of Nazareth with a form 'like unto the Son of God,' by making His good deeds miracles, and by putting into His lips words of transcendent self-assertion which He Himself would have counted blasphemy, but which were accepted by a credulous Church, and have given Christendom its law. There is but little ground in common between us and these critics; all argument on lesser points is vain, while the great original error is held fast. Nor would we condescend to the revolting task, were it not that many of their baseless criticisms are flowing through innumerable avenues into our lighter theological literature, and seem exceedingly plausible, when flippantly paraded, to those who do not trace them to their origin.

Passing by the fifth part of Scholten's work, on the Sources of the Fourth Gospel, the substance of which has been anticipated, it is with infinite relief that we turn to another representative work.

Dr. Hengstenberg's work, the first volume of which has appeared in Clark's Theological Library, to be followed soon by the second, is not, like Professor Scholten's, an elaborate inquiry into the sources of the Gospel, but a critical and practical commentary. It does not fall within our scope to review it as an exposition; we have rather to do with its defensive character, as exhibiting briefly, but very luminously, the kind of apology (*sit venia verbo*) which may be offered for the fourth Gospel, and exhibiting it in the best manner, as a running protest. The original of the whole work lies before us, and we have carefully read the greater part of it, enough to warrant our giving a sketch of its character. But before doing so, (or rather in doing so,) we shall present a free version of Scholten's summary of Hengstenberg's argumentation, especially as it will give us

an opportunity of commenting on his unfriendly criticisms. The Dutch regards the German Professor as the most learned and acute champion of what he terms the 'ecclesiastical conservative party,' and scrutinises very fairly and frankly his endeavours to 'protect the threatened territory of St. John.'

Hengstenberg holds the testimony of Eusebius in itself decisive as to the authenticity of the fourth Gospel. Without, therefore, entering into a new investigation of the patristic evidences, he contents himself with an appeal to Irenæus, Clemens Alexandrinus, and Eusebius, according to whom the four Gospels were firmly held from the beginning as the foundation of the faith of the Catholic Church. The Evangelist wrote his Gospel when in his ninetieth year; after the final rupture between Christianity and Judaism, when Jerusalem was already destroyed; having primarily in view the benefit of the Ephesian Church, but not without reference to the whole Church of his own and of all future ages. As the Apocalypse encountered the Roman power, so the Gospel and the Epistles confronted the Gentile heretics whose influence threatened to relax the Church's faith, and beguile it into dead speculation. In writing his own he took for granted the existence of the first three Gospels, especially attaching himself to St. Luke, but with the design to confirm and to supplement all. St. John, as being pre-eminently endowed for this province, exhibits the Lord in His Divine origin and glory as the Son of God, and Himself no less than God; a task for which he and no other man, not even Peter, was reserved. In his work he writes pure history; as is proved by innumerable minute details of time and place, by his vivid presentation of individual characters, by his explanations of previously misunderstood words of Christ, as well as of many Hebrew expressions. But he writes with an apologetic aim: to defend against the Jews the Divinity, and against Cerinthus the humanity, of our Lord.

Hengstenberg dwells largely on the difference between the discourses of Jesus in the fourth Evangelist and those recorded in the Synoptical narratives; but shows that the difference cannot affect the historical character of either. Our Lord had undeniably two styles of instruction, traces of both which are to be found in the three. That the general style and the phraseology of the Master and the disciple were alike, is no other than natural, since John had made his own the form in which the Lord uttered His

teaching. To deny that he *could* reproduce Christ's discourses, is to forget that help of the Holy Spirit which was to bring the words of Jesus to the Apostles' remembrance. How could a writer who everywhere attaches such importance to the truth, and to whom it was matter of such infinite moment to 'abide in the words of Jesus,' have placed in the lips of the Lord imaginary sayings of his own invention? The severest criticism has no ground for asserting, and can never prove, of any single word, that Christ could not have uttered it. When Jesus was called the Logos, the term was not an application of Alexandrian doctrine concerning His person; but it had its ground in the nature of Christ Himself, who as the 'Angel of the Covenant' appeared to the patriarchs, to Moses and to Joshua; that 'Messenger of the Covenant' of whom Malachi prophesied, and who was represented as 'Wisdom' in the Proverbs of Solomon. The Logos-doctrine of Philo, however discrepant from that of the Gospel, was derived from the same Divine revelation.

The objections to the historical character of this Gospel, which have been based upon a supposed contradiction between St. John's narrative and that of the Synoptists, have no force to Hengstenberg. The fourth Evangelist designedly appends his narrative to that of his predecessors. The Synoptists place the cleansing of the temple at the close of our Lord's career, and St. John records a cleansing at the commencement of it; and there should be no doubt in any mind that the event took place twice. The baptism of Jesus is supposed to be known from the Synoptical narrative. An *internal* vision is not to be assumed in chap. i. 32, as a comparison with Luke iii. 21, 22, shows. The difficulty as to the place of the baptism is solved by the true reading *Bethabara*. As it respects the calling of the Apostles, chap. i. 38, it is enough to say that St. John refers only to their first acquaintance with Christ, while the Synoptists record a later and definitive vocation. The contradiction to St. Matthew and St. Mark which has been thought to exist in John vi. 21, is plainly solved by understanding '*they wished to take Him into the ship*' as simply meaning that, whereas their fears made them hesitate before, *now* they desired it, and then '*the ship was immediately at the land.*' The country of our Lord, to which reference is made in chap. iv. 44, was not Galilee but Nazareth; and this resolves another difficulty. When the Synoptists relate the feast at Bethany in the house of

Simon, they presuppose the resurrection of Lazarus, who, according to St. John, was present; this fact of his resurrection, however, they omit, partly because it was perilous to refer to it, and partly because they left the narrative to St. John. There remains but one of the more prominent apparent historical inconsistencies, and that is in the record of our Lord's last supper. But there is here no real divergence. When St. John, chap. xiii. 1, says, 'before the passover,' he means that only the feetwashing, and not all the other occurrences in the chapter, took place before the feast. 'That they might eat the passover,' in chap. xviii. 28, referred not to the eating the paschal lamb, but the festal eating of the peace-offerings that followed it. (Deut. xvi. 2, 3; 2 Chron. xxx. 22.) The 'preparation of the passover' (chap. xix. 14) could indicate only the ordinary Friday before the Sabbath of the paschal feast; and 'the high Sabbath day' of chap. xix. 31 was not the first day of the passover, but the Sabbath which fell within the paschal solemnities. Accordingly Jesus, in the Gospel of St. John, as well as in those of the Synoptists, celebrated the last supper with His disciples on the 14th Nisan.

These are only a few of the more obvious instances which free criticism has selected for the conviction of St. John's historical infidelity. Hengstenberg's volumes will be found by those who study them to have dealt in an equally satisfactory manner with a multitude of other seeming contrarieties between St. John and the Synoptical narratives. But there are some points on which we cannot give him our unqualified assent. Several of his harmonistic expositions which awakened our own suspicion, we find Professor Scholten exulting over, as proofs that Hengstenberg, however old-fashioned in his orthodox criticism generally, nevertheless has some elements of affinity with the more enlightened views of Baur and Hilgenfeld. One instance quoted, as showing how Hengstenberg and Hilgenfeld agree, is the exposition given of John xvii. 9, where both entirely exclude the world from the Saviour's intercession. It is true that our expositor too freely expresses himself, in making the distinction between the world capable and the world incapable of faith; but undoubtedly there is a sense in which it is correct to say that 'it were as fruitless to pray for the world as to pray for the prince of the world.' Another and graver instance is Hengstenberg's opinion as to the family relations of Lazarus. Baur thought that the Lazarus of the fourth Gospel was derived from the Lazarus

of St. Luke's parable, and that the fourth Evangelist intended in the history of his resurrection to exhibit as in truth an actual fact the 'Neither would they believe if one rose from the dead.' Now, Hengstenberg is far enough from sympathizing with such a pernicious principle of interpretation; but he does suggest that Lazarus in the parable was the brother of Mary and Martha; and that Luke xvi. 31 refers to the resurrection of Lazarus as having already taken place. He goes further, and hints that the parable was spoken by Jesus in Bethany at Simon's feast, with His eye upon Simon, the rich man of the parable, upon his five brothers present at the table, and upon Lazarus, who ate the bread of dependence upon his rich brother-in-law. It is a pity to find Hengstenberg maintaining also that the meal at Bethany was identical with that of Luke vii.; and his harmonistic combinations seem to us very unfortunate. For instance, Martha was the wife of Simon,—having exchanged her name on marriage; Simon was the leper, a surname by which St. Matthew and St. Mark expressed their sense of his Pharisee spirit, as shown in his sentiment (Luke vii.) towards not only the woman who entered, but towards Jesus Himself. Stranger still, Mary of Bethany was formerly the 'sinner,' Mary Magdalen to wit; the precious ointment was the token or relic of the loose life she had lived; her penitence was shown in her wiping with her formerly dishonoured hair the feet which her formerly dishonoured lips had kissed. St. John, out of respect to Martha, omitted to mention the name of Simon, who took so much amiss the act of Mary, and was the leader of the 'some' who murmured at the waste. If this Simon belonged, as was probable, to the number of those who went and gave information to the Pharisees of what passed at Bethany, it was to him a very welcome circumstance that Judas (Simon's son and Simon understood one another well) came to his help. So St. John designedly omitted to divulge the former life of Mary, in order to avoid putting weapons into the hands of the enemies of Christianity. The fact that St. Luke makes the sinner dwell in the 'city,' while Mary dwelt at Bethany, is a difficulty which Hengstenberg solves by suggesting that Bethany, where Simon's possessions were, was no other than a suburb of Jerusalem. Finally, that the Mary of the one account was of Magdala and the other of Bethany, he explains by showing that, whereas she was originally of Magdala, she changed her residence for Bethany; in itself all the more probable, as

Galilee, on account of her former sinful life, would awaken only painful remembrances.

This is a specimen of harmonistic subtlety as perilous in itself as in the present case it is superfluous. It is an unwarrantable derangement of St. Luke's 'order;' it introduces innumerable difficulties in order to remove one, which, after all, is no difficulty to those who take the narratives simply as they stand; it is quite inconsistent with Hengstenberg's own well established principle that St. John carefully respected the narratives which he supplemented; and it throws a mysterious inconsistency over all the relations of the household at Bethany. That household it robs of the charm of infinite grace that it has always had for the Christian heart, as the elect family of our Lord's human affection. And Mary it specially dishonours. Identifying her with the Magdalen, we lose the glory of her symbolical life and character; she can never be again the type of virgin contemplation sitting at the feet of Jesus: and Mary Magdalen loses on this theory all her individuality. But, granting all this, we must not surrender Dr. Hengstenberg to the Rationalists. No living writer has less in common with them. He has only in this case pushed a little too far the expositor's privilege of giving his own account of every difficulty, and doing his best to solve it; and it is only fair to add, that another such instance cannot be found.

Hengstenberg's rejection of the 'Adulteress' section is very decided: much more decided than the nature of the case, with all its complications of evidence, absolutely justifies. We think he presses too far the argument derived from the relaxation of morality implied in 'Neither do I condemn thee.' However the origin of that wonderful episode may be decided, it certainly contains nothing inconsistent with the character of our Lord as the Searcher of hearts walking among the children of men in holy mercy, the light detecting all sinners, the love forgiving all penitents. Nor is its presence a dishonour to the Gospel of St. John. On the other hand, Hengstenberg defends the passage which makes the angel trouble the pool of Bethesda, and with almost undue pertinacity. His grounds for holding it so firmly are worth pondering in this unspiritual age. 'This is a mode of viewing natural relations which has become foreign to an age which, in its fundamental atheistic tendency, has constantly directed its gaze to *second causes*, to which apply the words spoken by St. Paul of the heathen, *honouring the creature more than the Creator*, and whose



regard remains fixed on that *monstrum ingens cui lumen ademptum*, a Cosmos without God, a soulless nature. That the mode of consideration is that of the whole sacred Scriptures cannot be doubted, if we cast a glance at Matthew vi., according to which God feeds the fowls of the air, and clothes the lilies; at Psalm xxix., which portrays the greatness of God in the tempest; at Psalm civ., which sings the praise of God in His works; and at Psalm cxlviii., where dragons and all floods, fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind fulfilling His word, mountains and all hills, fruit trees and all cedars, are required to praise the Lord, who has glorified Himself in them. That here the Divine influence comes through the medium of an angel makes no difference; for, according to the Scripture view, as far as the Divine operation extends, so far also extends the service of the angels, to whose department, according to Psalm civ. 4, and Heb. i. 7, belong also wind and flaming fire.' He also vindicates the closing words of the Gospel as the apostle's own; but on grounds which have not absolute force.

Professor Scholten rejoices over Hengstenberg's adherence to the Tübingen theory of the profound system which reigns in the fourth Gospel. We have already hinted our obligation to that perverted school for having done so much to vindicate in Germany the sublime scope and the orderly arrangement of the document which as an historical Gospel they reject. But the Tübingen critics were not needed to point out to Hengstenberg what every sound expositor has seen, that St. John wrote with a systematic plan. The tendency has always rather been to enforce upon this Gospel too strict an analysis. Hengstenberg had many very elaborate summaries, from Lampe's downwards, before him; but he has struck out his own original course, and exhibited an order in the apostle's narrative which it is easier to cavil at as subtle than to gainsay. Three, Seven, Four, and Three, are the numbers which regulate the order. Prologue, Narrative, Conclusion, (not Appendix,) are its three parts. The body of the book he divides into seven groups, which again are sub-divided into four and three. The sacred number is perhaps made too conspicuous: for instance, where the first section 'describes the events of a sacred seven of days: in chap. i. 19-28, the testimony of John on the day before the baptism of Christ; in verses 29-34, the testimony of the Baptist concerning Christ at His baptism; in verses 35-42, the words of the third day, the third testi-

mony of the Baptist, and the first conversions which followed it; in verses 43-51, the events of the fourth day; in chap. ii. 1-11, the close of the sacred week, the seventh day, hallowed by the beginning of miracles, which Jesus performed at Cana in Galilee.' But, though we should demur to such excessive anxiety to find the secret government of the sacred numbers throughout, no one can doubt that the great central dogma of the apostle—that Jesus Christ is the Son of God incarnate—is demonstrated by a series of illustrative arguments, laid down in an orderly manner, and that this grand object is with consummate skill worked out in strict harmony with another object, that of supplementing the former Evangelist, and giving such an exhibition of the higher nature of the Redeemer as their accounts waited for and demanded for their own perfection.

In another respect, also, Hengstenberg is regarded as displaying a remarkable congeniality with the newer school of critics, viz., in the allegorical and spiritualising interpretation that he applies to many of the narratives. These critics, setting out with the assumption that an unknown thinker composed the fourth Gospel to display in a dramatic form his own peculiar Christ, naturally find everywhere the traces of his affluent genius, and detect in every incident some subtle, symbolical element of contribution to his general effect. But their symbolism is not Hengstenberg's. He, following the guidance of the best expositor of every age, has found tokens in many instances of an overruling Providence of the Holy Spirit, investing many events and circumstances with a symbolical meaning. He well observes that 'explanation of an allegory is widely different from allegorical explanation.' It is one of the most difficult tasks of the expositor to mark the precise boundary between the one and the other; and all commentaries on St. John which we have ever seen offend either in the too much or the too little. Hengstenberg sometimes goes too far, but the offence is a very venial one. For instance, in his rendering every sentence in the interview with the woman of Samaria has its own distinct symbolical significance; and the sublime typical meaning which the history presents in its general features, and in some of its details,—a meaning which no Christian heart can mistake,—is marred rather than heightened by pressing the accessories too far. The symbolical interpretations given to the feeding, the pool of Siloam, type of the Sent of God, the raising of Lazarus, the feet-washing, the leaving our Saviour's legs

unbroken, the blood and water issuing from His side, the several appearances after the Resurrection, are finely conceived and expressed. But some very far-fetched conceits are mingled with them. The exposition of the Pool of Bethesda is full of such forced suggestion, as that the five porches symbolised the imperfection of the Jewish worship, (five being the half of ten, the number of completeness,) the thirty and eight years of paralysis the years of Israel's wandering, and so forth. Not the least singular of these is the parallel drawn, in the account of the final fishing, between the hundred and fifty and three fishes in the apostolic net and Solomon's enumeration of the 'strangers in the land of Israel, an hundred and fifty thousand and three thousand five hundred.'

This last allusion leads us to notice one of the peculiar excellences of Hengstenberg's commentary,—its exhaustive references to the Old Testament Scriptures. This veteran's life has been spent in the diligent study and elucidation of the entire Old Testament field; and this has given him an inexpressible advantage as an expositor of the New. In a Gospel which is almost made up of our Lord's words, we might expect to find the phraseology moulded by that ancient Word in which He lived and moved and had His being, which, indeed, was His own word spoken indirectly and by the prophets. Men who consult this exposition will find themselves carried back to the Old Testament for phrases, and allusions, and roots of expression, which in many instances they might little expect. It may be questioned whether any Commentary extant makes such constant and full use of Old Testament illustrations; and this is of itself very high praise.

We very heartily recommend the translation of Hengstenberg,—wherever we have consulted it; racy and readable,—to our readers, who, making allowance for a certain Germanism that clings to the style, and a somewhat mystical Lutheran treatment of the sacraments, will find it a devout and trustworthy exposition.

But there is still room in English literature for a thorough presentation of the collective writings of St. John. And that is a void which cannot be filled up from any foreign source. Ewald's is a magnificent suggestion of what may and must be done; but the work we desire to see must be executed on principles very different from his, however valuable his materials may be. To place St. John in his true position in the canon of Scripture, to exhibit

his sacred Trilogy,—the Apocalypse, the Gospel, the Epistles,—in their grand relation to each other, to the central Lord, and to the Church, to enter thoroughly into all the critical disquisitions which the variations of style in these writings render necessary, sweeping away in the process all the objections which have been referred to in our pages, and to crown all with a learned and reverent exhibition of the doctrine of St. John as the highest revelation of the Supreme Revealer, would be a task worthy of the best English scholarship, and which, in our opinion, will never be executed save in England,

## BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

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Daniel the Prophet. Nine Lectures delivered in the Divinity School of the University of Oxford. With Copious Notes. By the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., London: Parkers. 1864.

THE name of Dr. Pusey is linked to a school of religious opinion, which we have the least possible disposition to favour, and which the manly sense and Christian feeling of England have formally disavowed and abjured. How far this association of ideas is matter of historic justice, it is not for us to say. The public eye-sight is not commonly at fault in fixing on the men, who are the prime forces by which any great movement is determined, whether in Church or State; and if Dr. Pusey was not, strictly speaking, the father of 'Puseyism,'—as he certainly ought not to be credited with much that has passed under the name,—it is undeniable that the part which he took, in connexion with the rise of the famous Oxford theology, was such as strongly to encourage the view, which the popular voice has so articulately expressed for all time. Be the fact what it may, the Dr. Pusey of to-day is not the Dr. Pusey of five-and-twenty years ago. If he is still too 'high' in his ecclesiasticism, age and experience have brought with them an enlargement of soul, giving new value to the learning and devoutness which have always distinguished him; while the dignified courage, and unfaltering loyalty to the Bible, which he has recently shown in the great Rationalistic struggle, might condone worse errors than he has ever committed, and justly entitle him to the love and respect of all who believe in the Christian Revelation. At the present moment, there are few men in England so well prepared as Dr. Pusey to meet the microscopic criticism on its own ground; and there are none, on whose conscientious, enlightened, and earnest antagonism to the flippancy and irreverence of the new theological school, the Church can calculate with greater certainty.

Of all the good services, which Dr. Pusey has recently done, in the interest of scriptural truth, the most solid, and that for which he will be thanked the longest, is the noble vindication of the authenticity and inspired authority of the Book of the Prophet Daniel, to which we here call the attention of our readers. The prophecies of Daniel, it is well known, have been a mark at which modern biblical sceptics have delighted to hurl the choice shafts of

their literary archery. On the supposition that these prophecies were written at the time at which they profess to have been written, and that they have come down to us in their substantial integrity, both the Old Testament and the New are certified to us as 'the oracles of God;' then we must grant the fact of prophecy, in the strictest sense of that term; and a supernatural revelation, and whatever else is demanded by Christian orthodoxy, as the basis and substance of its faith, must be allowed to be logically proven. And to avoid this dire issue, unbelief has spared no pains in the effort to damage and destroy the credit of the Book of Daniel; the resources of language, history, and philosophical argumentation being all taxed to the uttermost for the purpose of showing that, in whole or in part, it is a forgery, and that its predictions of the future, if not composed after the events to which they refer, were uttered when those events were close at hand, and, consequently, fall within the range of purely human sagacity and foresight. With excellent judgment, Dr. Pusey selected this precious portion of Holy Writ as the subject of a series of lectures, in which he might at once do battle for the truth and inspiration of Daniel, and, as he tells us, might furnish his 'contribution against that tide of scepticism, which the publication of the *Essays and Reviews* let loose upon the young and uninstructed' in our country. The object, which he thus contemplated, he has carried out beyond all praise. He has fought the impugners of the prophet with their own weapons, and has demolished them. He has triumphantly established the antiquity, unity, and Divine authority of the sacred document. With a learning, a research, an intelligence, and a breadth and exhaustiveness of treatment, such as are not easily described, the accomplished author of this elaborate and masterly work has filled up an unsightly chasm in our literature; has cleared away a mass of difficulties which the perverse ingenuity of scepticism had heaped on holy ground; and has supplied the Christian Church with a commentary on one of the most sacred of its sacred books, which will be studied and esteemed long after the present generation is gathered to its fathers. In truth, Dr. Pusey's *Daniel the Prophet* is one of the most important productions of the age. It is eminently well-timed. There is not a trace in it of the popular idolatry of flattery and gilded cobwebs. Good sense, strong thought, sound learning, exquisite sentiment, and a fine tone of Christian reverence and humility characterize it throughout. And though it may be sneered and carped at; we will answer for it, no champion of unbelief, in fair and honest polemic, will ever shake its main positions, or invalidate the great doctrinal and practical conclusions, to which the author's argument conducts him. The plan, upon which Dr. Pusey has constructed his work, is stated by himself in the outset. Assuming that the Book of Daniel 'is either Divine or an imposture,' either a record of 'true miracles and true prophecy,' or else the whole of it 'one lie in the name of God,' he proposes to show,—1. That even if, *per impossibile*, the



Book of Daniel had been written at the latest date at which 'the sceptics' venture to place it, there would still remain clear and unquestionable prophecies. 2. That those definite prophecies, which were earlier fulfilled, are not out of, but in harmony with, the rest of the Old Testament. 3. That even apart from the authority of our Lord, the history of the closing of the Canon, as also the citation of Daniel in books prior to, or contemporary with, Antiochus, establish the fact that the book was anterior to the date of Antiochus Epiphanes; and so, that those definite prophecies are, according to this external authority, not history related in the form of prophecy, but actual predictions of things then future.' Lastly, the author undertakes to 'answer every objection alleged against the book, whether as to matters of doctrine or history, which shall not have received its answer in the course of the other inquiries.'

Before addressing himself to the task which he has thus defined, Dr. Pusey devotes the greater part of an introductory lecture to the illustration of certain important points, particularly two, affecting the authorship and genuineness of the Prophecies of Daniel,—which were questioned in the latter decades of the last century, but are now generally admitted even by the stoutest opponents of their Divine original. The first of these is the unity of the book. 'No one doubts now that the Book of Daniel is one whole.' Those redoubtable masters of the 'hacking school of criticism,' Bertholdt and Augusti, 'admitted identity of style and manner,' though they 'denied the identity of the author;' and Eichhorn's theory, 'that the Chaldee and Hebrew portions of the book are by different authors,' is 'now rejected by all,' not only because of 'the general proofs of the unity of the whole,' but because 'the division of the languages does not correspond with any obvious division of the book,' but is demonstrably based 'upon the unity of the plan of the writer.' Moreover, the manner in which 'the first part of the book prepares for what follows,' while 'the subsequent parts look back to the first; the steadily progressive nature of the contents; the uniformity with which the histories are all made to show how 'the true God was glorified amid the captivity of His people in a heathen empire;' and the fact that 'the character of Daniel himself runs one and the same through the book, majestic in its noble simplicity;' these, with other considerations, serve to establish, what is, at length, almost universally granted, that, be the age and significance of the Book of Daniel what they may, it is the product of a single hand, and not a patchwork, the result of the ingenious stitching together of compositions of different writers and periods. The second great point, to which Dr. Pusey here challenges attention, is one upon which much stress was laid some years since, by the critical opponents of Daniel;—the alleged occurrence, that is to say, in his Prophecies, of Greek terms and idioms; a phenomenon which, of necessity, implied a lower date for the composition of the book, than that which it claimed for itself. 'It is now conceded,' says Dr. Pusey, 'that there are neither Greek words nor Grecisms'

in it, 'beyond the names of two or three musical instruments,' the presence of which is fully accounted for by 'the fact of an old and extensive commerce between Babylon and the West,' and by the well-known philological principle, that the name travels with the thing. We cannot follow our author into this discussion. It must suffice to say, that, in no part of his work, does Dr. Pusey's ample and accurate learning appear to greater advantage, or inflict heavier rout upon the Lilliputian host of grammar and dictionary warriors, whom he confronts and fights. Besides dealing with these special points, the writer further disposes of various objections to the Book of Daniel, built upon the character of its Hebrew; and, by a careful and laborious induction, shows that its linguistic peculiarities, such as they are, are precisely those which the epoch, circumstances, and personal history of the Prophet would be likely to create. The descriptive catalogue of the characteristics of the Biblical Chaldee, as distinguished both from the Samaritan and from the later Aramaic of the Targums, with which Dr. Pusey closes his Introductory Lecture, is drawn in part from an essay on 'The Chaldee of Daniel and Ezra,' by the Rev. J. M'Gill, which appeared in the *Journal of Sacred Literature* for January, 1861; and the facts, which the catalogue exhibits, are wrought by our author into the tissue of his argument with admirable skill and conclusiveness.

Dr. Pusey devotes the second, third, and fourth Lectures of his series to the maintenance of the position, that, even though we take the lowest date which has been fixed by the sceptics for the Book of Daniel, it still contains 'clear and unquestionable prophecies.' 'Two great subjects of prophecy in Daniel,' he urges, 'plainly, and on their surface, extend into a future beyond the sight of one who lived even in the time of Antiochus Epiphanes: 1. The prophecies of the fourth Empire; 2. That of the seventy weeks and the Redeemer.' Indeed, as to the last of these points, the modern Rationalistic interpreters of Daniel, by a marvellous fatality, to which Dr. Pusey adverts, are at one with the orthodox. 'Of the last of the "Empires," mentioned by Daniel,' (strange enough,) 'no one has been found to doubt that it is the kingdom of Christ.' And so, in fact, the question of prophetic matter, as an element of the Book of Daniel, is distinctly affirmed by its impugnors. What they insist upon, however, is, that there is no prediction in it of anything belonging to the sphere of human and simply mundane history. Christianity is anticipated and foretold after a fashion; but not the Rome of the post-Antiochus period. There is no fourth empire in Daniel dating later than the epoch of Antiochus. Here Dr. Pusey joins issue with his opponents; and by a lengthened and most elaborate exegetical and historical argument, he demonstrates the untenableness and absurdity of the theories which have been framed for the purpose of making out 'four empires (subtracting the Roman), which should end with Antiochus,' and vindicates, beyond all successful dispute, the ancient Catholic view, which identifies the Prophet's fourth empire with

imperial Rome, and which makes the ending of the seventy weeks, and the advent of Christ, to be contemporaneous with the dominion of the Cæsars. It is quite impossible, within the space of a few lines, to convey any adequate idea of the range and depth of inquiry through which Dr. Pusey passes in this section of his book. The reading and erudition which it implies are something portentous for these days of literary surface-work; and we can hold out no hope to our readers that they will accompany the author to the close of his discussion, unless they are much in earnest, and can really bear a mental pressure which will prove neither light nor momentary. All who have the courage to follow Dr. Pusey, will be abundantly rewarded for their pains, and will join us in thanking him warmly for having thrown one more impregnable defence about the truth of the Scriptures.

The thesis of the fifth lecture of the volume, as stated by the author, is, that 'the minuteness of a portion of Daniel's prophecies is in harmony with the whole system of Old Testament prophecy, in that God, throughout, gave a nearer foreground of prophecy, whose completion should, to each age, accredit the more distant and yet unfulfilled prophecies.' Minute predictions, Dr. Pusey contends, are presupposed by the Divinely-appointed test of prophecy which, as we see from Deut. xviii. v. 22, is the fulfilment or non-fulfilment of definite prophetic declarations. 'Further, there are, in the earliest provisions of the law, and in the history of Samuel, indications that God condescended to show His individual care and superintendence of human things by a more minute personal foretelling than is recorded.' Such expressions, too, as *Gad, David's seer; Heman, the king's seer in the words of God; Jeduthun, the king's seer*; and the often-recurring *to inquire of the Lord*; point plainly in the same direction. Besides, all down the course of the Old Testament history we have example on example of most precise and particular prophecies of future events, the exact accomplishments of which are as unquestionable certainties as any belonging to the records of human history. Of course, Dr. Pusey does not content himself with affirming this: he goes into detail, and shows, by an extended series of instances, that the 'accurate chronological statements' of the prophet Daniel, and his minute descriptions of events in the history of kingdoms not existing in his time, to which Lengerke and others have taken exception, are phenomena, which have their parallels in kind along the whole line of the Old Testament Scripture; and only serve to establish and illustrate the organic oneness of the prophecies of Daniel with those of the great body of Divine Revelation. 'Daniel, as being, for that dreary time when the living prophets ceased, a microcosm of prophecy, has in one all the character of prophecy. Largest and least; the remote future and the near; the conflict of the evil and the good, and its final issue; man's free agency and God's overruling Providence; judgment and mercy; the death of the Redeemer and His everlasting kingdom; His presence as man, yet more than man, at the right hand of God; the passing

away of the old Covenant and its sacrifices and the bringing in of the New; forgiveness of sins and the gift of righteousness; are all concentrated in him.' In this part of his work, as elsewhere, Dr. Pusey writes like a man who knows where he is; and the contrast between his logic and spirit and those of the critics whom he criticizes, is as striking as it is admirable.

'The proof of the genuineness of the Book of Daniel, furnished by the date of the closing of the Canon of the Old Testament, and by the direct reference to it in the Canonical Scriptures, and in other books before or of the Maccabee period,' forms the subject of Dr. Pusey's sixth lecture. Here, again, the author is at home; and his exact and well-applied scholarship reduces the cause of the adversaries to very small dimensions. The Canon of Old Testament Scripture, including, as it always did, the Book of Daniel, was closed, he contends, some four hundred years before Christ. So Josephus states. So the contents and history of the book of 'Wisdom' imply. So the 'document attributed to Nehemiah in a letter which stands at the beginning of the second book of Maccabees,' argues beyond reasonable question. Further, there is ample proof that 'the Canon was almost completed before the return from the captivity;' and in no one of the Old Testament books, the date of which can be scrupled, 'is there anything which requires a date later than that which Josephus probably meant to fix, the date of Malachi, and of the second visit of Nehemiah. Moreover, not to mention the allusions to the wisdom and righteousness of Daniel, found in the prophecies of Ezekiel, 'we have language of his prayer used in Nehemiah; reference to his visions in Zechariah; and, at the times in which the writer must have lived, had he not been the prophet, viz., the Maccabee times, we have quotations not of the book only, but of its Greek translation, in the third (the Jewish) sibylline book.' Daniel 'is quoted,' likewise, 'in the first book of Maccabees, and at the same time, at the least not later, in the book of Baruch; and men allow too, *now*, in the book of Enoch.' This is only an imperfect index to the chief points of Dr. Pusey's argument. Our limits forbid us to go into detail. If he does not prove the moral impossibility of the Book of Daniel's being a production of the age of Antiochus Epiphanes, all reasoning, on whatever subject, is hopeless. The three remaining lectures of Dr. Pusey's work are occupied with 'the historical inaccuracies' which rationalism has imputed to the Book of Daniel, with sundry 'improbabilities' alleged to exist in the narrative; and with the question of those 'later' religious opinions and practices, which the insight of sceptical criticism, aided by Zoroaster's spectacles, has discovered in the doctrinal teaching of the prophet. It is an act of self-denial not to follow Dr. Pusey step by step, through the argument to which this large and various theme conducts him. The topics which it raises are so stirring and important; the erudition and research which it exhibits are so rare and thorough; and the answers which it makes to the ignominious mumbling of the

objectors, are usually so clear and final, that we feel it hard to keep bounds, and to withhold from our readers a complete digest of its contents. As it is, we can only express our full satisfaction with the manner in which Dr. Pusey has brought his great undertaking to a conclusion; and earnestly commend his massive, noble, scholarly Christian book to the careful study of all who prize the Scriptures as the Word of God, and who are concerned that a narrow, pedantic, and vain-glorious biblical scepticism should not be allowed to have its own way with our rising youth, and so with the men and women of the coming generation.

Dr. Pusey's work has other excellencies besides those which we have formally named. His exposures of the ignorance and mis-statements of some of the living leaders of the rationalist school of divines are worthy of the best attention of their pupils and admirers. The quiet dignity with which he quenches the little lights of men, whose only claim to be seen is the audacity of their speculations, will escape the observation of none of his readers. His sensitive seriousness, too—so much in contrast with the hard indifference and blank, rude recklessness of the critics to whom he opposes himself—throws an unspeakable charm around every part of his argument. Above all, the truth and clearness with which he defines the function of Faith in regard to Divine Revelation; the force and consistency with which he pleads for the supremacy of this Divine principle within its own jurisdiction; and the just and impressive manner in which he exhibits the dangers resulting from practical revolt against the authority of Faith; confer a religious and moral value upon his production, which vastly enhances the worth of its other qualities.

We entirely agree with Dr. Pusey, that the objections which have been raised to the Book of Daniel, are almost wholly due to a sceptical necessity for getting rid of the miracles and prophecies which it contains; and we agree with him, also, that this is the explanation of most of the disparaging criticism to which the Holy Scriptures are at present subjected. Dr. Pusey believes that a true Biblical criticism presupposes Faith. We believe so too. And if we must justify ourselves by example, we point to this grand defence of the Prophecies of Daniel as well illustrating the relation in which the one stands to the other.

*Bentleii Critica Sacra.* Edited by Arthur Eyles Ellis, M.A.  
Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co. 1862.

THE great Bentley, as is well known, projected a critical edition of the Greek and Latin New Testament; and, for some years, he continued to make preparations for it, by the collation of MSS. and other literary toil. The scheme was never carried into effect. Partly, no doubt, through the enormous difficulty of the task he had set himself, partly through disgust at the treatment which his proposals received from the public, the redoubtable classic departed, leaving his half-hewn obelisk in the quarry; a wonder, if not a riddle,

to after generations. Obelisk-like, it lies in the quarry still, and, so far as we can see, is likely to lie there till the MSS. lose all value beyond that of a scholar's autograph. Bentley died in 1742, bequeathing his Collations and Notes to his nephew, Dr. Richard Bentley, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the hope that he would be able to give them to the world. The consequence might be foreseen. The MSS. 'lay untouched at Nailstone parsonage, in Leicestershire, till the year 1786; when, by the will of Dr. R. Bentley, they became the property of Trinity College.' Even then they might almost as well have remained at Nailstone, for any use that was made of them for seventy years after. Writing in 1862, Mr. Ellis says: 'No attempt has hitherto been made to publish any portion of these remains, or to appreciate the services rendered by Bentley to this department of Sacred Criticism.' In the volume, from the preface to which these words are taken, Mr. Ellis presents us with some fragments of the obelisk. After a brief but carefully written review of Bentley's biblical labours, coupled with an extended descriptive list of his 'Collations,' as now found in the library of Trinity College, he furnishes a series of excerpts from his MSS.; which, while valuable in themselves, serve likewise as samples of a mass of critical research and observation belonging to the great master, which still lies buried in the catacombs of the college book-shelves. First, we have nearly a hundred pages of selected critical notes by Bentley on the text of the New Testament; which, whatever their value in the light of more recent investigation, are a marvel of learning and critical sagacity for all time. 'The object kept in view' in the selection, as the editor explains, 'was to exhibit all Bentley's conjectural emendations, and every note in which he had expressed an opinion upon the text. A few of the more striking of his citations from the Fathers have also been given.' Next to this series of Notes, Mr. Ellis prints '*verbatim* from the MS. folio of Trinity College library, numbered B. 17. 6.,' the Epistle to the Galatians in Greek and Latin, with the whole of Bentley's critical observations. This particular Epistle was chosen, 'as containing some of Bentley's most remarkable criticisms;' and careful readers of it will not fail to remark, with the editor, what illustration it affords of 'the pains which were taken by Bentley to ascertain the order of the words upon the best authority.' The section of the work which follows is of exceeding interest. It is the famous collation of the Vatican Codex B., made for Bentley in the year 1729 by the Abbé Rulotta, and never before published. Mr. Ellis has wisely 'regarded his duties as strictly ministerial' in editing this important document, and has given it just as it is, not venturing even to amend the accentuation, where it was faulty. In the absence of any thing better, we have thus a collation, of which all future New Testament criticism will be thankful to avail itself. The remainder of Mr. Ellis's volume is occupied with a paper of Bentley's, on the *Versio Italica*, extracted from the folio B. 17. 6., already mentioned, and with an Appendix containing six letters, addressed by Bentley to



Burmah, between the years 1703 and 1724. They were 'found in the Leyden Library, and were first published in the *Berlin Monatsbericht* for October, 1860.' They are valuable, as filling gaps in the Bentley Correspondence, published by Dr. Wordsworth. Mr. Ellis has laid English scholars under much obligation, by his well-timed and ably-edited work; and the only regret which can be felt by those who use it is, that circumstances do not allow the feast which he has provided to be as ample as it is excellent.

**Cathedra Petri.** A Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. Books XII., XIII., from the Concordat of Worms (A.D. 1122) to the close of the Pontificate of Innocent III. By Thomas Greenwood, M.A., Cambridge and Durham, F.R.S.L., Barrister-at-Law. London: William Macintosh. 1865.

THE period embraced in this volume includes the histories of Bernard, Becket, and Innocent III., of the Frederics of Austria, of Philip Augustus of France, of Henry II., Richard I., and John of England, of Saladin and the second Crusade, of the Constitutions of Clarendon, and of Magna Charta. Mr. Greenwood is an honest, candid, capable, and unambitious historian. Here is the last result of the earnest, truth-seeking labour of thirty years. We sincerely hope that Mr. Greenwood may be able to proceed yet further in his valuable researches. Although his opportunities have not been equal to those enjoyed by Ranke, yet his volumes may well stand on the same shelf with those of the German historian.

**Real-Encyclopædie für Protestantische Theologie und Kirche.** Achtzehnter Band.

THE eighteenth volume of this stupendous work brings the labours of twelve years to an end. To the bulk of our readers this is merely the announcement of a fact in literature. Those, however, who have been subscribers to the series, and can read them, will congratulate themselves on having now in safe possession a very valuable treasury of theological knowledge.

**A Hand-Book on Christian Baptism.** By R. Ingham. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1865.

'A HAND-BOOK' indeed! Nay, here is an armful. Six hundred and twenty-four goodly octavo pages of close printing and small type. And, after all, we have only half the 'Hand-Book;' for the whole of this mass of controversy relates to the *mode* of baptism. 'Whether, if life is spared, the remaining portion of his manuscript, relating to the *subjects* of baptism, will be committed to the press, he cannot now say.' We place this volume on our shelves as a convenient digest (the author regards it as a mere

index) of all that is to be said in favour of baptism by immersion. Meantime, we cannot but wonder whether it will be translated into Icelandic, for the benefit of those circumpolar Christians, who have not yet discovered that to be baptized by dipping is a necessary condition of the true Christian profession. Perhaps the Geysers of the island might be utilised for the purpose of securing safe baths of the requisite temperature.

**The History of the Prayer Book: The Derivation of most of its Formularies from Previous Liturgies, and the Dates of the Composition of Others of them; with a Sketch, showing how they might, with some alterations, be advantageously re-arranged.** By the Rev. G. H. Stoddart, B.D., of Queen's College, Oxford. London: Longmans. 1864.

A PLAIN, painstaking, and useful book; just the sort of manual for those who wish to understand the Prayer Book, but have no time to master a number of elaborate treatises on the subject. The book would have been none the worse, if the author had ever studied the elegancies of English composition. A bald and ungraceful style is, however, a small consideration in the case of so unpretending and serviceable a work.

**Meditations on Select Passages of Holy Scripture.** By the late Rev. J. T. Milner, Author of 'Sabbath Readings,' &c. With a brief Memorial of the Author, by the Rev. Gervase Smith. Dedicated to the Rev. W. M. Punshon, M.A. London: H. J. Tresidder. 1865.

A WORK ushered into the world under such patronage can hardly fail to be successful, at least among Methodists. Many, moreover, who knew and loved (and to know was to love) the late Mr. Milner will greatly prize these memorials of so dear a friend, and of so edifying a ministry. The Meditations are an excellent example of pulpit preparation; well thought out, carefully composed, and evidently intended, not in the least to gain the applause, but in the fullest sense to promote the spiritual well-being, of the hearers. Such preachers as Mr. Milner are 'approved of God,' 'workmen needing not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.'

**The Word of Promise: a Handbook to the Promises of Scripture.** By Horatius Bonar, D.D. The Religious Tract Society.

MANY will remember how, thirty or forty years ago, *Clark's Scripture Promises* was a favourite book with good people, especially the afflicted. The present handbook is intended to take the place with the passing generation which was formerly occupied by Clark's

selection and arrangement. Dr. Bonar is well known; and his name will secure for it a wide circulation. How far its usefulness will be materially aided by the two preliminary chapters, or even by the introductory passages to each chapter of promises, may possibly be doubted by some readers.

**Memoirs, Miscellanies, and Letters of the late Lucy Aikin.**  
Edited by Philip Hemery Le Breton. London: Longman. 1864.

MISS AIKIN was born in 1781; but though of the old world, her life took a long step into the new: she died as recently as January of last year. Her personal history is briefly but gracefully told in the present volume; and her Letters, in particular, as edited by Mr. Le Breton, will be read with interest by all who know anything of the writings of their gifted author. The letters are chiefly addressed to the late Dr. Channing; and while abounding in references to contemporary persons and events, they are marked by a discernment of character, a play and sparkle of womanly wit, and a pervading energy of thought and feeling, such as genius and high intellectual culture alone can offer. Miss Aikin, as is well known, belonged to one of that remarkable group of Unitarian families whose names are associated with the town of Warrington in Lancashire; and she continued through life to adhere to the doctrinal belief in which she was brought up. 'Evangelicals' figure in her Letters in a great variety of ungainly and ignoble attitudes. They are poor, pitiful things, having neither sense, nobility of soul, nor any other good quality. As may be expected, the misinterpretations and distortions of the doctrine of the Trinity, which Unitarians persist in making, despite all protest and remonstrance, appear in full force in Miss Aikin's correspondence. We observe, too, with pain, what we have again and again remarked in the religious school to which she belonged, an almost blank silence as to those supreme verities upon which the interest of the Bible revelation hinges and revolves. Art, science, education, politics, morals, all have their place and value; but Divine justice, sin, redemption, eternal life, are either unknown quantities, or they are shadows and portents which only dash and dim the daylight. This fact is significant; and, apart from the question of individual character, is well worth pondering as between system and system.

**Christ and Man; or, God's Answer to our chief Questions.**  
By William Bathgate. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1865.

A THOUGHTFUL and valuable book, on the highest and most practical themes, written by one who is both a humble Christian, and an able and earnest thinker.

Lazarus, and other Poems. By E. H. Plumptre, M.A. London: Strahan. 1865.

HERE is true poetry, high cultivation, devout Christian faith and feeling, and no ordinary power of entering into the life of Scripture history and the earliest Christian times.

A Year at the Shore. By P. H. Gosse, F.R.S. Alexander Strahan. 1865.

MR. GOSSE needs no introduction to our readers. As an accurate, graceful, and truly Christian writer on natural history, and particularly on the lower forms of the animal life of the ocean, he is, within his own sphere, very much what the lamented Hugh Miller was in his; and few English lovers of science could be found, who have not gained something from the keen eye and vigorous pencil and pen of Mr. Gosse. The concluding page of the present volume contains a sentence which has saddened us. 'This will be, in all probability,' the writer says, 'the last occasion of my coming in literary guise before the public.' We trust this expectation may not be realised. Men like Mr. Gosse, who believe in God, as well as nature, are only too few among us; we can afford to spare none of them before the time; and we earnestly hope he may have life and health to put more than one crown yet upon the useful labours of foregoing years. This new book, *A Year at the Shore*, as its title indicates, supposes the reader to live at the seaside for a twelvemonth; and month by month, as the year passes, to accompany the author to the shore, to clamber and wade with him in search of the marine life which sports and works there, and to scrutinise and admire the marvels of Divine painting and mechanism, which that all but unknown world exhibits. January, February, March—so you go on: and under every month Mr. Gosse tells us, in his own clear and pleasant style, what the sea has to show us, and how we may see it; and—leaving no stone unturned to bewitch us—in addition to this, scatters through his volume thirty or forty richly coloured plates of sea animals, enough to make all inlanders hurry to the water's edge by the next train. And, truly, it is a fairyland which his book throws open to us. Apricot-coloured trochusses, with their well-mounted eyes and nacre-lined shells; dog-welks, feeding on their kind with the ferocity and gusto of Fijians; furrowed, olive-mantled cowries, putting out their vermilion-red probosces; holy scallops spreading their bright wings in the water; sulky sea-cucumbers, seized with good temper, and flourishing their head-dress; beaded sea-lemons in yellow robes, now fresh, now dull, like a bevy of Buddhist priests from Burmah; limpets clinging to the rocks as if they grew out of them, and finger-pholasses mining the rocks as never Northumberland 'hewer' knew how to do; ocean 'green-gages, Orleans plums, and magnum-bonums'—the anemones, we mean—breaking into a thousand quaint antics and toilette fancies;

smiling medusæ, their pockets full of poison capsules, beckoning the passers-by to come and dine with them; cockles—not yet ‘hot cockles’—with orange coat and scarlet leg, ready for any company; prawns and sticklebacks, which seem to say, ‘Touch me not,’ and are listened to; sea-hares, sprawling about like young bats attempting a caper; urchins and feather-stars, corksings and wrasses, tansies and gobies, jelly-fishes and barnacles, serpulas and squitters, botrylls and sponges:—verily it is a world within a world; and one is at a loss which way to turn, to escape the bewilderment created by the spectacle of its multitudinous inhabitants, with all the endless variety of their figures, habits, and occupations. Mr. Gosse, after the manner of the highest wisdom, finds God in every part of this mysterious realm of being, and misses no opportunity of calling his readers’ attention to the Divine wisdom and power, which here, as everywhere else in creation, work wonders past man’s searching out. We cannot speak too highly of this good and beautiful book.

Trübner’s American and Oriental Literary Record. No. I.  
London: Trübner and Co. 1865.

WE gladly embrace the opportunity of directing attention to this publication. It is a ‘Monthly Register of the most Important Works published in North and South America, in India, China, and the British Colonies; with Occasional Notes on German, Dutch, Danish, French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and Russian Books.’ The following is the notice prefixed by the enterprising publishers to this first number of their Record:—

‘We desire to bring the literature of the East and West more fully before the reading public of England and Europe: with this view we purpose presenting to our readers a monthly record of every important work published in North and South America, in India, China, and throughout the East. We are not aware of any previous systematic attempt of this kind, but we think the time is ripe for such an undertaking, and we unhesitatingly ask the support of all students and lovers of literature, believing that when our object is fairly understood, we shall neither lack readers nor sympathizers.

‘In the United States of America, a large number of really valuable works, written in our own language, are yearly issuing from the press, selling there by hundreds and thousands, but hardly known here, simply because there has hitherto been no recognised organ through which their existence could become known to the English reading public. We shall, in our monthly issues, record all such books, and occasionally give what brief comments may be necessary, to show the qualifications of the authors, and the nature of their labours. We also purpose occasionally grouping together the books recently published on given subjects, so that the student in any department of science and literature may be made acquainted with the best and most recent American literature on his special branch of study.

'The literature of Mexico, and of the Republics and States of Central and South America, has never yet been brought systematically before scholars and students : we have the pleasure of presenting in this number two interesting lists,—one of Peruvian, the other of Brazilian books ; the former presents a complete summary of the literature (excluding periodicals) published in Peru, in the years 1863 and 1864. We hope, in early numbers of our publication, to lay before our readers some details of the literature of Mexico, Guatemala, Chili, the River Plate States, Venezuela, New Granada, and Cuba, and to continue giving a regular chronicle of all books that are issued in these states.

'In India and China an important English literature is gradually springing up. Of this department we now give a specimen, and in our future numbers we shall give fuller details. Sanskrit literature, as well as books in all the vernacular languages of India and of the East in general, will be fully reported upon from time to time. Having opened up correspondence with native and European scholars in every part of India, and in various parts of China, we hope to render this department of very great interest to all whose studies are in that direction.

'From other fields of literature we shall also supply information of interest to readers of all classes.

'Another feature in our undertaking will be, to present copious notes on the bibliography of North and South America ; ample materials for which, the collections of many years, are now in our hands.

'We trust our readers will bear in mind, that our pages are not of mere ephemeral interest. They will contain, in the course of the year, a vast mass of literary information, no where else to be met with ; and we hope will be considered of sufficient importance to rank on the library shelves with the very many valuable bibliographies this century has produced.'

There is no need for us to add any thing to this clear statement, except that the yearly subscription is the small sum of five shillings.

**Elements of Geology.** By Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., F.R.S.  
Sixth Edition. London : Murray. 1865.

THIS great geological classic is now republished, we fear for the last time, by its distinguished author. In its present form it contains nearly a hundred and fifty more pages of letter-press than were found in the fifth edition, and adds some twenty woodcuts to the illustrations furnished by its predecessor. The principal enlargements of the work, as might be expected, belong to those parts of it, which treat of the Post-Tertiary, Tertiary, and Sub-Silurian series of rocks ; but, it is retouched throughout, and every where places the reader, so far as is possible in a Manual, abreast of the most recent inquiries and findings of the earth-searching science. Sir C. Lyell's readers will turn with special interest to his discussion of the



geological phenomena which affect the question of the age of man on the earth, and to the passage in which he treats of the venerable Laurentian Rocks, with their newly-discovered fossils. The now world-famous *Eozoon Canadense* is not figured by Sir Charles. The curious in cosmical antiques, however, may see it well dissected and coloured in the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society, published in February last. We understand that the veteran author of the *Elements* is engaged in preparing a new, and what he expects to be, so far as his personal action is concerned, a final, edition of his *Principles of Geology*. Whatever our judgment may be as to some of Sir C. Lyell's scientific doctrines and conclusions, we trust that he may be permitted, at least, to do this further service to the study which he has so long and so successfully pursued and promoted.

**Heads and Hands in the World of Labour.** By W. G. Blaikie, D.D., F.R.S.E. Author of 'Better Days for Working People,' &c. London: Alexander Strahan. 1865.

MOST heartily do we hail another work from Dr. Blaikie on the most pressing social problems of the age. His former little book has sold, we believe, by tens of thousands, showing how timely and needful such a book was; we trust that the present volume will not have a less extensive circulation. That was chiefly for the employed, this is chiefly for the employers. And after all, if the present state of things is to be decisively improved, it is to the employers yet more than the employed that we must look that such a result may be obtained. This is an eminently wise and Christian volume, which places the responsibility of landlords and employers on its right basis, the basis of mutual human obligation, of the duty of Christian neighbourliness,—on the Divine maxim that 'as we have opportunity' we are to 'do good unto all men,' and therefore that in proportion to our opportunities and our ability is our obligation to do good to men; to which may be added the further consideration that, in proportion to the power and the benefits accruing to us from the labour or ministry of others, there must arise a special obligation upon us to do them in particular all the good we can.

We have in this small volume a statement of general principles, a judicious discrimination between the past and the present, and a sketch of the present condition of things as respects mills and factories in England, mills and factories in Scotland, America, and France, ironworks and collieries, warehouses, shops, and offices, farm servants and country labourers, sailors, and soldiers. We have Hints for all, and Glimpses of the Future.

The least satisfactory and the least thoroughgoing part of this volume, as of Dr. Blaikie's former little book, is that which relates to farm servants and country labourers. We do not intend, however, here to repeat what we said very emphatically, and with some detail, on this subject eighteen months ago in our notice of Dr.

Blaikie's *Better Days for Working People*. What we then wrote was quoted in some of the leading journals of this country. There were those of our readers who thought our depiction of the condition of the country labourer extreme. The recent debates in Parliament on the Union Chargeability Bill, and especially the Blue Book, so largely quoted by Mr. Villiers and others in those debates, have conclusively proved that our descriptions were under the reality. We rejoice in the passing of that Bill; we shall greatly rejoice when, in due time and after the needful preparation, the Law of Settlement shall be altogether abrogated. But we rejoice in these steps less on their own account, than as they are stages towards such a fundamental reform in the relations of the labourer to the land as alone can truly emancipate our serf-like peasantry from the lamentable condition in which they are at present found, a condition in many respects, and on the whole, inferior, at least comparatively, to that in which they stood sixty years ago. Such a reform has been advocated by every great authority on political economy from Adam Smith to Mill and Fawcett; and now that the rising minds in Oxford and Cambridge are accepting in earnest the principles held in common by these authorities, there can be little doubt that justice must before very long be done. We have no doubt that Dr. Blaikie himself agrees in general with these principles. Meantime, as, beyond question, the very best intermediate system, and as affording the best means of transition to all that could be desired, we desire to direct special attention to the system adopted in Dumfriesshire by Mr. Hope Johnstone, M.P. for that county, under the superintendence of his intelligent and benevolent steward, Mr. Stewart, of Hillside, and which is described in this volume. He has certainly done more than any other living man towards practically solving the most difficult social problem of the age. He has, at least, paved the way towards its complete solution.

**Popery Ancient and Modern : Its Spirit, Principles, Character, Objects, Prospects, Checks, and Extirpation ; with Warnings and Counsels to the People of England.** By John Campbell, D.D., Author of 'The Martyr of Erromanga,' &c. London : John Snow. 1865.

WHILE our veteran brother of the quill has of late years grown less sectarian as a Protestant, his zeal against the Romish heresy rather increases in intensity. This is as it should be. For there can be no longer any doubt as to the spread among certain classes in this country of Romish doctrine and principles. Many have become acknowledged perverts, or, as they themselves would say, explicit converts : many more have adopted the essential principles of Romanism, whilst still remaining professedly members of the Church of England. And who can wonder at this, so long as such a heathenish superstition as that of attributing a special virtue and sanc-

tity to 'consecrated' soil holds its place as one of the recognised traditions of the Church of England, all but universally honoured and upheld—to say nothing of the magical efficacy attributed to the sacramental rites, and of the revived confessional?

We do not fear the rehabilitation of Romanism as the general faith of this country. It is among the spuriously refined, the effeminately educated, the luxuriously sentimental, the intellectually weak, or the morbidly sceptical who fly for refuge to superstition, that Roman perverts are made. The manly, the practical, the broadly and thoroughly educated, are in no danger. Still we cannot but lament that, among the circles of rank and fashion, Popery and semi-Popery have so far prevailed. And therefore we feel great satisfaction in announcing this honest, thorough, comprehensive, red-hot, anti-Popish volume from the pen of Dr. Campbell. How rapidly Popery has increased and developed in this kingdom during the last thirty years may here be exactly learnt.

**Methodism in the Isle of Wight: its Origin and Progress down to the Present Times.** By John B. Dyson. Ventnor: G. M. Burt. London: 66, Paternoster Row. 1865.

THIS volume has our hearty and unqualified commendation. It is well conceived, well executed, and intrinsically very interesting. It is on every account to be desired that where there is sufficient material of the right sort, such local histories should be multiplied.

**Conversion Illustrated by Examples recorded in the Bible.** By the Rev. Adolph Saphir, Greenwich. Revised Edition. London: Alexander Strahan. 1865.

WE are glad to see a revised edition of this little book. Here is real exposition and illustration, fresh and true, on the most interesting and momentous of all subjects.

**Christ and His Salvation.** In Sermons variously Related thereto. By Horace Bushnell, D.D. London: Alexander Strahan, and Sampson Low and Co.

HERE is Dr. Bushnell at his best. The defects of the school in which his mind has been nurtured—the Coleridgean semi-rationalism—still cleave to his theology; but the force and richness of the same school are also fully present here, heightened by the matured discipline and deepening spirituality which, of late years especially, have combined with his own rare gifts to make Bushnell the best and wisest teacher of his school. With all that is hazy or defective in his teaching, we could as little spare the American Bushnell from our theological literature as the English Hare.

Poems of Purpose and Sketches in Prose of Scottish Peasant Life and Character in Auld Lang Syne, Sketches of Local Scenes and Characters. With a Glossary. By Janet Hamilton, Authoress of 'Poems and Essays.' London: Nisbet and Co. 1865.

WHEN Janet Hamilton published the 'Poems and Essays,' she described herself as 'an old woman of threescore and ten, whose only school-room was a shotmaker's hearth, and her only teacher a hard-working mother, who, while she plied the spinning-wheel, taught "Janet" to read the Bible;' the only education mother or daughter ever received. She adds, 'I was never learned and never tried to write till I was fifty years of age, when I invented a sort of caligraphy for my own use, to preserve my compositions till I gave them off to be written by my husband or son.' Of this 'caligraphy' a specimen is given in the preface to this little book; rough-hewn hieroglyphics are the old lady's capitals (for she writes in a sort of capitals) as were ever seen.

The 'Poems and Essays' excited great attention, were praised by the critics as not only remarkable specimens of what native force can achieve in defiance of difficulties, but as full of genuine beauties both of thought and expression, and have passed through two editions. Here is other fruit from the same old tree,—old, but still fresh and full of sap.

The little volume is dedicated by the old lady, now approaching to the age of eighty years, to her 'dear and dutiful son, James Hamilton,' and contains many pieces of merit, some of striking merit, while it is full of spirit throughout. We prefer Mrs. Hamilton's Doric to her English: the latter is pleasing, but often too pretty and modish, with talk about Flora and other heathen deities with whom the old Scotch lady has contrived to get up an acquaintance; the former is often singularly racy and forceful, is at times also genuinely pathetic. The prose tales are very characteristic of the 'good old times.' Nothing, by the way, could well be more dreadful to poor children than the highest orthodox style of Sabbath-keeping, as here unflinchingly, but, as we think, not quite approvingly, set down. Mrs. Hamilton is quite a politician. Poland, and Garibaldi, and the American war, have two or three poems apiece given to them. Unhappily, like most of her country-people, Janet Hamilton, ignorant of the real political history and of the true condition of the States, and led away with the prevailing current of temper and prejudice, has allowed herself to indulge in bitter injustice to the North. This volume was published just as the Northern cause finally, and with a startling completeness, stood forth victorious. How much the good old lady must be edified, as, by the light of present facts, she reads what she so lately published!

'Hae ye come to yer senses yet, Sammy, my man?  
For ye juist war rid-wud when the war it began.

Has the bluid ye hae lost, and the physie ye've ta'en,  
 No cool't down yer fever and sober't yer brain ?  
 What is 't ye hae won? is it conquest and fame?  
 Is 't honour and glory,—a conqueror's name?  
 Is 't the South wi' its cotton, its planters, and slaves?  
 It's nane of them a', it's a million o' graves.  
 What is 't ye hae lost? It's the big dollar bags,  
 An' ye've nocht in yer pouches but dirty green rags;  
 Of the woll of your men nocht is left but their banes,  
 An' the kintra is fu' o' their widows an' weans.

Ay, "put up thy sword," an' hae dinne wi' yer game,  
 Ye hae lost a' the stakes that ye played for, gae hame,  
 Leuk after yer farm, let yer neebars alane,  
 Ye hae wark on yer han', or I'm muckle mista'en."

This, however, was but the error of a good prejudiced old Scotch lady who could hardly be expected to believe otherwise than her neighbours lent her light. Nor is the untimeliness of such poetical forecasts, in face of complete and decisive victory, a matter of very grave consequence to anybody. Mrs. Hamilton's miscalculations are awkward for her; but amount to nothing in any other respect. They cannot but remind us, however, of what comes to light even while we write this notice. On Tuesday, June 6th, *The Times* published a long letter from its American correspondent, intended to show that in Texas Kirby Smith would be at the head of large forces, and 'might make a desperate fight,' so that 'Texas might possibly become the nucleus of a new Confederacy.' Before that letter was written, Smith had surrendered with all his army! We hope that Mrs. Hamilton's volume may soon come to a second edition; and that then all the effusions relating to American affairs will be left out. They do her, to say the truth, no credit, notwithstanding their spirit and energy; and they unhappily reflect the lamentable injustice to a great nation, in its great agony, fighting for the cause of liberty and right, which has brought so serious a blemish upon the reputation of this country.

The Class Leader's Assistant, containing upwards of 470 Views of Christian Doctrine, Duty, Experience, and Practice. By John Bate, Author of 'Cyclopædia of Illustrations of Moral and Religious Truths,' &c. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Sold also at 66, Paternoster Row. 1865.

THE question of Class Meetings, and therefore of an adequate supply of competent and competently furnished Class Leaders, is understood to be at present one of the most pressing importance in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. The present volume is intended to assist in preparing Class-leaders for their work. We cannot doubt that it will be found very useful for the purpose intended, especially if it should lead to a habit of thoughtful reading and of prayerful meditation as the immediate antecedent to the weekly

meeting. Mr. Bate has aimed only at doing good. - The topics selected are numerous and well varied. The hymns interspersed add to the value of the book. The arrangement of texts at the end will be very welcome and serviceable.

**The Fulness of the Blessing of the Gospel of Christ: being a Series of Lectures on the eighth Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans.** By the Rev. T. G. Horton. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1865.

THESE are close, earnest, evangelical sermons. The style is manly and genuine; and the exposition is honest and sensible. There is no special light brought to the subject; the exposition is rather plain and sound than piercing or masterly. Here and there minute criticism would detect a flaw. But, on the whole, the style and tone of the sermons is such as we cannot but approve. The early Methodist training of the author has prevented his Calvinistic associations from gaining an absolute mastery over him. He has not been able to school himself into a clear pronouncement of the orthodox Calvinistic shibboleth. It is a satisfaction, withal, to find that Mr. Horton retains his distinct evangelical savour.

**The Scripture Testimony to the Holy Spirit.** By James Morgan, D.D. Belfast. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1865.

ORTHODOX and edifying sermons; profitable reading for the Christian believer.

**Our Sympathizing High Priest: Meditations on the Daily Sorrows of the Saviour.** By A. L. O. E. Tract Society.

We can cordially recommend this little book.

*\*\* An Index for Vol. XXIV. will be given with our next Number.*



